

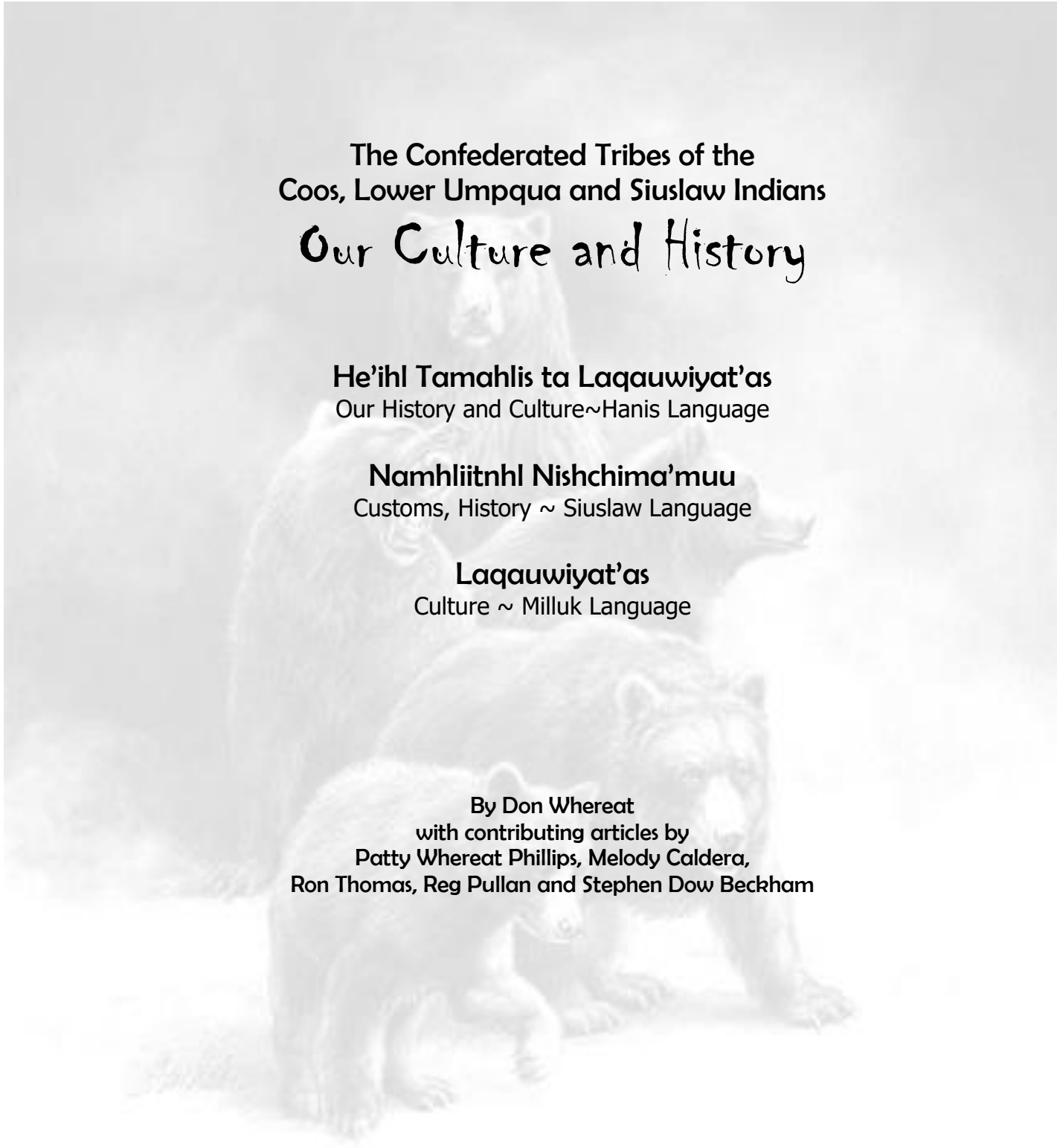


Beckham

Our Culture and History

The Confederated Tribes of the
Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Indians

By Don Whereat
with Patty Whereat Phillips, Melody Caldera
Ron Thomas, Reg Pullan and Stephen Dow Beckham



The Confederated Tribes of the
Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Indians

Our Culture and History

He'ihl Tamahlis ta Laqauwiyat'as
Our History and Culture ~ Hanis Language

Namhliitnhi Nishchima'muu
Customs, History ~ Siuslaw Language

Laqauwiyat'as
Culture ~ Milluk Language

By Don Whereat
with contributing articles by
Patty Whereat Phillips, Melody Caldera,
Ron Thomas, Reg Pullan and Stephen Dow Beckham

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The cover painting is based on the “Five Bears” story on page 312. This story, which is many hundreds of years old, is important to the Siuslaw People.

Pam Stoehsler, a member of the Lower Umpqua Tribe, was commissioned by the Confederated Tribes of Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Tribes to create the cover for this book.

Ms. Stoehsler was raised in a small town, Adin, California where wildlife was abundant. The outdoors became her classroom as she spent countless hours observing and studying the birds and animals that surrounded her. Her love for the wildlife became the subjects for her art. Largely self-taught, Ms. Stoehsler primarily works in watercolor and acrylic, creating a detailed realism that captures the personality of the wildlife she paints. Now living in the Klamath Basin near the Pacific Flyway marshes, Ms. Stoehsler has abundant subject matter from which to create her magnificent wildlife portraits. She has won numerous awards including five California and Oregon upland game bird stamps. Ms. Stoehsler was featured on PBS's Oregon Art Beat. Her works of art are featured in galleries throughout the west coast.

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"Our History and Culture"

Confederated Tribes of Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Indians

Introduction

The following is a compilation of 12 years of research to write over 60 articles for the Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Indians' (CTCLUSI) Newsletter, before and during my employment as their first Tribal Historian from 1989 to 1996.

White people's colonization of our homelands caused wars, forced removal from our homelands, prison camps known as reservations, and mandatory boarding schools to purposely separate our children from families and culture. Murder, disease, starvation, physical, sexual and psychological abuses, and depression of spirits were the outcomes that led to the near extermination of our culture.

My parents and grandparents, like many others of their generations, did not speak of their culture and heritage. The abuses and horrors suffered by our ancestors to recent times caused multi-generational trauma. Silence was one of the many consequences.

Our Tribes, like many others, have had to piece together what history and culture we can reclaim. These articles illustrate that a few of our ancestors did courageously speak of our People's history and culture – Lottie Evenoff, Frank Drew, Jim Buchanan, and Annie Minor Peterson. Their knowledge was recorded by researchers such as Leo Frachtenberg, James Dorsey, Melville Jacobs and John P. Harrington. Later, researchers such as Dr. Stephen Dow Beckham have contributed greatly to expanding our knowledge.

My intent was to raise awareness, understanding, and appreciation for Tribal members about our history, culture, survival, and triumphs against the near genocide of our People.

It was the suggestion of friends that my articles not be lost in the archives of past newsletters. With their support and help, these articles have been retrieved and compiled under subjects of interest to be placed on our Tribal Website, the Yachats Website, and in hard bound.

With their permission, I am honored to include articles written by Stephen Dow Beckham, Reg Pullman, Ron Thomas, Melody Caldera and Patty Whereat Phillips.

I would like to acknowledge Howard Crombie, Natural Resources Director of the CTCLUSI, Debby Bossley, Tribal Elder, Patty Whereat Phillips, Linguist, and my friends of Yachats, Nan Scott, Greg Scott, and Joanne Kittel for their assistance in the compiling and organizing these articles. These people spent many volunteer hours putting this project together and it is only because of their faith and hard work that this all came together. I am very grateful for friends such as them. Pam Stoehsler created the magnificent painting for the book cover. Her work brought our "Five Bears" back to life again for which I am forever in her debt. I so appreciate the generous support I have received from Jesse Beers of the Cultural Department, Doc Slyter, Chair and members of the Cultural Committee of the CTCLUSI, and the Tribal Council to help fund this bo

History



Bottom of Cape Perpetua where hundreds of Coos and Lower Umpqua People were forcibly marched to the Alsea Sub-agency during the early 1860's. It is near the present day Amanda Trail that commemorates the tragedy that cost so many lives of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, Alsea, and Siuslaw People.

WHERE WE CAME FROM

Don Whereat (February, 1992)

The three tribes suffered terribly during the period described by Stephen Beckham in his chronological overview just completed in the Newsletter.

But who were these people? Where did they come from?

The answer to these questions is mostly speculative, but scholars and scientists have used all available evidence and information to come up with some interesting theories.

First of all, it is believed that the first Americans came from Asia during periods when there was a land bridge open between the two continents. When the first migration occurred is not certain, but the last one took place some 12,000 years ago. As the ice sheet melted it enabled these people to move south through these ice-free corridors. Probably when they got far enough south, they were able to migrate east and west.

There was an interesting article in Discover magazine, December 1990, "Ice Age Babel". While working on a map of the Ice Age distribution of animals, Larry Martin, a paleontologist at the University of Kansas, showed it to his colleague, archaeologist Richard Rogers. When Rogers saw the map", Martin recalls, he said, "Where did you get the map of Indian languages?"

Eventually, the two researchers decided they were both right. During the height of the most recent glacial advance, 18,000-14,000 years ago, the ice sheet reached south over the Great Lakes into Illinois and Ohio. Along its southern edge was a band of forest, several hundred miles wide, inhabited by now extinct species of musk oxen, giant beaver, and stag moose, and according to Martin and Rogers, Algonquian speaking Indians. The cool forest belt, they say, corresponds almost exactly to the southern edge of the Algonquian language range; Algonquian speakers who followed the forest north as the ice sheet retreated settled the rest of the range gradually.

Their conclusions are bound to be controversial. Many anthropologists believe that humans first arrived in North America no earlier than 12,000 years ago, when the ice sheet was retreating. That view has been challenged lately by archaeologists who claim to have found older human artifacts and Martin and Rogers support the revision: If their maps are right, the first Americans must have arrived at least 15,000 years ago, while the Ice Age climate zones still existed.

But when did they arrive here on the coast?

From two recent archaeological digs we have carbon dating that date back 8,000 years. One site was on the upper Rogue River¹, the other at Lake Tachenitch². This past September the tribes participated with the Forest Service at a site near Hauser, on the extreme north end of Coos Bay. This was a five-day test dig to determine if it was worth further investigation. This site turned out to be of large size, showing what appeared to be continued use over a period of many years. A large number of carbon samples were obtained and sent to the laboratory for dating. Just several days ago was the result; 3300 years Before the Present. For perspective, this dates back to the time of the first pyramids in Egypt.

Interestingly, the Tachenitch site was abandoned as a permanent village site at about this same period. It is surmised that what now is an inland lake, was originally a salt-water bay and that over time the encroaching dunes made the site inhospitable for a permanent village. It was used only temporarily from that time until historic times. This same physical change could have caused the abandonment of Hauser village, for it is presently a mile or so east of the ocean and about the same distance from the head of the bay.

East of Highway 101 at Hauser lays another old site on private property. Hopefully some test holes can be dug there to determine its age. A descendant of a pioneer family stated that his grandfather told him that the original midden was 15-20 feet high and about 200 feet long. The local farmers used it to fertilize their fields. Artifacts recovered were taken over to the highway and set along the roadway for anyone wanting them. An early pioneer stated he saw an obsidian blade measuring 16-18 inches long taken from there when a drainage ditch was blasted out³.

Lottie Evanoff described the site as follows:

*"The main bay was at Ten Mile. George Beal dug up a shell mound and a big spruce stump in it; used it for his chickens. This was at North Slough. He asked my father (Chief Jackson, born -ca 1820's) why so many shells were there. Father answered that there used to be the main slough there long ago and sand buried it. When I first came to Coos Bay the storms pretty near broke through and there was deep water there for three years before sand washed in again."*⁴

It is entirely probable that we may not get an 8000 BP carbon date on Coos Bay. It may have been more exposed to the fury of the ocean during the time before a sand spit built up. We know that before the current jetty was built, the lower bay was quite rough and at times the natives left their canoes near Barview and hiked over a trail to South Slough. Alec Evenoff said, "*Fossil Point*

¹ Marial Site, Upper Rogue River.

² Rick Minor, Oct-Dec. 1985

³ Reuben Lyons personal communication.

⁴ John Harrington, Field Notes, R24-F17.

used to be rough as the devil at ebb tide. You can row a boat there but even then you have to paddle way around. By walking across you have to walk only 1 ½ miles."⁵ Further, archaeological studies need to be done before anything more than speculation can be assumed about Coos Bay and the earliest habitation.

Oral tradition has it that long ago the weather was much warmer here and that some strange animals were encountered. ⁶One story told by all was of a rhinoceros like creature that attacked two men out in the woods where they were building a canoe. They took off of course, and the enraged creature rammed its horn through the canoe. They rounded up some help and finally killed it by poking a pole with heated pitch in its sit down place. There are several versions of this story but they both agree as to the location where it took place. Unfortunately, there are no known oral traditions that tell us where the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw migrated. Did they come from the same area? An early linguist, Alfred Kroeber, designated the three languages 'Penutian', a language he had ran across earlier in California, where Pen and Uti turned up in several languages and he dubbed it 'Penutian'. These same stems turned up in our languages too. To date, no one has done much more than a scant study of these languages. Linguist Joe Pierce believed that Hanis and Milluk were separate languages altogether. That brings up another interesting question. Who occupied the bay first?

Ethnologist John P. Harrington said, *"The Coos were the only tribe of the coast, which at least in their present postmortem place name status, were habitually northern looking. Of course, their enforced Yachats residence made them familiar with the coast north of Coos Bay. But their very name, which patently was used in ancient times, means Southerners. The idea that they were a double two-fold tribe, consisting of Hanis-Milluk and Siuslaw-Umpqua branches was ancient. The idea that the Bandon to Brookings Athapascans were alien to the Coos was ancient."*⁷

: This was the killing of the first evil person in the world, a shaman:

*Now the man was killed.
The man was torn to pieces.
The man's Intestines were taken out.
He laid down the paunch separately.
The hands he laid down separately.
Also the head he laid down separately.
Indeed he laid down everything separately.*

*Now he was thinking, as he was standing,
"What am I going to do with it?"
This is the way he was thinking,*

⁵ Ibid, R23-F109.

⁶ Maloney Notes, pg. 7

⁷ Harrington, R22-F1041

*Wouldn't it be good, if I should scatter it everywhere?"
To the south he scattered the hair. To the south he
scattered the blood.*

*To the east he scattered the flesh. To the north he
scattered the paunch. To the north he scattered the
bones. Now this is the way he spoke:*

*You shall be nothing. The last people shall see you.
Wherever there is a river, there people will live.*

*Those people who speak Hanis (Coos), Those are the
hair. Those who are the blood, those are the Siletz.
That paunch, that's the Siuslaw. The flesh, that's the
Calapooya. The bones, those are the Umpqua. That's
the way it began⁸*

Del Hymes⁹ put the above myth in this form, and it is he who points out that *"the Coos come first, they are the hair scattered to the south. Notice that wherever this happened is north of the Coos and Siletz, South of the Siuslaw and Umpqua, West of the Calapooya."* He continues, "All that seems to fit, except being north of the Siletz. If the 'Siletz' here are the ones called Siletz that were next to the Tillamook, they were further north than the Siuslaw and Umpqua! Maybe these 'Siletz' are Athapascan speakers who ended up at Siletz reservation, and originally live to the south. Does that seem reasonable???"

Yes. The Coos elders who passed on these myths continually referred to the Athapascans to the south as Siletz, because those people ended up on the Siletz reservation! Also, notice that although the story focuses on the Coos, the event seems to have taken place north of Coos Bay. (See Myths I – VI.)

⁸ *Coos Texts*, pg.49.

⁹ Anthologist, Linguist and Folklorist. Professor Emeritus, University of Virginia

OVERVIEW OF TRIBAL HISTORY – 1850-1984

Don Whereat

In 1850 Congress passed the Oregon Donation Land Act, which provided 320 acres of free land to each man and woman over the age of 18 that had settled in the territory prior to 1850 or 160 acres if they arrived after 1850. By 1854 a number of those lands taken under that law were along the margins of Coos Bay and the lower Umpqua River. In August and September 1855, meetings were held at Winchester Bay and also near Empire City on Coos Bay to negotiate a treaty for formal land cession. The treaties were duly signed and provided for the creation of a large reservation in coastal Oregon as part of the exchange for the cessions of land that reached as far east as the coast range. The Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw tribes ceded by that agreement nearly 1.9 million acres.

In October and November 1855 companies of volunteers, self-styled protectors of the new communities in the Rogue River valley attacked the Indians on the Table Rock Reservation and fomented what became known as the Rogue River Indian War of 1855-1856. The Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians did not participate in any hostilities against the pioneer generation that moved in on them. While engagements were occurring just to the south, they remained peaceful. In late February 1856 the Coos County volunteers surrounded the local tribes and confined them to a village on the beach at Empire City. Native peoples were all herded together and confined under armed guard with the anticipation that they would be removed to the reservation that the treaties of the previous summer had called for. The tribes who had lived there for centuries became prisoners in their own homeland. By late summer the Coos Indians from the Coos Bay Estuary were moved north. They were marched through the sand dunes, forced to abandon their villages, their canoes, and most of their possessions to be colonized on a windswept 18,000 acre spit on the north side of the mouth of the Umpqua River. Meanwhile the United States Army established a fort at a place that had been laid out as a small town called Umpqua City. Fort Umpqua became the new garrison at the southern end of the Great Coast Reservation. The Siuslaws were allowed to remain in their homeland, which fell within the boundaries of that reservation. For the Cooses and the Lower Umpquas it was a dreadful situation. The prospect for survival on the sand spit was very limited, but for the next two and one-half years they were relegated to that location. This was a period of starvation and death through malnutrition and exposure as well as a time of waiting and confinement. Then in 1859 the BIA decided to remove the Cooses and Lower Umpquas again. They herded them north along the coast marching them over the trails around the Sea Lion Caves and Heceta Head over Cape Perpetua to Yachats Prairie where they were to establish a new colony on the southern part of the Great Coast Reservation. The Yachats years would be remembered for the failure of its agricultural and educational programs as well as for the continuing abuse and death of native peoples. With each passing season pressures on the land mounted. There were

farmers in the mid-Willamette valley living in Linn and Benton counties who wanted a corridor to the sea. That led in 1865 to an executive order that cut a swath right through the center of the Great Coast Reservation and left a northern section that reached toward the Salmon River and the southern section of the reservation known as the Alsea sub agency. Finally, in 1875 Congress threw open the whole southern part of the coast reservation for pioneer settlement. The amendment to close the southern portion and thereby eliminating the Alsea sub agency was presented as an economic measure. The chairman of the Indian Affairs Committee objected and moved to insert at the end of the amendment a proviso which provided, that these Indians shall not be removed until their consent has been obtained.

A conference was held in June 1875 at Yachats. Indian agents argued the case for the removal to the tribes. Not a single tribal leader consented to the opening of that part of the reservation. Numerous attempts were undertaken by the Indian agents to secure the needed approval of the tribes for removal. Although the tribes remained steadfast in their resistance, Ben Simpson, the surveyor general of Oregon, certified to Congress on October 28, 1875, that the Indians had given their assent for removal. During the reservation years over 50 percent of the people died from starvation, exposure, and disease. Without a treaty the tribes had no protection whatsoever and eventually were forced off the lands they had spent sixteen years improving. Once again they lost all they had struggled and worked for. Many found their way back to the lands of their ancestors, eking out a living on the fringes of the new culture that had displaced them. They became a homeless people in their own homelands. In 1931 the Confederated Tribes of Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Indians won permission to file a land claims case. Several tribal Elders testified at the hearings to the extent of the holdings of the tribes, the locations of villages and other important sites, and of their forced removal to Yachats. Several testified in their native language, using other tribal members as translators. In the end the court rejected all of the testimony and ruled against the land claims. But the lessons learned by the defeat enabled other Oregon tribes to win their cases. Using expert witnesses culled from the fields of anthropology and linguistics, they avoided the pitfalls of the trail blazed by the Confederated Tribes. Despite the setback, the Confederated Tribes did not give up. Several tribal members worked throughout the 1930s and 1940s on land claims. In 1941, on six donated acres in Empire, the BIA built a hall for the general use of the tribes. Here the Confederated Tribes held many meetings. Federal Indian policy kept evolving, usually in ways not beneficial to tribes. With the Eisenhower administration in the 1950s, conservative thinkers simply declared that tribes did not exist and severed all government-to-government relationships with them. This policy, adopted in 1954, was called "*termination*." By 1956 Congress had passed a bill terminating all the tribes of western Oregon plus the Klamath. The Confederated Tribes of Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw vigorously opposed termination and a new battle was on: The fight to reverse termination.

Eventually the federal government altered its policies and disavowed termination. After extensive efforts, restoration was achieved for the Confederated Tribes in 1984. Since restoration, tribal members have been working to improve the social, economic, and educational status of their people. The work continues of recapturing tribal culture, history, and heritage, and thanks are given to the hard work and strength of their ancestors.

ABORIGINAL BOUNDARIES OF THE COOS

Don Whereat (June, 1990)

The Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Tribes have an agreement with Coos County whereby we will be consulted before any building permit will be issued on certain designated archaeological sites within the County. There seems to be some confusion on the Coquilles' part as to our common boundary. The Coos have always maintained that "Cut Creek", between Whiskey Run and Bandon, is the ancient boundary. Testimony of Elders of both Tribes supports this. The following is the testimony of George Bundy Wasson taken at the Court of Claims in 1935:

29Q. North or south?

A. Next on the south. South of the Siuslaw were the Lower Umpquas or Kalawatset Band of Umpquas. Next on the south came the Coos Bay Tribe, south of the Coos Bay were the Nasoma or Coquille Tribe, south of the Coquilles were the several Bands of the Tootootney Tribe, and south of the Tootootney and next to the California line were the Chetcos.

30Q. Did you learn from the old Indians of the Coos Bay, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Tribes what the boundaries of the country occupied by them were in 1855, at the time this Treaty was made?

A. Yes sir.

31Q. Will you state the outside boundary of the land claimed by the 3 Tribes?

A. Originally the Coos Indians claimed the territory 2 miles below and south of the Coquille River. The Nasoma Indians speaking the same language as the Coos Bay Indians occupied that country, but the Coos Bay Indians proper claimed the south boundary of their line; that is that which was under the Milluwitch. That is, they maintained and occupied the country against all other Tribes down to what they call Cut Creek, or between Cut Creek and a point of rocks a mile or so south of Cut Creek. From there, the Coos Bay Indians claimed that their line extended to the summit of the Coast Range Mountains. The Coos Indians claimed their northern boundary to take in the South Lake or Ten Mile Lake. And, they had a point on the beach at the mouth of what was known as Ten Mile Creek, in Coos County, as the north boundary of their land. The Hanis Band of the Coos Bay Tribe occupied this South Lake or Ten Mile Lake. They had a summer village there. The Umpqua Indians claimed the territory up to the beach as far as the little creek called Siltcoos, and from there, their territory extended to the summit of the Coast Range Mountains. Their eastern boundary followed the summit of the Coast Range Mountains southward from this point to where the Coast Range Mountains intersected the Calapooia Mountains. Then,

they followed westerly on the Calapooia Mountains to a point due north to the head of navigation on the Umpqua River, and then south across the Umpqua River to the summit of the Coast Range Mountains. Thence, along the Coast Range Mountains to a point near the headwaters of the Coquille River, Coos River and Looking Glass Creek, thence westward to the place of beginning.

32Q. Mr. Wasson I show you part of the Department of the Interior, U.S. Geological Survey Map for the State of Oregon, bordering on the Pacific Ocean, and will ask you to state if you have marked or indicated there on the lands included within the boundaries which you have just described?

A. Yes sir I have.

33Q. Will you state please how the land is marked; what markings you have used?

A. The lands claimed by the Siuslaw Indians are marked by coloring the territory pink. The land of the Lower Umpqua Indians is colored yellow. The land occupied by the Coos Bay Indians is colored light blue.

34Q. Mr. Wasson what does this land that you have colored green represent?

A. The green portions of the map are the western boundaries of the land ceded by the Indians living on the east side of the summit of the Coast Range Mountains prior to the negotiations of the unratified treaty mentioned in Executive Document No. 25.

35Q. Mr. Wasson does that map show the townships and ranges?

A. Yes sir it does.

300. Could you take that map, and using townships and ranges, give us the outside boundaries of the lands occupied by the 3 plaintiff Tribes, as you have them in colors here?

A. Yes sir. The southwest corner of the Coos Bay territory, according to this map, is located in Range 14 West, Township 27 South, West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon. The northwest corner of the land claimed by the Siuslaw Indians, according to this map, is located in Township 15 South, Range 12, West of the Willamette Meridian. The northeast corner of the land claimed by the Siuslaw Indians is located in Township 15 South, Range 6, West of the Willamette Meridian. Tidewater on the Umpqua River, according to this map, is located in Township 22 South, Range 9, West of the Willamette Meridian. And, the Southeast corner of the land claimed by the Coos Bay Indians is located in Township 27 South, Range 8, West of the Willamette Meridian.

40Q. Is the territory claimed by the 3 plaintiff Tribes as you have outlined it, shown on the map in Executive Document 25, Plaintiff's Exhibit 1?

A. Yes sir, I can find it on the map.

41Q. Could you state those boundaries, referring to the map just referred to, and to any natural objects such as rivers and mountains, as are shown on that map?

A. I find that the eastern boundary that is the Coast Range, very distinctly marked. It says on here, "Coast Range", and on the northern portion of it, between the Willamette Valley and Siuslaw Indians has a red line. I also find the Calapooya Mountains. They have a marking with a red dotted line, down to a point which would be just about where the tidewater on the Umpqua River would come. Now then, south of that part is a very distinct range of mountains, running north and south, northwest and southeast, to the headwaters of Coos River. I also find on this map the Coquille River and the Pacific Ocean.

42Q. Where is the Coquille River with respect to the south boundary of land claimed by these Tribes?

A. The Coquille River is immediately south, the mouth of the Coquille River. The Coos Indians claimed some of the watershed of the North Fork and the East Fork of the Coquille River.

Mr. Wasson has spoken.

REPORT BY JOHN P. HARRINGTON

Bureau of American Ethnology
Smithsonian Institute, April 5, 1943

Printed by Don Whereat (July, 1990)

"What is now the coast of the State of Oregon and was earlier part of the Oregon Territory comprises the north-central Pacific Coast of the United States proper and is noted for its great straightness, in places great abruptness and for comparatively deep waters lying close to shore which sounding reveal to contain deep submarine canyons. The straightness of this section of coast is found to be due to the Coast Range~ noted as being a recent geological formation running parallel to the ocean coast starting with the famous Saddle Mountain; the southern post of the mouth of the Columbia River and extending south throughout the State of Oregon. Only in the extreme south of the Coast of Oregon does this Coast Range tend to be poorly timbered. On the entire coast there are only 2 large rivers in addition to the Columbia which form the northern boundary of the western part of the state which rise in the Cascade Range, next range east of the Coast Range, and breaks through the Coast Range to the ocean; Umpqua and Rogue Rivers. The other rivers are all comparatively short and head in the Coast Range. In the case of many of them, one hesitates between terming the stream a river or a creek. It is quite common for these waterways to mouth on the ocean shore as an estuary of tidal water; a sand bar usually extending from the south because of prevalent ocean currents and coastal winds largely dividing the estuary from the ocean surf. There are exceptions to the extension of the sand bar from the south, notably the North Spit of Coos Bay and the Nehalem Bar. The coast like most other coasts the world over, consists of a sequence of points and coves. The points~ some of them being headlands and impassable to a human walking along the beach even at low tide, and many of the coves being attractive beaches covered with sand. The Coast of Oregon is and has been since its earliest discovery~ notable as foggy~ windy and in the rainy season~ visited by protracted rains.

The Coast of Oregon forms an unusually interesting field for the study of ethnology. Ethnology was aptly termed by A.S. Taylor back in the 1850's, Indianology, or the study of the Indians. This is what the term ethnology amounts to in this country. According to the etymology of the word Ethnology, it means the study of tribes. The Oregon shore of the ocean was thickly inhabited by Coast Indians. The Coast Indians regarded the food of the coast as a sacred heritage handed down to them by their ancestors. Every foot of the coast, and inland holdings as well~ was owned by the Coast Indians and was regarded as a life-sustaining inheritance since food which meant life to the individual and to his kindred and generations came from this ownership. This food consisted of everything included under the general terms of shellfish. Even the barnacles on top of rocks exposed at low tide were utilized as food. Fires were built on top of rocks which roasted the barnacles in situ. Mussels, preferably those which were not on the sunlit tops of rocks, were regarded as a delicious food and were constantly gathered. The variety of ocean fish known to the natives by name is

difficult to ascertain. The habit of salmon of various species coming up the stream made the streams to the Coast Indians doubly valuable to own. Sea mammals ~ such as the sea lion, harbor seal and sea otter were hunted by the Coast Indians up and down the coast. The meat was dried ~ or smoked if there was too much to be eaten at once~ and the skin was prized to wear or to sleep on or under. Birds of the coast of all kinds were killed and prized for meat and feathers. Many of these also frequented the inland country, notably the estuaries and rivers. The inland forests had deer~ elk and many other wild game animals but the Coast Indians loved the ocean and looked to it for the main supply of their food so these natives of the coast are very properly called Coast Indians. The ownership of the coast engrossed their minds and bodies, and still does in the case of their descendants. My study of ethnology on the coast consists largely of recovering the place names and boundaries from the descendants, establishing by and enormity of detailed evidence the ownership of every foot and yard of ground as can still be done by patiently working with these descendants as I have been doing.

The Coast of Oregon was, as every ethnologist would expect, divided into a considerable number of tribes or peoples, each having its definite ancestral ownership as can be worked out to a nicety. These groups varied as one proceeded along the coast in custom and language; even as could be seen in the employ of the building of canoes. The Coast Indians love and still speak their native dialects and know all the information about places and boundaries bundled up therewith. After working with a Coast Indian, even for a few days, no one could fail to be convinced of the genuineness of the ancestral names and ownership of places transmitted by him.

One of the most readily seen differences in the culture or customs of the Coast Indians was the artificial flattening of the head in the north and the lack of this in the south. Indians of the northern Oregon Coast were flatheads, popularly known as Tillamooks (spelled "Killamuck" by the Lewis and Clark Expedition) while those of the southern coast were roundheads, popularly known as the Tootootoneys. The dividing line between the flatheads and the roundheads was at Tenmile Creek in what is now the northwest corner of Lane County. I have as the rarest information learned of a few individuals whose heads were flattened and lived south of Tenmile. The flattening was accomplished mostly by the pressure of a board which projected from the baby cradle and flattened the forepart of the infant's head. I have rare information that flat stones of increasing size were sometimes used instead. The flattening was supposed to make the individual look big foreheaded and aristocratic, but had no effect on the smartness of the individual. Among people who had the custom of flattening their heads captured slaves, and all round heads were classed as inferior. The roundheads on the other hand knew of the custom of head flattening and had no special attitude towards it but never started to practice it. One hears about small spots in the flathead territory where flattening of the head was not practiced.

The exploring party of Lewis and Clark who visited the south side of the mouth of the Columbia in the earliest 1800's very fortunately interviewed

Tillamook Indians who were easily accessible for interview and obtained from them a map of the peoples of the coast to the south of the Columbia mouth. This map is reproduced in the published account of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. Lewis and Clark named the Tillamook tribes down as far as to include the "You-itts, now called Yachats, the southernmost Tillamook or flathead people of the coast (then the Siuslaw, Umpqua) under the name Kil-la-wats), and the Coos under the name "Cook-koo-oose"; all three comprising the Kusan Division according to language and they name three Tootootoney bands: Shal-la-lah, Luck-bar-so and Han-na-wal-lal-. These coastal bands were in situ on the coast in 1805, according to my own overwhelming amount of detailed evidence resulting from my own field studies, recording all which surviving Indians told me. The foot by foot definite ownership of the coast reaches back for dozens of generations, doubtless for a hundred or more generations. A map of the coast made in 500 A.D. probably would have shown the same ownership of the coast as that made by Lewis and Clark 1300 years later. The Coast Indians are the definite owners of the Oregon Coast. All studies have always reached this same conclusion.

Each body of Coast Indians had its ownership habitat, the boundaries of which were at the coast definite to a foot, so definite that if a whale washed ashore at a boundary so that the head of the whale was in the territory of one band, and the body of the whale in that of another, the ownership of the head fell to one band and the body to the other. The north and south boundaries of the Coast Indians were sometimes a [geographical] point. The headland or ridgeland being the boundary is noted by Gill in his Chinook dictionary, first published in 1906. In the preface Gill states that Tillamook Head was the boundary between the Clatsop tribe (north) and the Tillamook tribe (south). An example of a stream being the dividing line is the famous one of Tenmile Creek. The inland boundaries of all the Coast Indian bands were to the watershed at the crest of the Coast Range, but if pursuing an elk or deer or even a rabbit down the eastern slope of the watershed, the hunter went beyond the boundary, just as in modern law he did so with impunity returning with his booty as promptly as possible to the border. The ocean coast, its north and south demarcations, and the inland boundaries, were all definite to a foot and can still be traced.

The Neachesna were the Tillamook band of Salmon River, Devil's Lake, and Boiler Bay. Tillamook County has its present southern boundary just north of Salmon River and south of Cascade Head of the coast. This puts Neskowin and the Big Nestucca River and the Little Neestucca River in Tillamook County, and makes it look as if the Neskown and Nestucca Indians are to be grouped with the Tillamook Bay Indians. I believe that such is not the case. There are indications that Neskowin and the two Nestucca Rivers lean on Neachesna, and that the southern dividing line of the Tillamook Bay band was south of Netarts.

The Siletea band of Tillamooks is that of the Siletz River, the crookedest river in the world, exceeding in its meandering that of the famed Meander of Asia Minor. The name has been spelled in many ways. Its native form is Shileshich (the white man has quite uniformly changed sh to s and ch to tz in his

adaptations). Right there the Siletz town stands. The river makes a great horseshoe, narrow across the neck. Siletz John who died in 1924 was perhaps the last survivor of the older generation of Siletz Indians, but there are younger survivors. The river has its mouth at Taft. Not far up the river on the south bank is the famous "Medicine Rock" which was within memory of the oldest Indians living; formerly the effigy of a man, woman, and child, said to be the owners of the salmon.

The Yaquina were in original form, the Yuquna. They lived in the Yaquina River Valley, of which Toledo Oregon is now the principal upriver town while Newport Oregon (for decades a great resort and at one time chosen by the Southern Pacific Company for development as a harbor which never materialized) is on the northern shore of the mouth of the Yaquina River. The Yaquina Band was a northern wing of the Alsea Band of Indians.

Alsee, or Alsea (the letter spelling actually mis-taught to be pronounced with three syllables in Oregon schools) is a wild corruption of Wooshee, native name of the Alsee River Valley, the next large river south of the Yaquina River and like the Yaquina River heading in the Coast Range. The Alsee were the furthest Tillamook or Flathead band to the south and their holdings extended down the coast from the mouth of the Alsee River to include Yachats, and the great bold promontory Cape Perpetua just south of Yachats as far as to the northern band of Tenmile Creek which was the boundary between them and the Siuslaw, a Kusan roundhead people. Just as the Yaquina had the Yaquina River Valley, so the Alsee and the Alsee River Valley extending up to take in the present town of Alsea and the famous Grass Mountain nearby where Indians from far and near went to gather Bear Lily for the overlay of imbrication of their basketry. It is hard to say whether the River full of Salmon, or the ocean shore full of shell fish and other food advantages was the more prized by the Alsee Indians since they held plenty of both for their food supply and also much timbered hunting land.

To the south of the Tenmile Creek lay the great country of the Kusan-speaking Indians with their two linguistic divisions: Siuslaw-Umpqua in the north, and Coos-Mulluk in the south. These Indians held the lower Siuslaw, the lower Umpqua Rivers, and the entire Coos River, including its South fork.

The Coquille Band bears the same name as the Coquille River. The early pronunciation of this word by Indians and Whites was Kokwel. Coquille Thompson, a now very aged and blind Indian, comes from the uppermost Coquille River and is the best informant on this region. Even the uppermost part of the stream abounded in salmon while elk and deer were hunted in the woods, every foot of which was owned and used by the Coquille Indians. Mr. Thompson remembers early visits of Roseburg Indians sometimes known as the Umpqua or Upper Umpqua tribes who had a well worn trail coming across the mountains from Roseburg to the upper Coquille River. The Coquille River drainage is shaped like a fan. Being very large inland, and the southern boundary of the Coquille Indians was the watershed which divides the Coquille drainage from the headwaters of Flores and Sixes River, as far inland as Camas Prairie. The

Coquille Indians can well be classed as Tootootoneys since they speak a dialect of the language spoken on Flores Creek, Sixes River, Gold Beach and on the lowest Rogue River; these tongues being all mutually understandable.

Koseechah is the old native name of the mouth of Flores Creek (Flores Creek of some maps).

To the south of the Indians of Flores Creek lay the linguistically related band of Sixes Indians whose name is a corruption of Sequachee; properly the mouth of the Sixes River.

To the south of the Sixes Band lay the Elk River Indians of dialect related closely to that of the Sixes; as indeed they were close neighbors. To the south of the Elk River lay the Port Orford Indians, proper. There was formerly an Indian agent at Port Orford. The Indians of the section of shore enjoyed a rich country in food; a broken coast full of shellfish and of other fish, rivers rich in salmon, timberlands rich in game, and all kinds of vegetable products.

The name Tootootoney is derived from one of the five native names of Rogue River and applies especially to the large village which was situated on the north bank of Rogue River near what was later called Bagnell's Ferry (some five miles upriver from Gold Beach. Tootootoney Village really consisted of three villages stuck together, and was so populous that there was even night life there. Seven miles further upriver lay the linguistically related village of Miquanootan, also on the north bank. Still further up in the vicinity of the present Agness, was situated the large village of the Shastacosta, also called Chastacosta people. This village was on the north bank and the people were also Tootootoney in speech. The Tootootoney language obtained for upriver, enough to take in the Illinois River confluence.

Bordering on the Tootootoneys to the south was the Chetco Band, so called from the Chetco River, which was among their holdings, extending south to the Oregon-California line. The aged Thompson was the first one who straightened out the name Chetco for me. Chet is these Indians own name for their tribe, but the co had puzzled all interrogated. Mr. Thompson stated that this co is a corruption of the native zut, meaning creek or river. The Chetco especially had a number of villages up the Chetco River, which had its mouth between Brookings and Harbor Oregon. The Chetco Band also held the drainage of the Windchuck River, a stream south of the Chetco River and like it, running into the ocean. Both are north of the California line. The Chetcos speak a language distantly related to that of the Tootootoneys.

My special interest has been the matter of tribal boundaries and Indian place names. I have interviewed scores of the old Oregon Coastal Indians, getting the names of places and all kinds of details about them; sometimes tying these even with ancient mythology. My study of the Indians of the Oregon Coast, and their holdings, have convinced me beyond any shadow of doubt that these bands which fringe the coast were the ancient and original inhabitants, and that if an investigation had been made centuries before Lewis and Clark, the tribal

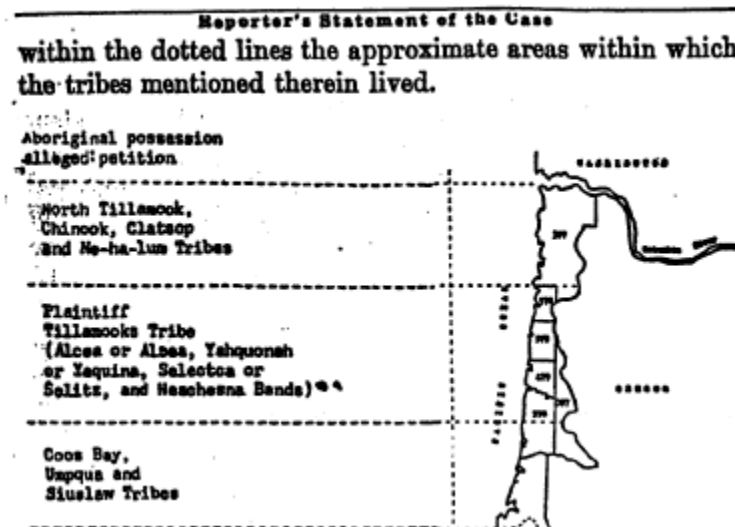
holdings would have been to all intents and purposes where they were at the dawn of history.

The foregoing report is the result of fieldwork of the author during the past two years. It has included among other things, detailed interviews with all of the older persons who appeared to have knowledge of early tribal locations. The early Indians of the region had no written or printed language. Hence, the account of the tribal distribution is handed down from generation to generation and has thus been transmitted to the aged informants, thoroughly interviewed by me. The few pages of this report have been compiled from hundreds of pages of field notes which I have preserved. These notes show in great detail the distribution and boundaries. I am attaching a map of the Coast of Oregon showing the tribal distribution of that region. This tribal distribution has from all studies been the same for several hundred years. Study of the allocations of the tribes of the interior, of what is now Oregon, shows tribal shiftings."

John P. Harrington, Ethnologist
Bureau of American Ethnology

April 5, 1943.

(Alsea Band of Tillamooks, et al v. U.S. Plaintiff's Ex. 1, printed record p. 296).



LIFE IN THE SIUSLAW VALLEY PRIOR TO EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT

Glimpses of Tribal Lifestyle at the Convergence of Siuslaw,
Kalapuya, Yoncalla and Lower Umpqua Tribal Domain
Ron Thomas (September, 1991)

The Siuslaw Valley is on the eastern slopes of the Coast Range and is the area around the present town of Lorane, Oregon. This valley is the headwaters of the Siuslaw River. The focus area is approximately ten miles square and is bordered by the Coast Range divide on Territorial Road to the North (also known as Stoney Point near Springhill Ranch). It is bordered on the south and east by the Coast Range divide. All waters from the Siuslaw Valley side of this Coast Range divide line run into the Siuslaw River drainage system and eventually into the Pacific Ocean at Florence, Oregon. The western boundary of the focus area is the site of Siuslaw Falls approximately seven miles west of Lorane on Siuslaw River Road.

The Long Tom River and Fern Ridge Lake is served by the drainage system to the North, Coast Fork of the Willamette to the East and Umpqua River to the South of these recognized Coast Range divide lines.

It is probable that this area was frequented by major tribal groups; the Siuslaw, Eugene Kalapuyan, Yoncalla Kalapuyan and Lower Umpqua. Due to the large number of mortar and pestle grinding tool artifacts found in the area, and with Luella Hazel's "Ceremonial Pestle" from the old homestead site of what is now called "Springhill Ranch", it is likely this was an important acorn gathering and processing center. The abundant resources were most likely exploited by all of the neighboring tribal communities and gave them an opportunity to get together and enjoy their differences. Tribal inter-marriage would be common as would be trade, playing games and gambling.

The Siuslaw Valley in Lorane would also be attractive to the Willamette Valley groups for its salmon runs from the Pacific Ocean.

J. O. Dorsey wrote in the 1890 Journal of American Folklore, the presence of two (and possible more) Siuslaw villages in the focus area. The informant that names the villages was Mrs. William Smith, the daughter of a Siuslaw mother and a Lower Umpqua father.

Don Whereat, Historian for Confederated Tribes of Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Indians in Coos Bay, Oregon, provided a copy of a map showing Siuslaw territory overlaid against the location of present day towns. Don is a Coos Tribal member.

This evidence helps establish the focus area as Siuslaw tribal domain, yet more factors must be considered. The tribes of the area did not recognize ownership of land; therefore anyone had the right to use resources equally. The peoples in the focus area were a very fortunate group who occupied lands which gave many things to eat and good opportunity for shelter against the weather.

The group of Siuslawans whose villages were this far into the interior adapted to their unique surroundings much the same way Kalapuyans in the Upper Willamette Valley adapted. Both groups had population areas that were dependent on enormously abundant salmon runs near the mouths of the rivers (Siuslawan) and below Willamette Falls (Kalapuyans). However, the focus area Siuslawans were more dependent on hunting and gathering lifestyles than their coastal "cousins". The Kalapuyans of the Eugene area and Yoncalla Kalapuyans had a nearly identical resource base as these interior Siuslawans. Acorns were very important.

Wildlife included deer, elk, fox, coyote, black bear, rodents, rabbits, cougar and bobcats. Birds included Red Headed Woodpeckers, Blue Jays, Blue heron, ducks, geese, pigeons, crows, hawk, and eagles. In the streams Indians could find crayfish, mussels, eels, trout and salmon. They would construct weirs to trap the fish in these narrow streams or spear them in the shallows. Primary animal food sources would have been deer, elk, ducks, geese, rabbits, fish and eels. The mild coastal climate provided abundant plant life and many plant food resources. Acorns and blue camas were the primary plant food sources and were abundant in the focus area. Many mortars are found in the focus area and they were likely used to crush acorns and baked camas into a paste. Tarweed also existed and was harvested by burning fields -- leaving the dried wild wheat pods easy to harvest. Blackberries were abundant.

In the Siuslaw Valley, people made their shelters out of woven mats of cattail and tule supported by saplings. They also leaned large pieces of bark against these structures to keep the rain out.

Clothing was often unnecessary in the summer months but in the winter they used deer skins and elk hides to help keep warm. The wealthy people decorated these hides with dentalia shells and porcupine quills and beads. Hats woven from cedar or other plant materials were worn to keep rain off the head.

Men built sweat lodges for purification. In the sweat lodge they would pray to the spirits to help them be successful in hunts, provide food and to rid oneself or others of illness. The people of the Siuslaw Valley were acutely aware of their relationship to the earth and its inhabitants, plant and animal. At the heart of their spiritual existence was the perception of this connection. It could be said that these people worshiped with every breath they took, as all things are connected. The earth was a living thing and people were merely part of it. Proper respect would be paid to the spirit of an animal slain for food. Nothing would be wasted or taken for granted. Prayer offerings would be made to the spirit of the food resource to be exploited. At "shared use" zones it would be likely that great ceremonies would be conducted by Shamans to give thanks for the abundance.

Shamans were spiritual leaders who had significant experiences involving important spiritual symbols. Often these people would tell of being visited by, or transformed into an animal, plant or rock. Special knowledge or wisdom would be revealed and the individual believed they could draw on this force with proper preparation. These revelations would come in a dream or dream-like state

induced by days of going without food and water. The individual would select the highest point of elevation in the area and would build a fire. Usually, after three or four days the person would have dreams of some kind of significance. Everyone had a great sense of spiritual connectedness but not all people had the dubious honor bestowed a Shaman. Shamans were believed to be capable of having good or "evil" powers. They could heal and bring wellness to people who were sick --but may also be held responsible for deaths. A Shaman could be put to death if it were perceived he was responsible when bad things happened.

The Siuslaw Valley was a culturally diverse area and alive with inter-tribal exchange. Today's roadways like Territorial Road which meanders generally North -South has a junction with East -West routes in the present site at Lorane. These were originally Indian trade routes which became stage routes and eventually roads that we know today.

The tribes that converged at this site were Penutian speakers and had similar customs and traditions. Although they spoke slightly different dialects, their common needs would serve to help form mutually beneficial relationships. From the Coast (West) would come shells, sea otter furs, whale oil and coastal food items. From the East would come obsidian for projectile points and pipestone from Plains Indians. From the North would come a gamut of items since the Kalapuyans were skillful traders and worked well with the masters of Northwest commerce --the Chinooks. From the South the trade route linked with Lower Umpqua who had great salmon runs, the Upper Umpqua who were Athapascan speakers and had horses. The Upper Umpquas were also a great salmon netting resource especially the Umpqua Narrows at the current site of Idleyld Park near Glide.

The Chinook jargon eventually evolved and formed approximately 500 words used by Northwest tribes regardless of dialect orientation. This jargon was later used by European settlers and government officials when communicating with the Oregon tribes which had a large variety of linguistic orientations.

It was considered taboo to marry within the village. This is probably because most villages were comprised of family and extended family units. Villages (family units) had a head man but there was no concept of belonging to a large group or tribe with one supreme leader.

Social ranking was similar to but less harshly defined than other Northwest Coast Tribes. Slaves were traded but not as extensively as in societies to the North. The Siuslaw, Coos and Lower Umpquas were more likely to be the victims of slave raids by Northwest tribes like the Haida or Klickitats. The Chinook jargon translation of slave is "He who has lost his history". The Siuslawans and Coos had more fair skin and did not practice head-flattening. People with round-shaped heads were considered to be inferior by the Northwest Coast tribes. Chief Halo of the Yoncallas instituted the practice of facial tattooing to make the women of his tribes unattractive to the raiding Klickitats.

A person could also become a slave by repeated bad luck at gambling. The children of slaves were also counted as slaves. An interesting mystery lies

waiting to unfold in a sandbar in the Coast Fork of the Willamette about two miles north of Cottage Grove. In 1914 a large craft approximately 50 feet long appeared stuck in a sandbar. The materials from which it was constructed were not native to the area and people speculated it was a Viking ship. More likely it was a large sea going canoe of the Northwest on a slave raid. Could this be a relic from a time when water levels were much higher or could it have washed in in some catastrophic event? This mystery may always remain part of the secret of the river and time.

Marriage provided one system of establishing social ranking. The "Bride Price" paid by the grooms' parents at the time of marriage established social ranking. The higher the bride price, the higher social ranking the families had. When a marriage was formed it extended one family's resource wealth to the other family's resource base, thus expanding interdependence. This must have had a positive effect on villages like the ones in the Siuslaw Valley since inter-tribal marriage extended to Kalapuyan and Lower Umpquas resource bases. Intermarriage was not at all uncommon among Kalapuyan trading partners including Chinook, Molalla and Oregon Coastal peoples.

Intermarriage between the Lower Umpqua and the Siuslaws was so common they could be considered the same tribe. All of the area that includes the Lower Umpqua River, Smith River and the Siuslaw River drainage systems would be considered this group's domain. My conclusion is that the villages in the Siuslaw Valley were dominated by effective Indian traders and socially diverse families whose inter-tribal interaction helped them prosper.

The Siuslaw Valley peoples did not likely experience times of famine. Life was good for the natives of the Siuslaw Valley. That is, good until the 1830's when a vast malaria epidemic wiped out much of the population. The vast native societies were already decimated by disease prior to the arrival of the settlers in the 1850's. It is generally agreed that European trade ships, traders and trappers unknowingly introduced diseases which the native's immune system could not tolerate.

When the first settlers arrived, they found the remnants of a vast and complex society reduced to a small number of survivors. Many these people wore the emotional scars of witnessing large numbers their friends and relatives die in small pox and malaria epidemics.

Territorial Road is the route known as the Halo Trail. When the tribes in Southern Oregon were moved to reservations in the North, there were many casualties to sickness. It was also called Oregon's Trail of Tears.

THE WHITE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL ACCOUNTS OF OUR PEOPLE

Don Whereat (August, 1991)

First mention of the Lower Umpqua Indians appears in the journals of Lewis and Clark. While at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1805-06, the 2 captains inquired of the local "Kilamox" (Tillamook), names of the tribes north and south of them. Clark lists the following tribes to the south that spoke the "KilalDox" language. Keep in mind these are Tillamook names for these tribes.

INDIAN NAME	ENGLISH NAME
1. Luck-tons	1. Salishans (perhaps Nestucca)
2. Ka-hun-kle's	2. Salishans
3. Lick-a-wis	3. Yaquinas
4. Yorick-cone's	4. Yaquinas
5. Neck-e-to's	5. Alseas
6. Ul-se-ahs	6. Alseas
7. You-ilts	7. Yachats (Alseas)
8. She-a-stuckle's	8. Siuslaws
9. Kil-a-wats	9. Lower Umpquas

He noted that the Cook-koo-oose lived to the south of these tribes and spoke a different language; Cook-koo-oose Nation. "I saw several prisoners from this nation with the Clatsops and Kilamox. They are much fairer than the common Indians of this quarter and do not flatten their heads."

In 1826, Alexander McLeod of Hudson Bay Co. established a base camp near the present location of Scottsburg. From here small parties of men separated to trap the tributaries of the Umpqua. McLeod's description of Lower Umpqua inhabitants is sketchy. October 21, 1826: "Villages situated opposite the rapidest part of the river. After dusk, 2 canoes with 2 Indian families hove in sight and our followers had to go to them before they would venture to come nigh to us. They had a cargo of berries and were going forward to exchange the same for salmon. Having to depend on what chance put in our way for subsistence, we had recourse to salmon for our supper which we obtained by way of barter with the natives coming along. Saw plenty of wild fowl but could not lose time to hunt."

Douglas' journal, October 30, 1826. *"Last night about 10:00 p.m., several Indians were seen armed around our camp. Instead of sleeping, we watched. Tuesday the 31st: At noon, an Indian who'd undertaken to guide 2 hunters to a small lake (Loon Lake) 20 or 30 miles distant, returned to our camp wearing one of their coats and having in his possession some of their hunting implements. All this looks suspicious but we know nothing of his language and are too few to risk coming to a quarrel. We take no notice, hoping he may only have robbed and not murdered our poor countryman."*

After traveling south to explore the River Shequits (Coquille), McLeod returned to his camp near Scottsburg. November 1826, he reports: "Rainy

weather. During the day, remainder of trappers returned with 40-50 skins. Our party of Owhyhees (Hawaiians) is beholden to their agility in swimming for recovery of their traps and property that went to the bottom. In a gale of wind, the canoe filled and turned over. They lost a day to recover their things; 2 beavers, however, were lost." November 9, 1826: McLeod journeyed southward as far as the "tootonex" (Rogue River). February 13, 1827, he arrived back at camp on the Umpqua to learn bad news. An Owhyhee returned to report the death of Ignace; killed by natives of the River Cahouse (Coos River) in retaliation of an Indian of that tribe who was shot and killed by accidental discharge of a rifle while McLeod's men were in the area. Not present and unaware of the event, Ignace paid the consequences. McLeod was due back at Hudson Bay Fort and had no time to avenge Ignace. He told 3 Umpqua Chiefs what happened at the River Cahouse and he'd be back to settle with the Cahouse Indians. The 3 Chiefs were eager to settle old scores and would readily join their forces. There is little doubt they would exult in cutting off the whole tribe!

In 1828, an exploring party captained by 22-year-old Jedediah Smith, traveled up the coast from California. Arriving at the mouth of the Umpqua July 12th, they crossed the river, ascended its north bank, and made camp near the mouth of Smith River. July 14th, Smith was searching out a better trail, Umpqua Indians overran the camp, and 14 of Smith's men were killed. 2 escaped and along with Smith eventually reached Hudson Bay Fort at Vancouver. They told McLaughlin the reason for the attack was retaliation for the punishment of an Indian who stole an axe. McLaughlin believed it was because of the trapper's molestation of Indian women.

The native version: "*Jedediah Smith put up his tent at Coos Bay. An old Indian went there, saw an elk hanging and stuck his knife in it to see what condition the meat was, not to steal the meat. John Turner, the cook, kicked him out of camp. The old man went to the Coos Chief but the Chief told him he had no business without being invited. Smith moved his camp as he was going north. He put Indian canoes under logs and the horses kept falling in the river. Smith went to Umpqua country. The old Indian followed and told the Umpqua Indians how he'd been treated. They said he was at fault. Just then some Indian boys came in camp with legs bleeding from where the cook whipped them with a horse whip. They got bows/arrows and massacred the Smith party except Turner, who dove in the river and got away. Smith was scouting at the time of the attack and lost no time in leaving the country; 1 other was with him, thus, 3 survived."* A brigade under direction of McLeod was sent to the area to assist Smith in recovery of his property and to establish peace with the Indians. Arriving at Smith's camp they discovered 11 skeletons. Goods scattered north to Siuslaw and South to 10 Mile Creek. Most property was eventually recovered, including the journal of Co-captain Harrison Rodgers.

1835 saw establishment of a trading post on the Umpqua near the present Elkton. French/Canadian, Jean Baptiste Garnier who served as chief trader at this post from 1839-42, and 1846-50, selected the site. He retired and settled with his Indian wife, at the mouth of the Siuslaw. Their son John married Matilda

(Tillie) Tronson, daughter of Ellen, an Upper Umpqua, and E.R. Tronson, a Norwegian Sea captain, who settled on the Lower Umpqua estuary. Later, John moved with his family to a small cove on the east side of the estuary.

August 4, 1850, Samuel Roberts, small schooner commanded by Albert Lyman, entered the Umpqua. Lyman kept a journal (copy in the Douglas County Museum at Roseburg). We learn from his sketches what Umpqua dwellings looked like and that the natives appeared to be handsome people. In attempting to ascend the river, the Samuel Roberts grounded on Echo Island. When several of the crew became drunk on brandy during the night, the party renamed the shoal, "Brandy Bar."

At outbreak of the Rogue River War in 1856, Coos/Lower Umpqua's were confined adjacent to Ft. Umpqua, near the mouth of the river. Here they remained under harshest of conditions for 4 years. Then, like so many cattle they were herded north to Yachats Prairie. Thus, for the Umpqua River and Valley and their aboriginal inhabitants ended another sorry chapter between the white man and the Indian.

Dr. John Evans mentioned Umpqua village sites in 1856. He was on expedition to southern Oregon to obtain geology specimens and kept a fairly detailed log. He is most famous for discovery of the Port Orford meteorite. He was on the lower part of the Umpqua, June 29, 1856 when he recorded, *"Two miles further on the Umpqua makes a sharp turn to the south, presenting in the distance a sight of the ocean. Custom House is on north point of this bend. Opposite on the other side of the river is a fine exposure of sandstone. Bank is heavily wooded with fir, etc. but 3 or 4 acres at top of the bluff have been cleared for a garden. It was formerly the site of a large Indian village. Crossed with my animals to other side of river where there is good grass. Tuesday, July 1, 1856, started in a canoe for my camp on opposite side of the river. Found my men near an unoccupied settler's house in a good meadow formerly occupied as an Indian camp."* Evans headed south to Coos Bay and Port Orford.

Henry Hudson Barrett established a stage line along the beaches. By 1880, he'd settled at Umpqua City, near the abandoned Fort. Here, he and his 2nd Siuslaw wife, Ellen (Michelle) Barrett, had born to them the following children: Clay, Mae, Logan, Blaine, and Howard Barrett. Henry Hudson Barrett died sometime prior to 1910 and was buried at Barrett's Landing. In recent years, the Barrett family placed a marker near the site.¹

After a visit to the Siletz Reservation in 1884, J. O. Dorsey wrote in the Journal of American Folklore: *"Upper Umpqua belonged to Athapaskan stock, but Lower Umpqua, who call themselves Ku-itc', were of the Yakonan family. Mrs. William Smith, authority for these Ku-itc' names is the daughter of a Siuslaw mother and a Ku-itc' father; her husband is Alsea. We find several early writers using the term "Kalawatset"; compare Kilawats as a partial synonym of Umpqua. Milhau gave Kalawatset as the Indian name for the Umpqua River from its mouth*

¹ Personal communication.

to the rapids, a distance of about 30 miles. I was unable to identify the term. The Umpqua River is called Ci-sta' by the Chasta Costa. Upper Coquille people, Micikqut-me call Lower Umpqua people, Cista'-qut-me tunne which means people dwelling on the stream called Cista (Shista)."

The Ku-itc' listed 21 villages. Only 2 are identifiable, Tki-mi-ye, upriver a short distance from Winchester Bay and Miku-litc at the mouth of the Bay by the ocean "*where there is now a lighthouse.*"

Although little ethnology was recorded on the Lower Umpqua, linguist Leo J. Frachtenberg did obtain some myth tales in 1912. Working with Louisa and Louis Smith, Frachtenberg recorded 7 creation myths, 5 miscellaneous tales, 5 descriptions of customs and manners, and 5 fragmented stories. The aged Louisa was crotchety and difficult to work with and often forgetful. Fortunately, Louis, her Alsea husband, knew the language well and was able to relate the stories he had learned from Louisa years before. Frachtenberg published these as the Umpqua Texts. These myths and stories are in the native tongue with English translation.

VILLAGES: PART I

Don Whereat (November, 1992)

Three thousand years ago, advancing sand dunes forced the abandonment of a village on what is now a fresh water lake, (Lake Tachenitch.) For some five thousand years it had been a salt-water bay. As of this date, Tachenitch Village (Tachenitch Landing in the archaeological report) has produced the earliest evidence of prehistoric occupation along the Oregon coast. Later, this site was used as a canoe landing for a village across the lake.

No name of this village or anything about the people who lived there has been passed down to us. Probably all knowledge of it had been lost, just as there is no record on Coos Bay of ancient villages on the north end of the bay. According to popular usage Tachenitch means "many arms." This explanation is found in McArthur's Oregon Names, and also in Harrington's field notes. Siltcoos is given as "canoe out," which is suspect. Pe-oke-ne-mus¹ is the real name of the village near the mouth of Tachenitch creek. The spelling Tsiltcoos was still in use at least as late as 1914. In a letter dated July 14, 1914, a report by a Siuslaw National Forest supervisor in reference to the Howard Barrett allotment mentions the tract "is in the Tsiltcoos watershed."

Unfortunately, we may know as much about these villages as any along the Siuslaw River. For whatever reason, early linguists did not search out Siuslaw survivors and learn more about the people who inhabited this river. What little we know of place names comes from J.O Dorsey who visited the Siletz Reservation in 1884 and got the names of 34 Siuslaw villages from a Mrs. William (Louisa) Smith. According to her, the proper name of her people was Shai'-yu-shl' a. Her father was a Ku-eetch or Lower Umqua, and her mother a Siuslaw.² She gave the 34th village as the home of her mother; exact location not given. The 33rd village was Kwsi'tci-tcu, a "*village south of the site of Eugene City, below a large mountain.*"

The first named village was St' shu'-quitch, (near the ocean). This village was the home of the young man in the story, "The Man Who Married the Bird."³ The third named village was Wai-tus, (a white mountain). This place has been identified as Old Town Florence, the "white mountain", probably a sand hill. Number six, Pi-lum-as. Frank Drew mentions this as where a scrap between the Lower Umpqua and Siuslaws took place. It was on the riverbank between his house on the North Fork and the village of Florence (Wai-tus). He didn't know what it was all about, but "*many were killed on both sides.*"

Nine and ten are Tsa-tau-wis and Kwus-kwe-mus. Frank Drew identified number nine as Tsah-thaus, (a little prairie near his home on the North Fork). Ten may be the Kwyus-kwyamas (name of a small camas) village where Frank

¹ Name given to Harvey Gordan by one of his Indian helpers.

² James Dorsey, 1884.

³ Leo Frachtenberg, Coos Texts, pg. 32.

Drew had his home. In 1932 Melville Jacobs said he could see the depression of an excavation, some twenty feet wide by one hundred feet long, of a former semi-dugout dwelling, "near Drew's present house." ⁴

Number twelve, Shiku-aus, may be the Kah-aitch that Drew mentions as located three or four miles up the North Fork. This place was the fall home of Chief John during the salmon gathering season. Chief John played a major role in the life of the Siuslaw just prior to the coming of the white people. There were actually two Chief Johns, father and son. The first was Chief of the Coos village of Wu-ah-latch. According to the story, the first Chief John took twenty men and women up to a "*Siuslaw village near Florence*," to look for a wife. At the Same't dance that night he looked over the available girls and decided on the local Chief's daughter. The next day he sent two messengers (good talkers) to see the girl's father. The father agreed to marry his daughter off, and that evening the presents were sent and accepted. One hundred dollars was given in dentalia. The marriage took place at Wu-ah-latch on Coos Bay. After two years, he moved up to Florence (Wai-tus) and replaced Dilmi, an un-popular Chief.⁵ (More about Dilmi later).

It was during the first Chief John's reign that the Colombia River slave raid happened. Frank Drew told of a large Chinook canoe that came, long ago, down from the Colombia River. A Chief, his son and ten or twelve men manned this large canoe. They offered to buy slaves from the Siuslaws. Failing in this, they established a camp and brazenly started capturing women and children, placing them in the canoe at mid-stream. The Siuslaw tried to buy off the Chinooks and get their kidnapped people back. The Chinook Chief refused, saying he "*wanted slaves*." The young son of Chief John (often called LaGaurde, a French name) was one of the captives.

Word was sent to the Umpqua for the best warriors to come up at once. Joining forces, the main body of warriors went up river, letting the alerted Chinooks see only one Umpqua coming up river. They swooped down and massacred all but the Chief and his son, who tried to escape up the beach, dragging the young John with them. Surrounded at Sutton Creek, the Chinook Chief offered all he had for his life. Armed with a two foot long knife, (wahl-wal,) he tried to slash and stab his captive, before he was himself killed. Wounded in the arm, his son was able to escape back to the Colombia River. Five years later he came south again, this time to make peace with the Umpqua-Siuslaws. Prudently stopping in the Alsea country, he sent a messenger to the Siuslaw, who refused to accept amends, not trusting the Chinooks. ⁶

The young Chief John was part Coos, part Lower Umpqua, married a Siuslaw woman (Maliyan) and then replaced a Siuslaw Chief, Inyas. ⁷

⁴ Melville Jacobs, *Notebook* 92, pg. 41.

⁵ Ibid, pg. 156.

⁶ Jacobs, *Notebook* 91, pg. 74.

⁷ John Harrington, *Field Notes*, R24-F891.

It was Chief John who gave one of the stirring speeches at the Yachats conference in 1875, when government agents were trying to get the tribes to give up their reservation and move to Siletz. He said: *"I do not want to hear all the time about moving. I have heard it for a long time and thought it was all settled a long time ago; my mind has been made up about it for a long time. If I have nothing on my place, I am not afraid of suffering for want of provisions. My heart is not sick. I do not want you to help the government get our lands away from us. I understand they want to send us money for our lands. I know the minds of our people and they do not want to sell their lands. It is a long time we have been without money, but we don't mind it now; I have a small place. I have no money, but have not a sick heart. I am told the government sends money to every place for Indians, but we don't get any. When the whites first talked to Indians, they promised many things they did not perform; hope they won't do so any more. If I was to talk for several days, I should talk the same way all the time. It was not my mind to come where I am now living, but the will of the government. This country where I now live, I will never give up. General Palmer gave it to us."*

Two other Siuslaws spoke with equal eloquence; Chief Dick and Siuslaw George. Expressing his bewilderment and hypocrisy of white people, George said, *"What makes the whites think our people are no better than dogs? How can the white people believe in God, and wish to drive the Indians off this land?"*

Chief John lived out his last days on his place near the mouth of the North Fork where the present Hatch place is. Lottie Evanoff described him fondly, *"He was always called Uncle John. When he would get drunk, he was never mean, would sit around half-shot with his arm around a fellow Indian, just looking at the river."*⁸

Jim Buchanan, a Coos living on the Siuslaw, told Melville Jacobs the name of the Siuslaw River was Ikdah-tu, meaning, "big, big one."⁹ The Lower Umpqua word for, "main river" is Iktah-tu. Shitch-di in Coos has the same meaning. Siuslaw people maintain that the tiny creek just upstream from North Fork mouth is where Siuslaw actually is.¹⁰

The elder Chief John, coming from Coos Bay to Siuslaw, replaced an unpopular Chief by the name of Dilmi, who had a bad reputation for kidnapping people from nearby tribes and taking them to the Columbia River to be sold as slaves. Everyone turned against him, even his last wife ran away to Winchester bay, seeking sanctuary from Dilmi's brother, who was a Chief there. Taking six men from his village at Mercer Lake, Dilmi went down to Winchester Bay, hauling a large canoe with him so streams would not hold them up. His unsuspecting brother was in his house when Dilmi shot him from the doorway. He died two days later.

Although no one saw Dilmi do the killing, he was the logical suspect. The murdered brothers' friends devised a strategy to lure Dilmi into a trap, by using

⁸ Ibid., R02-F891.

⁹ Jacobs, NoteBook, 92-168.

¹⁰ Ibid., 92-41.

the brothers' sister as a decoy. The Umpquas sent five men along with the sister up to the south side of the Siuslaw River. Sending a messenger over who, "*cried, mourned ritually,*" the men concealed themselves while the sister wept and begged Dilmi to come across and hear the news about the killing of their brother. He was suspicious, but eventually started across, taking all his weapons, and two men who did not know why they were being taken along. When he got close to shore, the avengers started shooting arrows at him. Although he held up his buckskin blanket as a shield, he and his companions were both killed. Dilmi sank to the river bottom, and has been known ever since as T'thmu'wax (sunk to the bottom).¹¹

No fine had to be paid to the relatives of T'thmu'wax because he deserved to be killed. However, the families of the other two demanded, and received, a heavy fine from the Umpqua people.

J.O.Dorsey, 1884, had this to say about Lower Umpqua villages. "*The Upper Umpqua belonged to Athapascan stock; but the lower Umpqua, who called themselves Ku-eetch, were of the Yakonan family.*" Several early writers used the term Kalawatset as a partial synonym of Umpqua. Milhau (in the area in 1856) said, "it is the Indian name for the Umpqua River from its mouth to the rapids, a distance of about thirty miles, above the rapids it is the Umpqua. Why the Cooses and Siuslaws should be included under the name Kal-la-wat-sett? I do not exactly see," apparently he was referring to an earlier description.

The Chasta Costa tribe from the Rogue River area are called the Umpqua River Shi-sta'qwut and the Lower Umpqua people are called Shi-sta'qwut-me'tunne, ie, "people dwelling on the stream Shi-sta'". (Dorsey).

The same Louisa Smith gave twenty-four Lower Umpqua village names. Only two are identifiable as to general location; "Takimiya, upriver a short distance from Winchester Bay, and Mi-ku-leetch, "at the mount of Winchester Bay, by the ocean, where there is now a light-house". "Mount" may be a typo of "mouth". On reflection, "mount" best describes the lighthouse location. One other village name should be noted because of its puzzling aspect, Shalala, (also pronounced Ts!a'leela). In the journal of Lewis and Clark naming the Indian Nations along the Oregon coast, the Nation after "Cook-koo-oose Nation", is, "Shal-la-lah Nation are said to be numerous (1200)". Frachtenberg's Umpqua Texts has Ts!a'leela as meaning "Umpqua River".

¹¹ Ibid., 92 pg. 157.

Winchester Bay is the location of several myth stories. They were published in Frachtenberg's "Coos Texts" under the following titles.

- 1-"The Woman Who Married the Merman" (Takimiya).
- 2-"The Woman Who Married the Wolf" (Takimiya).
- 3-"The Woman Who Married the Dog" (Takimiya).
- 4-"The Women Who Married the Beaver" (Takimiya).
- 5-The Woman Who Became a Bear" (Kwaitch or Kau-eetch),
- 6-"Eagle-Woman" (Takimiya) .

In the later Yachats period, passes were given occasionally for trips home. Lottie Evanoff mentioned camping at Winchester Bay near the, "Packbasket Rocks". These two rocks, visible at low tide, were shaped like Indian packbaskets, or Ka-wal. These rocks are probably buried by sand now; I have not had the time to look. They were described as located, "below the light-house". She said, *"Kau-leetch is the place where the two rocks are upside down, my father when we were on route from Yahatc to Coos Bay, we would camp there--there was water there, up the cliff, a tank there where the stage used to water horses." Also, "the two rocks, one larger than the other, were tan in color, were exposed at low tide."*¹²

Most accounts relate that when the Rogue River War broke out in 1856, the Coos were held under guard at a place just below Empire. They were then marched to Fort Umpqua and held until September 3, 1859, when the Coos and Lower Umpqua were forced again to move, this time to their final stop at Yachats Prairie. From Lottie Evanoff's account, that was not the sequence, for she said, *"Winchester Bay was where they had the Coos Bay Indians at first corralled, but it was too handy there to run away, so they moved them to Fort Umpqua."*¹³

Lottie also told a story of the Scottsburg area, saying that her father told her of a "jumping place", just upriver of Scottsburg, and a little down river of the waterfalls. There was a submerged hole there and if *"an Umpqua Indian dreamed something and dove through that hole, that hole would pinch him and he would drown there."* She said there was one young Indian who doubted, and dove there and never came up. ¹⁴She told of an island there where a bad animal lived, and who sucked strangers down in an eddy on the north side of the island. The local Indians always took the main channel to avoid this animal. A white man ignored the Indians advice and the monster tipped his boat over, drowning his wife. He alone survived by clinging to his feather bed.

¹² Harrington, R22-F1039.

¹³ Ibid, R24-F259.

¹⁴ Ibid, R24-F301.

VILLAGES: PART II

Don Whereat (July, 1992)

"I will go upriver, I will trap there, I will make blankets, winter food, salmon, elk meat, acorns, myrtle nuts, hazel nuts, and then I will have quantities of food."

That is what the second trickster, or transformer said. This was the lesson telling the people how to prepare for winter. After living upriver gathering and preparing food, he started down towards the ocean in his canoe. It was not long before he got into trouble.

"Tip over, my canoe." Indeed his canoe upset. Then he drifted on down (in the water), and he named places. "This is the way it will be named here, 'Blanket Spread Place'. (His blanket drifted ashore someplace). That is how the next people will name that place. This is the way they will name 'Salmon-Bale-Drift Place' (his salmon bale, Hiwalle, drifted ashore here), thus they will name that place. 'Paddle-Drift-In-Place', (same thing), in that manner they will name it there. 'Where-The-Mat-Drifts-In-Place', that is how they will name that. 'Canoe-Drift-Ashore-Place,' that is how they will name that." Now he was far down river, there he himself drifted ashore, and he named it in this manner, "Man Drift-Ashore-Place,' that is the way it will be named." Then he went ashore, and he built a fire, and he made a grass-brush house, and there he lived. And he labored, and he prepared foods.¹

None of the above place names are identifiable, except Hiwalle (explained further on). Annie Peterson,² recounting this to Melville Jacobs, did not know the locations of the place names.

Siuslaw John the Elder³ came from the Hanis Coos village of Wu-a-late, known as one of the larger villages on Coos Bay and a place where tobacco grew. There were two villages, Hemmis (big) and Tse'ith (small) Wu-a-late, separated by Chicses creek. This creek drains Empire Lakes and empties into the bay just above Empire, Oregon. Several notable ancestors came from this village; Frank Drew's⁴ father; Old Laimans; Jim Buchanan; and "Smart Man", who succeeded Chief John the Elder. He was the one at the treaty when General Palmer said: *"You will leave a valuable country, but the United States Government will pay you for it as soon as you Indians move. You Indians will be paid for the timber, for the land, the river, coal and gold."* It was then that "Smart Man" came from the audience and placed an old basket in front of General Palmer saying: *"If this big man or United States Government fills this basket with gold as it is a big thing for you white men--and we might learn the value of the*

¹ Melville Jacobs, *Notebook* 97, pg. 43-45.

² Informant for Jacobs, 1933-34;

³ Jacobs, *Notebook* 91, pg. 157.

⁴ Born at Yachats, circa 1868. Informant for Jacobs and John Harrington.

land and how to use it, then I will move." (LESSON) Don't move until you get the money.

Two other principal Hanis villages were located just to the south; N'tee'se'itc, and then Hanisitc⁵ at the present Empire. Lottie Evanoff claimed that the "very essence" of the Hanis people was McGee Spring in Empire, location of Kie-mis-itc (meaning "bar"), opposite the old bay entrance that used to be across from Empire. This was the birthplace of Chief Jackson and Jeff Harney.⁶

Emily Burns, Gabriel, Ike and Jessie Martin and Tommy Hollis were born at N'tee'i'seitc. It was Ike who almost lost his life because all his children died. Tommy Hollis (actually Tommy Miller) robbed the lighthouse keeper and was sent to prison.⁷

A little downstream was Waik-de (shrimp place), next was Nt'illi, a small creek⁸ serving as the boundary between the Hanis and Miluk. Also known as Kawaha, just south was Ki-wet (sand point), old Coos Head pulp mill site. After the Rogue River war broke out in 1856, the Coos were corralled there and held under guard for fear they might join their southern neighbors in fighting the whites. It was at this time they were all given white names by their captors.⁹

Very few Miluk village names and places are known because none of the survivors were ever interviewed as to ethnology. Tommy Hollis gave Henry Hull St. Clair one hundred and ninety two Miluk words in 1903. J.O. Dorsey collected some one hundred words from an old Miluk at Siletz in 1885, but again, no ethnology. Although Annie Miner Peterson apparently was well versed in the Miluk language and mythology, she seemed to have known very little about South Slough. Her grandmother was a Coquille Miluk.

A well-known Miluk, Tarheels, lived at Tarheel Point near Barview. Kelth'e is the name of this point, the creek just to the north, K' ilth. This village and nearby small creek were also known by the name of Da'yagwaq. This confusion in multiple names of the same place arises because different villages and tribes had their own names for places. This, and the custom of awarding an individual many nicknames, and various spelling of names causes some confusion. A good example is Tar Heel's nickname of Emuk-de-luk, (poor, pitiful young man). Not until I saw it spelled as Emuk-de-luc did the connection become clear (de-luc-deluth, or young man). He acquired the name from spending a week on Valino Island in South Slough hiding out from the soldiers. He and his wife were eventually caught and herded to Yachats in 1864 along with thirty others.¹⁰ After returning from Yachats, he and his wife lived out their remaining days at the site

⁵ John Harrington, Field Notes, R. 24-F986.

⁶ Ibid, R. 24-F986 and R 24-F934.

⁷ Ibid, R24-F984.

⁸ Locally known as Second Creek.

⁹ Harrington, R.24-F273.

¹⁰ Bensell. All Quiet on the Western Front, pg. 148.

of his old village. He is said to be buried there. Lah-haitc (jutting rock), present Fossil Point is adjacent.

The main village of Milukwitc was located in the Charleston area, probably at the east end of the bridge.¹¹ In early days there was a large shell pile there. Place names on South Slough are rare, although there must have been many. Tthiya-mahni is a Miluk name for Winchester creek at the head of South Slough and Wit-thitc (going over place) at the head of South Slough. The trail south to the Camas gathering area at Whiskey Run and to Bandon used to go over the divide there. In his trip up the coast in 1828, Jedediah Smith chose to follow the coast between Bandon and Coos Bay instead of the easier trail used by the Indians. This trail left the beach near Whiskey Run, went inland and down into South Slough. Harrison Rogers, Smith's second in command (later killed by the Umpquas), wrote in his journal that the "*traveling was pretty bad, as we were obliged to cross the low hills, as they came close to the beach, and the beach being so bad that we could not get along, thickety and timbered, and some very bad ravines to cross.*"

Camping two days at Sunset Bay to rest themselves and animals, Smith was met by a party of some one hundred Indians, who must have been warned of his presence in their territory. They were peaceful however, and only chose to trade. Rogers did not say if there was a village in the vicinity. The village of Balditc used to be located near the present lighthouse; the Chief's residence was on the island it occupies. Close to the date of Smith's visit, July 6, 1826, probably within ten or so years after, this village was attacked and destroyed near dawn by a band of Indians from the Rogue River. Only two are said to have survived, the Chief's daughter away visiting relatives, and a woman who was able to escape over the bluff and alert the village at Charleston. According to tradition, no one but a survivor may set foot on the site, and then only after ten years.¹²

Eventually arriving on Coos Bay where the party camped several days, Rogers remarked on "*the many Indians at the mouth of the river*", and further up the bay "*a great many Indians live along this river bank; their houses built after the fashion of a shed.*"

From the foregoing, it is evident that even at this date Coos Bay was still well populated, in spite of the diseases that decimated the coast Indians after the Lewis and Clark expedition to the mouth of the Columbia River in 1806. Smallpox was known as "visitor."¹³ But by 1850 when the first whites began settling on Coos Bay, the native population had been substantially reduced. The Sky-itc Hanis living in the Lakeside area had all but disappeared by this time. Indians

¹¹ Harrington, R24-F96.

¹² Ibid, R24-F87-879.

¹³ Jacobs, Notebook 191 pg. 37.

with pockmarked faces were in evidence during the treaty signing at Empire in 1855.¹⁴

At the peak of their culture, Coos Bay, according to survivors, was well populated. Melville Jacobs asserted, "*The unlimited supply of fish, and the vast resources in shell fish and game, would indicate a region that could have supported an ancient population of many thousands of people.*" Although there must have been house clusters all over the bay, the south and east side of Coos Bay from Empire to Charleston had the greatest density of population. Perhaps it is not an exaggeration by Frank Drew when he said that Coos River was invisible some mornings "*from the many campfires.*"¹⁵

The Empire area seems to have been the main center of activity. It is located at the narrowest part of the bay. Directly across on the North Spit was El-ka-titc (hollering place). Lottie Evanoff said when you wanted someone to come and get you, "*you hollered across to the other side.*" Down the bay or "oceanward" was Sisquitc, named after a lone crab apple tree that used to be on the shore there. Further down, Gumdei, across from Rocky Point and where the government buildings were, is Hee-lalus (from the Miluk verb "to look"), where the old life saving station was on the North Spit. Going up bay from El-ka-titc was Quanatitc (exact location unclear), Ku'wah (cove Jordan Cove), Ka-liya (put around neck). This place is near the entrance to North Slough, which is named Tthalchee-ha, from Tthatci-ya (go out from creek). Several ancient sites (Hauser site being one) exist in the North Slough area and seem to confirm native stories that this was the main part of the bay at one time. Advancing sand dunes and filling in of the upper bay caused them to be abandoned long ago.

Traveling north and east around Haynes Slough are several names for the different sloughs, such as "longer" and "shorter", also Ha-lais which has been variously translated as "up slough" and "entrance." Going south down the east side of the bay are some locations that can be identified; Kwsu'ne (Rock Bluff), an old highway 101. Tkweltsi (Diving) location is not given for this place, or the next one, Baldiya'sa. But they are said to be between Kwusu' nu and K' date, and this latter place was at the north end of the bay bridge (means steep hill). The Baldiya' sa people were known as great divers, being able to dive for oysters and swim under water from one side of the bay to the other. Baldiya' sa, a general term for "People towards the west", or "Sea People" and applied to a strange tribe of people who once lived among the local Indians on Coos Bay and Siuslaw. They were also known as the "Sausties" according to Lottie. She surmised the shell mound at Goose Point might have come from them.

Heading east from K'date is Kah'lath (Kentuck Slough). South on Eastbay is Wu'le'untc (Fine Water) in the vicinity of Cooston. This was the birthplace of Annie Miner Peterson. Wu'le'untc (Wilanch) was a place to fear before the

¹⁴ Another outbreak broke out on the Columbia in 1849. David Douglas, The Collector, pg. 199.

¹⁵Jacobs, Notebooks 91-74.

mythic fire (date unknown.) A monster dwelled there and none dare go near the place. The mythic fire swept from the ocean in five waves. Lottie said: "You couldn't go to Willanch Slough, something eat you up. It could be heard hollering from afar and you had to get out, not via road, had to be via creek. After that fire went through here, the Indians found that monster at Willanch Slough; his head, and so after the fire you could go through Willanch Slough. After the fire you would see a black bear lying at the base of many trees; died in the fire."

Across the bay from Willanch is Ot-se-his (Black Stone), present day Coos Bay. Coalbank Slough was Kal-tat. Because this area was so marshy, it was probably sparsely inhabited. Present day North Bend was heavier populated and we have some place names for that area. Hiwalle (Bundle of Salmon), a hill by the highway going out of North Bend towards Coos Bay. Lottie said that her father used to take his men up Coos River when the salmon run was on and they would dry and bundle the fish, haul them back down and stack them on Hiwalle (a hill) for distribution, hence the name. Sudlitc (Burned over Place) where present Engles furniture store is. This area later was known as Dewey's rock, from a large rock that used to be just offshore. Most of this rock was blasted away and the remainder used as a foundation for a mill boiler. Lottie and her parents were living just above Dewey's Rock when her father died in Nineteen Seven... The North Bend waterfront was known as Duwetitc (from a plant that grew there), later called Yarrow by the locals. There was a small rock visible at low tide here, later filled over. Dewey's rock and this one are gone now.

Just a little north, about where the railroad depot is was the "Floury Ground", from the white clay found there. At the '31 hearings Lottie Evanoff gave it as Ka'hotsch in her garbled English. Around the bend where the old ferry docked was Gah-ha-kitc, then Donis at the south end of the bridge. This village (Lottie says it means "Windy place") was one of the larger villages of the Hanis Coos and their Chief was unfriendly towards the whites. From the following story by Lottie, it appears that early bloodshed between the Indians and whites was narrowly averted. *"The white that first came were on a two masted schooner. They rowed into Coos Bay, four men on one oar. The Indians named the whites "long-paddles". (Chiemma , a long paddle). The North Bend Indians wanted to wreck this boat and kill the whites off. They got ready to attack them at the mud flat island in front of the stave mill. The Donniss Indians planned this attack. My Uncle Jim (Jim Jackson, also known as Tyee Jim) rushed from Empire and asked the Donniss people, "where is your cannon, where is your gun? It ain't only here. Lots of these kinds of people all over the country. We can't kill them all". So, the Donniss reluctantly resisted. They planned the attack with bows only. The Coos River Hanis came down river and got dried Elk meat, etc. to trade to those schooner whites. This schoonerful was the year previous to the delegation of twenty looking around; ten to see the Coquille River and ten to see Coos Bay."*

Later, the Indians who wanted peace, got permission from the whites to kill this Donniss chief. ¹⁶

Mahawgwin was the general name for the North Bend area. One other village of note was Haht-sa, where the airport is now. This concludes the most important places. Of course, there are many more place names that are not identified, such as Ku'mis (Salmon head place), La' alth (Mudhole), etc. It is remarkable that Lottie, Annie, and Jim Buchanan knew all these places, for it is these three we have to thank. Only one was born before the coming of the whites, Buchanan. Lottie learned her history from her father, and Annie from her mother and other relatives. Both returned to Coos Bay to live. Jim Buchanan settled on the Siuslaw. He lived his remaining days on his claim on the Siuslaw River, speaking Hanis Coos almost exclusively, Frank Drew interpreting for him at the '31 hearings. The myth tales in Frachtenberg's Coos Texts come from Buchanan.

Visiting here in 1856, John Milhau¹⁷ in his general remarks had this to say, "The Cooses were divided up into a small number of small bands. They were very warlike and when there was no foreign enemy to fight, the bands generally made war on each other." In a remarkable statement he also said, "They do not hesitate to harpoon whales and get fast to them." Also, "do not kill sturgeons, consider them as dead Indians." (This does not sound like the Coos, but the Lower Umpqua's.)

In telling how the Coos people came to be and how they lived, Jim Buchanan said it this way, *"That 's the only way they've been talking. They didn't come from any place. That was their only place. They didn't know where they came from. Every stream has people on it. That's how they all had a stream. That's the way they know themselves. All the other tribes had their stream as their land. Some had lumber houses, some had grass houses, and some had underground houses. The Coos country was full of people. They lived on elk; salmon was their grub; deer and beaver they ate; they ate clams; they used to eat fern-roots; they ate skunk cabbage roots; they ate ye-et (Spring Bank Clover;) they used to eat mussels."*

¹⁶ Harrington, R22-F1126.

¹⁷ Mihau copied some Coos words in plain English for George Gibbs.

NATIVE NAMES

Don Whereat (March, 1996)

Driving the coast highway in Oregon you may have wondered about some of the names encountered; names such as Lake's Tackenitch, Siltcoos, Cleowox; and Woahink; and towns with strange names such as Yachats, Nehalem, and Tillamook. Where did these names come from? They certainly don't have the familiar ring of English.

The names Tachenitch and Siltcoos most likely came from seasonal camps at the mouths of the two outlets, and were known as Tsahineetch and Tsiltchoos before the arrival of the European's. At the time this was written in 1996, it was believed that the Natives did not name bodies of water. Since that time I have learned that, at least, the Lower Umpqua's and Siuslaw's did. The names Woahink and Cleowox had been suspect as importations as was Clear Lake. Even Reedsport's reservoir turned up with an Indian name, Bonowahus. The two Indians working for surveyor Harvey Gordon did not know the meaning of the names, or Gordan was not interested.¹ Some of the later day Siuslaw's said that Tsachenitch meant "many arms,"

Do these names sound familiar: "Kil-la-muck," "Luck-ton," "Ka-hun-kle," "Lick-a-wis," "Yorick-cone," "Neck-e-toe," "Il-se-a," "You-ilt," "She-astuck-le," "Kil-la-wat," "Cook-koo-oose?" They represent tribal names that are in the area of a tribe's residence, or claimed territory, and are from the journals of Lewis and Clark.

The first tribe south of the Tillamook was the "Luck-ton's," no doubt the Nestuccas; then came the "Ka-hun-kle's" (Salishans), "Lick-a-wis" and "Yorick-cone's" (Yaquina's, which includes the Siletz). The Siletz were the "Selecta" band, or "Shileshitch." That word means "crooked," and is an accurate description of that river. The Siletz were nicknamed "Yats'aghithna" at the time of the reservation period. It means "driven-out Indians," This term was used both in pity and reproach, and meant something worse than slave. The Siuslaw's, who were left in their old homeland, also called the Coos this. Not that they should have felt superior, because at that time the white people considered their land worthless.

Next in order were the "Neck-e-to's" and "UI-se-ah's" (Al seas), "You-ilts" (Yahaches, who were also Alsea). The Alsea were the southernmost bands of the Tillamook or Flathead Indians of the coast.

Next came the Siuslawan speakers, including both the "She-a stuck-le's" and "Kil-a-wats" (Siuslaw and Lower Umpqua). Umpqua actually refers to the

¹ Harvey Gordan, 1857.

upper river Athapascan speakers. The next group, the Coosan's, was Lewis and Clark's "Cook-koo-oose," and evidently referred to both the Hanis and Miluk of Coos Bay. The name is said to mean "southerners," just as "Gwasiya" (southerners) in the Hanis tongue refers to the Coquilles and others to the south. The Coos language, as well as Alsea and Siuslawan, are classed under the Penutian family of languages.

Beyond the above names, it is difficult to identify Lewis and Clark's three tribal names below Coos Bay. "Shal-la-lah," which is the first tribe south of Coos Bay (Kowes Bay by some early writers) would be at the mouth of the Coquille. No current name in the literature comes even close to "Sha-la-lah," except for one of the Nasoma bands, "Kle-nah-a-hah." I can find nothing close for "Luckkar-so" and "Han-na-kal-lal."

Sometimes confounding, the same names given by Lewis and Clark for the coast tribes will often be spelled, or even named, differently. A case in point is coastal tribal names furnished by Michel La Framboise, a French Canadian trapper with the Hudson Bay Company in the early 1800's. An Englishman, Dr. Gairdner (1835), obtained the following names from him.

"Naelim" (Nehalem), thirty miles south of Clatsop Point. "Nikaas" (Nestucca), next south, a branch of the Tillamook. Kowai and Neslitch are next. Neslitch would be Siletz, a branch of the Yaquina's. Tocoan, south of Neslitch is identified in the Handbook of American Indians as "Yaquina." The next three are the familiar Aleya (Alsea), Sayonstla (Siuslaw), and Kiliwatsal (Kelawatsat, or Lower Umpqua).

Gairdner listed the names in descending order and by language group, but here we run into trouble. The numbers twenty-five and twenty-six are listed as "Kaons and "Godamyou," the former which evidently should be Coos Bay, and "Godamyou the Sixes River tribe (Gua daman in the Coos language). Alexander McCloud, in his 1826 trip called the Coquille River "Shequits." A 1859 map by McCormick & Pownell, has Sequealchin as a small stream between Floras Creek and the Coquille River, and referred to a band camping at Floris Lake as "Goddamyou. Laframbois, after his "Godamyou," lists south of number twenty-five, "Siquitchib". The latter two names both mean Sixes. The final tribal name, "Stotonia," is listed as being "south of number twenty-six, at the mouth of the "River des Coquins," meaning, "River of The Rascal's," (Rogue River) tagged that by the early Hudson Bay trappers traversing the Rogue valley on their way to and from the Sacramento valley in California.

It is apparent that in the early days before 1840, the streams below the Umpqua were not well known. If Lewis and Clark had arrived at some other place on the coast, we would be seeing completely different place names today. Each tribe had its own descriptive name for its neighbors. The Alsea for instance called the Siuslaw "Kwas" or "Kwasitslum", meaning "people of Kwas." They referred to themselves, "Wusitslum" (people of Whooshee, which name referring to the bay

and river. The "people of" designation seems to have been used by the tribes north of the Coos and Siuslawns. For instance, the Nestucca's were "Stahgah-ush," or people of the Stahgah, and one of the other names the Tillamook's used for the Alsea's was a word that meant "further beach people." Siuslaw's referred to their northern neighbors as "Northerners," and people to the south as "Southerners." Coos and Coquille's were the "Kwisee," southerners. This custom was also used by the Coos.

Another name for the Coquille River is "Mishi," given by Coquille Thompson and Old Solomon. ²The upper Coquilles were the "Mishi-qute-me-tunne," or "the people dwelling on the river Mishi." Tunne, tene, tini, tony, means "people" or "person," in the Athapaskan language, and similarly, "Meh" and "Kah," again the word for people, is at the end of Hanis and Miluk respectively. For instance, the Hanis Coos as "Chel-lay-ye meh," and upper Coquille's, as "Kwayitch'ma" knew the Lower Umpqua. The Coquille Athapascans as "Mushin't-ah tunne" knew Coos. (The "'' is used here as a glottal stop)

For our neighbors to the south (of Coos Bay) there is a name for every tribe and band, but they are all of Athapaskan origin except for one, and they were the Nasoma (Miluk speakers) It is evident the Athapaskan's were encroaching on them. Coquille Thompson was an upper Coquille (Athapaskan), born in the village that was at the junction of the middle and south forks of that river. He was probably no more than 6 or 7 years old³ when his people were removed to Siletz, and unfortunately, it appears he never came back to visit his old homeland. If he had, his memories for places might have been clearer. He furnished many names, but was unsure where most of them were placed. Following are the names he gave Harrington in ca 1942 for villages near the mouth of the Coquille River. These did not speak his Athapaskan language, but the names he used are of his language. The reason for this discrepancy is there had been two Athapaskan groups moving in on the Coquille over the years, from the north and south. Although each group spoke the same mother tongue, the dialects were different.

They were "Nasoma-tunne," "Kamahs-dan," and "Dulmushi." He said Kamahs-dan was on the south bank; "Dulmushi" on the south bank and opposite and several miles upriver. On August 3rd. 1855, the "Nas-o-ma" signed the Coast Treaty. One of the four bands signing was the "Ke-ah-mes-e-ton" band, which would have been the "Kamahs-dan" of Thompson. Further corroboration for these three comes from a reference to the burning of the Nasoma village in January 1854.... *"The Indian village is in three different parts, situated on both sides of the river, about one and a half miles from the mouth."* Thompson also referred to the mouth of the river as "Mishi-hoot," which again illustrates the multitude of names for the same place, or area. Although Thompson gave only three names to Harrington, four signed the treaty in 1855. The official treaty of

² J.O.Dorsey at Siletz, 1884.

³ Elizabeth Jacobs, Ethnography Notebook 120, pg.3.

August 3, 1855 reads "(four) *bands of the Nas-o-mah or Coquille tribe of Indians...*" In a letter to George Gibbs dated June 19, 1855, Lt. Kautz⁴ had this to say about the Lower Coquille, "*The Band at the mouth of the Coquille seems to be on the boundary line between two distinct Nations as this Band has two languages in use. Some can speak both, but they have members, obtained by inter-marriage perhaps, who speaks only one, according as they have been obtained from the North or South.*" From J.O. Dorsey's 1884 Coquille word list, "*Na-su-mi. a Lower Coquille village, south side, language differs from that of the Miciquitme.*"

Between the Coquille and Port Orford, one most often sees the name "Quatomah" for that region. Harrington (John P. Harrington, Anthropologist for the Smithsonian) said that the ancient name for the mouth of Flores Creek was "Koseecha." ("Cha" or mouth) also "Coso-tony," "people of "Coso" is probably where "Quatoma" comes from. "Kwatuhma," another version, is said to be the name of the lagoon at the mouth of Flores Creek.

Next were the Sixes, or "Sequachee." Thompson gave "Gwah-dah-me denne," and La Framboise' "Godamyou." Another name for Sixes is Sugway-me, Thompson insisting "Gwah-dah-me was just another name for that. Other names are "Kwatami" and "Suk-kwe-tce" (sixes mouth) of Owen Dorsey; (Sequalchin River-Abbott to Gibbs, 1858). Because the Sixes were a strong tribe, they would have been well known to La Framboise. In May of 1862, "Sixes George" addressed Oregon Superintendent Wm. H. Rector, in part, "We were in 3 tribes, and each tribe had their own Chief. Our country bordered on the Coquille River."

None of the informants for Harrington seemed to agree on a name for the Elk River band, they being a small group of not much significance. Tagonecia, a Port Orford Chief appears to have held sway over them. Thompson gave the name "Gusuma" for Elk River, which could possibly be another version of "Quatoma." Again, we must remember that Thompson was not physically familiar with the areas he was describing.

Native names for Port Orford are all un-pronounceable, but all mean "the people at the Heads," or "Point." The band that occupied this area was at the southern end of the "Quatoma" territory.

The next tribe of note was the Euchre Creek's, or "Eu-qua-chees," or "Yugwee-che," a warlike band who constantly fought with a Rogue River Tribe (Dotodin).⁵ The Rogue River early on was often confused with the Klamath River (California.) The tribe on both sides of the mouth were said to have been given the name "Joshua's" by the early whites. Known today as "Yashutes," it was probably how the natives tried to pronounce "Joshua." There are several instances where the white people garbled a native name, and in turn the natives

⁴ In charge of an Army Unit stationed at Port Orford.

⁵ John Harrington, Field Notes, R26-F1151.

garbled that, and what we think today is the "real old native" term can be far from it. An example was an Indian by the name of "Jahotch" or "Jahagh." I thought it was his Indian name until I discovered it was really "George" they were trying to pronounce. The name Too-tooto-ney comes from a village several miles up the Rogue River on the north side, "Dotodin."

The next tribe of note are the "Wishtonatin's" or "Pistol River's," speaking a sub-dialect of Chetco. The river was called Pistol River by the whites because a soldier lost his pistol there. ⁶

I will mention the tribe that used to inhabit the area of Whale's Head only because of an incident that happened back in some unknown time. The village was covered by a landslide, and if not eroded away, could yield the same kind of information as one of the Makah villages (Ozette) on the Olympic peninsula. The last major tribe on the south coast was the Chetco's. This tribe dominated as far as the Pistol River' on the north, and down to the California line. They spoke a northern dialect of the Smith River language of northern California. Coquille Thompson said 'Chetco' "is a white man's corruption of Chet-hoot, meaning the Chet River or Creek." The Chetco's called themselves, and were so called by their neighbors, "Ahoos-tane," meaning southerners. In turn they used the term "da'aht'a-tene" to refer to their northern neighbors. The Chetco's were a powerful tribe and had many villages up river.

This article is but a brief discussion of native names and places in Oregon. Early linguists were in a hurry to record Indian languages before they were lost. Very few have been analyzed to any extent, thus we may learn more when these languages are studied more thoroughly.

⁶ Ibid., R26-F720.

DICK JOHNSON

Don Whereat (October, 1996)

Dick and his family had a comfortable little farm, perhaps not the finest in the valley, but substantial. Actually there were two families occupying the holding. There was Dick, his wife, two children, and his mother and stepfather in one house. His sister and brother-in-law, Jim, and their one child occupied the other. The old mother was often to be found there baby-sitting her grandchild.

In addition to the two houses, which were separated by 300 yards and a ravine, they had 320 acres, 50 acres of it under cultivation and well-fenced, 2 stables, a granary, a smokehouse, and other outbuildings, well constructed and spacious. There was also a fruit orchard of forty or fifty trees, fifty head of stock, all the implements that a well stocked farm would have, plus enough food on hand for the winter. The only trouble was, Dick had several neighbors who coveted his land, and who continually harassed him, claiming he did not have a legal title. However, Dick had three documents proving, at least to his satisfaction, that he did indeed have legal title. No one in Dick's family had ever owned their own land, or had so many worldly possessions.

One late November day, Dick was splitting firewood just outside the front door of his modest home. His step-father was standing in the doorway, perhaps discussing the events of the day, or perhaps only watching, we will never know. Their attention was called to eight men approaching. Even through the gloom of the gathering darkness, they could see that most of them were armed. Three of them were seen to part from the main body and secrete themselves in the bushes. It was obvious trouble was brewing. Only two weeks ago, some of these same men had been here, but had no visible guns at that time, just whips and clubs. A neighbor had been visiting Dick at the time, so whatever their business was, Dick could only surmise, because they turned around and left when they saw Dick had company.

Dick set down his axe in the notch where he had been splitting wood, his stepfather not moving from the doorway. His wife and two children was in the house, his mother over at her daughter's house taking care of her grandchild for the sick mother. Dick's brother-in-law had to go to the nearby mill for his grinding, and was therefore absent. Dick's wife came out of the house when she heard the loud angry voices of the visitors; two of the five men she recognized. The ringleader, an older man, demanded that Dick give up his arms and leave instantly, or be shot. Dick answered, "*Shoot if he must, he would not resist.*" Dick had no sooner uttered the words when he was shot through the chest, killing him instantly. Dick's father-in-law rushed to his aid, only to be knocked down by two rifle shots; apparently he was not killed instantly, for several other shots were fired into the old man after the he was down.

On hearing the shots, Dick's mother rushed over from her daughter's house, only to find her son and husband lying dead on the ground. One of the men rushed upon the two women, pistol-whipping them with blows to the head. They and the children no doubt would have met the same fate as husband and father, except at that moment Jim came in sight on his way back from the mill. Suspecting something was amiss, Jim turned towards his own house, followed by three rifle shots that downed his horse. At the sound of the first shot, Jim had thrown himself off and behind his horse, thus saving his life. He was not safe yet, as the ringleader, "*a pious old gentleman*," stopped in his slaughter of Dick's family by the unexpected arrival of Jim, now rushed in a direction to cut Jim off from his house, brandishing a knife and yelling "*Shoot him, shoot him*" at the top of his lungs. The rifle that killed Dick came within a hairbreadth of killing his brother-in-law, the shot passing through his clothes, barely tearing the skin. Jim successfully reached his own house, and the means of defending his wife and child. The cowardly gang, knowing he had a rifle, scattered into the darkness.

With this seemingly open and shut case; two adult witnesses had witnessed the murder of the two men, it would be a simple case for any prosecutor to win convictions; the person who fired the fatal shots would be hung, and the other conspirators, at the very least, would serve a long stretch in prison. But, it never happened. The men went free, and their names expunged from the record. How could such a thing happen?

The chain of events started in the year 1851 in the region of Yoncalla, Oregon Territory, three years before the United States made a treaty with the Umpqua and Kalapuya (or Callapooya) tribes. 'Dick,' was Dick Johnson, a Klickitat Indian who had married into the Umpqua Tribe. His stepfather, 'Mummy' (unknown), and his brother-in-law, Jim, also a Klickitat, shared the same 320 acres. It was mostly hilly land, but they did have fifty acres of fairly level ground under cultivation. In a real sense, Dick was entitled to his piece of ground, or any other in the area for that matter. Until there was a signed treaty, no white person had a right to any land whatsoever. But, as Dick was a Klickitat, not Callapooya, what right did he have to settle here?

Sometime between 1835 and 1840 the Klickitat's (sometimes spelled Clickitat), a warlike tribe from north of the Columbia River, conquered the tribes on the north side of the river. In 1841 they commenced coming into the Willamette Valley. Encountering little or no opposition, started coming down in force, considering the whole Willamette valley south to the Umpqua as conquered territory. After the emigration of Jesse Applegate in 1849 they found it profitable during particular seasons to work as farm laborers, and soon became well skilled in arts of husbandry. In spite of two District Court Decisions in 1851 upholding the territorial claims of the Klickitats, the Claims Commissioners ignored them. Because of their subjugation of these tribes, the Klickitats considered that they were the rightful owners. In June of 1855, Coquille valley settlers were complaining of the Klickitats coming into valley, killing game, and

upsetting the local Indians. This letter was identical to one written almost a year earlier by the citizens in Camas Valley.

General Palmer was forced to round these gadflies up and send them packing, back across the Columbia to their ancestral home in the Simcoe Mountains. Palmer was not entirely successful. As late as 1867, two bands, one under Chief Sam (Klath-cut), and Chief McKay (Wun-as-shut) were roaming in Oregon. With not a little trouble, they were finally captured. Sam and his band were taken at Difficulty Creek, and McKay at his camp on the headwaters of the Nestucca.

Whether Dick formerly belonged to one of these roving bands of Klickitats is not clear. It was said that he had been 'cast off' by his people for settling down and living like a white man. Another version was that Dick was the son of a "Skookum Tyee" (Big Chief) of the Klickitat's, and that he was killed in war. Dick's mother, (Lemyei) and her children then became the property, or slaves, of the conquering Chief of that tribe. She hated her new owners and was helped to escape by "Mummy," who became Dick's stepfather. He was tagged by the local whites around Yoncalla with the name "Old Mummy," being very proud of that name, because they told him it meant "very old person." Dick's sister, Eliza, was married to Jim, another Klickitat, and they had a four or five year old son at the time of the murder. Dick's mother was very old at the time they came to Yoncalla. Where they spent the years between their escape and showing up in Yoncalla in 1851 is not known. Dick married an Umpqua woman, whom Old Lemyei, in typical mother-in law fashion, considered inferior.

Dick chose a small piece of ground to settle on that he thought would not be desired by the whites. It was mostly hill land, and at this early period in Oregon, there were thousands of acres of good farmland for any white to settle on. He was right in his belief that the land he chose to settle on would not attract any covetous white man; it was the improvements that one of them desired; desired enough to have him killed. Except for this man and several others, all the other white settlers admired Dick for his industriousness and honesty. Jesse Applegate was one of his admirers and a good friend.

Dick cultivated what little level ground he had, raising wheat and oats. His yield was better than anyone else's because of the time and labor Dick and his family put into their fields. They would go, row by row, pulling every single weed or diseased plant. By 1854 Dick had 12 acres enclosed in the best state of cultivation of any tract of similar size. He had between five and six thousand rails for fencing a pasture. He had also provided himself with good farming tools, a cow, workhorses, and *"was better prepared for farming than one half the white settlers in the country."*

But all was not peaceful in Dick's world. Within a year after Dick had settled on his place, a white man by the name of Stephen Bean took out a claim that included a little more than half of Dick's enclosure. Dick remonstrated with

Bean, and as a result, received a severe beating. Dick's good friend, Jesse Applegate, had counseled Dick not to resort to violence, so he had not fought back. Another time, a bully attacked Old Mummy at a Camp Meeting, by the name of John Marshall. In June of 1854, another white plague descended on Dick in the name of W. Canaday (spelled Kennedy in correspondence of the Indian Department, and as Henry Canada in the 1860 census of Umpqua County). He took a claim adjoining Bean's, which took in Dick's house, spring, the remaining part of the field, and the ground Dick had laid off for a pasture. Dick looked to his friends for help, and a number of them went to see Canaday to bring about some kind of compromise, or induce him to leave. Canaday refused to leave Dick's property, or to recompense him for all of his labors. Canaday maintained that the *"law would give him the place, and that he intended to have it anyhow."*

In desperation, Dick appealed to the Sub-Indian Agent, William Martin, for help. Martin interviewed Canaday and Bean, telling them to remain, and Dick not to *"do any work outside of his field, but to remain and occupy what he had already enclosed."* Even though Dick had a pasture all staked out, and rails ready to fence it, Martin nevertheless denied him the use of it. By this ill-advised decision, Dick was cut off from his spring, as well as grass for his animals. Martin deliberately overlooked the fact that no treaty had been made or ratified, and that the whites were squatters on Indian land, not the opposite. Martin, in a report to his superior, Joel Palmer, also mentioned that forty men had gathered at Dick's place for the purpose of moving Canaday off Dick's enclosure. But after considerable discussion, could not decide which party the law favored, and so did nothing. But, to show their disfavor with Martin they all signed a petition asking for his removal. Martin attributed the author of the petition to a Dr. Baker, a political enemy of his.

Palmer immediately wrote back to Martin that in his opinion, after careful consideration, that Canaday could hold the land against any other white man, but that his *"right can by no means take precedence of Johnson's, who had resided on a cultivated said tract for several years prior to Canaday's setting claim on it."* Palmer went on to cite the Act of Congress, August 18, 1848, 1st. Section, *"that nothing in this Act contained, or shall be construed to impair the rights of persons on property now pertaining to the Indians in same Territory, so long as such right shall remain un-extinguished by Treaty between the United States and such Indians."* It was Palmer's belief that, although the Donation Act was passed (in 1850), it did not repeal the section of the Organic Act upholding the rights of the Indians. Palmer closed his letter to Martin with the admonition to settle the matter....*"and if no amicable arrangement can be made by the parties, you will mark off suitable boundaries for this Indian's claim..."* Martin complied with Palmers order by marking off 320 acres of mostly hill land with *"suitable boundaries."* What Dick failed to realize, or chose to ignore, was that once the Umpqua-Callapooia's signed a treaty, he would be forced off his land. The "law" would award it to the first white man to file a claim on it. Dick was feeling his oats now and made a complaint against another white man, a Mr. Allan, who lived

about a mile and half from Dick's house. In this turnabout, Dick wanted Allan's claim for Mummy.

By 1858 Dick was still hanging on, but was under more pressure than ever to vacate and go to the Reserve with the rest of the Umpqua's and Callapooia's. His land had been surveyed and was just waiting for the first white man to file a claim on it. For whatever reason, neither Canaday, nor Bean had yet filed on it.

Jesse Applegate was still trying to get help for his friend. He had written to the current Supt. of Indian Affairs, J. W. Nesmith for help, but he in turn, reminded Jesse that the tribes' land on which Dick had settled, had been disposed of by the tribe which had originally claimed it (Callapooyas), and it was beyond his, Nesmith's, power to afford him any relief. Jesse wrote back in a stronger tone, accusing Nesmith of declining an interest in Dick's case. Jesse also thought Dick should be compensated from the public funds. On October 6th, 1858 Nesmith replied to Jesse that he had no funds in hand for that purpose. (The Indian Department was always short of funds, the Supt. constantly reminding his agents to be frugal, and he in turn being reminded by his superior in Washington). Further, as if this made everything right, he wrote this bit of irony, that, *"The government and its Agents are now engaged in faithfully executing the treaty reforms to, and 'Dick Johnson' can, if he chooses, share in its benefits."*

Less than two months after that letter was written, Dick and Mummy paid the price for their persistence, and belief that somehow their white friends could help them. Their advice had been to remain until ejected by force, or by law, and not to resist any white man.

A few days after the murder, Jesse wrote again to Nesmith, this time describing what happened on the evening of November 28th, 1858. It happened exactly as described before, except for one thing. The ruse to try and get Dick and his family to leave was that *"Nesmith is here to take you to the Reservation."* But Dick had seen Nesmith before, and so was not fooled. That was when he told the men to *"shoot if you must."* Jesse knew who the men were, but did not identify them in his letter, except to refer to the ringleader as the *"pious old gentleman,"* that person being Canaday. The killer was not Canaday, or Bean, or a relative of theirs, as it turned out. The next day there was an inquest at Dick's house. Sallie Applegate Long remembered her father telling her that at the inquest, *"'Old Lemyei' stripped the shirt from off 'Old Mummy's' back, and sitting down beside the body, placed one finger on the bullet hole, then pointed it straight at the face of an old man present, and said in plain jargon, 'your son did this.' The old man shook like a person with ague." My father said, "This was old man Allan."*

Old Canaday's wife, Mary, was the main instigator of the crime. There were two girls of the Canaday's, Louisa (Eliza) Prouty, the old woman's daughter, and Emily Canaday. There were always a lot of young men hanging around them, two of them California cattle drovers, Frank Little and John Timmons.

(Frank Little may have been the wrong name for one of them, as shall be seen.) They had made several trips from Yreka after beavers, and were at the Canaday house when the old lady promised them the two girls if they would kill the Indians. On hearing of the deal, after the murders, old Canaday attempted suicide after failing to stop it. He had the rope around his neck, but was stopped when one of the inmates of the house discovered what he was about.

Old lady Canaday's son-in-law, Jim Smith, moved right into the little cabin before the ashes on the hearth were yet cold. Subpoenas were issued for the two girls, but they and the two male suspects were not to be found. Three women (Louisa, Emily, and possibly one of them old lady Canaday) had fled to Winchester under the care of John Timmons and C.W. Frame, arriving at three a.m. on a Friday morning. There they took lodgings in the hotel and stayed until the following Tuesday evening. L.Y. Chadwick wrote this news to Jesse on December 7th, 1858. On December 21st, 1858, Louisa and John Timmons were married, witnessed by C.W. Frame and Ellen M. Prouty (old lady Canaday's daughter). On the 25th, Ellen and Frame were married, witnessed by John Timmons and John Allen. The account given to A.W. Ackerman by the Wilson's in 1902. Mrs. Wilson claimed that old lady Canaday "*tried to make Ellen marry Little. She just wouldn't, said 'he was little before he killed the Indians, and in her estimation, much less since.'*" Mrs. Wilson must have been mistaken, and also creative, in the 'Little' account. However, she went on to say that "Emily," as she called Ellen, married Henry Marsh, and was living in Los Angeles County, California, 1902, which is correct. (Confirmed by Sharon D. Burrell, Microfilm/Archives, Douglas County courthouse, Roseburg, Oregon, Sept. 17, 1996).

Louisa Timmons and John Timmons were separated in December of 1866, and divorced in May 1868. Binger Hermann represented Louisa; an early Coos county settler and attorney, who later went on to represent Oregon in Congress. Louisa charged John with 'harsh and cruel treatment, cruel and inhuman treatment, that she had to labor among strangers for her own support. Timmons took her wages and squandered them on drunkenness and gambling; entered her bedroom and carried away her bed and bedding; took away her garments and disposed of a portion of them; had a vicious temper and passion; led an indolent, debased, and dissipated life; addressed her in the most insulting and opprobrious epithets, often in the presence of others; and had an unchaste character. Louisa signed the decree with her mark. She could not write. Louisa later married Ica Rice, and was living in Rice valley in 1902.

Old man Canaday was the "*pious old gentleman*" referred to by Jesse Applegate in his letter to Nesmith.

Old man Allan was a participant, and probably the one posing as 'Nesmith.'

His son, John Allen did the killing. He was the only one still alive in 1902, but was a disturbed man, the two murders weighing on his conscience.

Jim Smith, also called "Injun Smith" by Mrs. Wilson, was old lady Canada's son-in-law, moved immediately into Dick's cabin after the murders. While he lived there, he heard strange sighs, moans, and other queer noises.

Another Canaday, Joshua, was present at the murders.

There was a man named Riley present. Mrs. Wilson said of Riley: "*The poor fellow, begged for the Indians, but they would not hear him.*" According to the 1860 Census for Locust Grove, Riley Canada (as it was written) lived next door to Joshua.

Then there was the two drovers, Simmons and Little (or Frame). That accounts for the eight present that November night of 1858.

They would have all been hung by Dick's angry neighbors, except that Jesse Applegate counseled patience. The authorities could do nothing because the only witnesses to the crime were the two women and children, all Indians. Then, and for many years after, Indians were not allowed to testify. It was 1924 before Indians were given U.S. citizenship.

Immediately after the murders, the women and children were taken to the house of some friends, R. Smith in Yoncalla valley. (The murders took place in Rice valley, south and west of Yoncalla).

On August 20th, 1859, Jesse wrote to E.R. Geary, Supt. of Indian Affairs, declining to relate once again to the Indian Department the particulars of the murder of Dick Johnson and Mummy. He concluded his letter with his belief that "*neither my efforts nor yours can right the wrongs or benefit in any way the dead, and will perhaps be equally impotent to save the living from the 'manifest destiny' of the race to which they belong. I hope you will not deem it discourteous that I decline at this time to review a subject which circumstances have made painful and vexatious to my feelings.*"

Yoncalla, April 7th, 1860

To

The Benevolent:

The bearer of this is the wife, sister, and children of the Indian Dick Johnson, who together with his father was murdered for his property in this valley about 18 months ago. Except the old mother they are all that is left of his family, and the two miserable ponies that bear them is all that is left to them of property to the value of some three or four thousand dollars they had accumulated by their honest industry.

They are trying to return to their own people. They have applied in vain to the white man's law for justice-they now appeal to your charity for food and shelter for a night.

Jesse Applegate

On June 20, 1863, Jesse wrote to Supt. of Indian Affairs, J.W. Perrit Huntington, *"He had met an Indian at Vancouver claiming to be a brother of Dick Johnson. Said the Indians present at the murder, except Dick's wife, were in the neighborhood of Simpcoe Agency. The wife now married to a white man near Portland or Vancouver. Said Dick's children were in Father Wilbur's school at Simpcoe."*

Sources:

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Wm. J. Martin to Joel Palmer, July 19, 1854. C15:M2-4, pg. 260.
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J.W. Nesmith to J.W. Denver, Jan.12th, 1859. M234.R611.F1225.
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Jesse Applegate to J.W.P. Huntington, June 20th, 1863. OHS.
Sallie Applegate Long letters to A.W. Ackerman, 1902. MSS 233. ohs.
Census, Fifth District, Locust Grove, Umpqua County, 1860.
Divorce documents relating the marriage and divorce of Louisa Canaday and John Simmons.

HAUSER SITE

Don Whereat (August, 1995)

I. Linguistic groups on Coos Bay: Hanis and Milluk

At the time of white contact (approx. 1850), two linguistic groups inhabited what became known as Kowes Bay, and later, Coos Bay. These two tribes, Milluk and Hanis were living side by side in apparent harmony. Linguists are not in agreement about whether they spoke two separate languages, or dialects of the same language. The only agreement at this time is that the language spoken is a member of the Penutian Phylum.

The Milluk claimed as their territory the lower part of Coos Bay. This included South Slough, the east side of the bay as far as second creek below present Empire, thence west across the bay, and south down the north spit, crossing the mouth and down to their southern most village at Gregory Point, known in the myth as the "Rock Point" village. From all accounts, both the Milluk and Hanis shared the camas grounds in the Whiskey Run area, and claimed this creek as the southern boundary of the two. The Milluk also had use of the south fork of Coos River as a summer home. The Hanis ranged from second creek up the bay and all its tributaries, with the exception of the South Fork of the river. The north fork was their summer home, and there is some reference to a permanent village on that fork.¹ A large shell midden was reported above Alleghany, later destroyed by Weyerhaeuser Lumber Co. when their log dump was located on the site.

By the time the first whites appeared in 1850, the Hanis appeared to be the dominant tribe of the two. Lottie Evanoff, daughter of old Doloose, or Chief Jackson, referred to the Milluk as *"hard up and exclusive people."*² The dearth of information on Milluk ethnology, either because of the lack of informants, or none found, leaves most of what we know coming from Hanis informants.

II. Villages

Hanis villages of various importance ranged from the premier village of Hanis-itch, at present city of Empire, all up the east side of the bay and on the north spit going up stream opposite Empire. Donis was the most important village up bay and was at the southern terminus of present McCullough Bridge. According to Lottie, the Donis Chief was the most war like and wanted to fight the whites. The peace factions killed him, and the Coos Indians never warred on the whites. Other villages of note were Wu-a-latc, site of old Pioneer cemetery near

¹ An Indian Family by the name of Marlow was living on the North Fork In 1864.

² John Harrington, Field Notes, R.1024, F.0109

Empire, Mahaugwin (Old Town North Bend), Ko-loch-a-titc, (the Flourey Ground, or white clay), Sudlitc (Burned-over-place), and the latter two on the North Bend waterfront. Otsehis was given as the names where Marshfield (present day Coos Bay) stands. The exact location is not known. It is said to mean "Black Stone."

III. Hanis subsistence practices.

At both Hauser and Koch site the middens were packed solid with fish bone and shell. This corresponds well with ethnographic information, also evidence of fish weirs still visible in many locations around Coos Bay. Although North Slough has been dredged in the past, and used for years as a log rafting stream, there are still a few visible stubs protruding from the mud. Across from the Coos Bay-North Bend Water Board pumping station on North Slough is a case in point. Again, turning to a myth, "The Trickster Person Who Made the Country," we find Ye-les (Coyote) going about the country making things. *"He was making a waterfall fish dam (somewhere in the Coos Country), and then he made a fish trap basket. Then he set it all in place. Now when he went down to the water his fish basket was already full."* These myth tales are important, because they tell the people how things became and how the people were to live. The Crow (and the Thunderbird) explains to the people why there were tides, and at low tide there would be plentiful food. Thunder is known as 'Father of the Fishes.' The first whites coming here found a bountiful supply of shellfish. A popular saying was, *"When the tides out, the table is set."* Freeman and Esther Lockhart arrived on Coos Bay, famished, on October 18, 1853. She wrote of that experience. *"It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. When we reached our journeys end. We went at once to the "hotel" a little log cabin, kept by the genial Frank Ross. Here we feasted literally, on fresh salmon, crabs, clams and roasted wild ducks and geese, all of which were delicious."*³ Evidence of all of the above was found at Hauser and Koch site. Ducks would have been plentiful in the small lakes spotted throughout the dunes. Several methods were used in taking them. One was the use of nets to trap them. Another was shooting them with bow and arrow. Mostly boys used small bows and arrows. A stick was fastened at right angles to the arrow tip, giving it a much broader front to strike a duck.

IV. North Slough areas as main part of Coos Bay.

Lottie Evanoff and other informants knew nothing of the sites investigated at Hauser and Koch site on North Slough. She said the "bar used to be at Jarvis Landing (across from Empire)⁴. The lower bay used to be a lake. The sand was blown in and stopped the channel. That is the reason there are shell heaps with trees on them at George Beals (Koch site)⁵. That is the old bay and it went

³Esther M. Lockhart, in a Century of Coos and Curry County, by Emil R. Peterson and Alfred Powers.

⁴Harrington, R23-F940.

⁵Ibid., R24-F17.

through lakes to Lakeside. Tcli-at. That is North Slough. It means, "moved away," because the channel moved.⁶

Lottie also related that in old days the Indians traveled to Ten Mile (Lakeside) via "chain of lakes." Some validity should be attached to this because of a reference to this practice in a myth tale, "The Loose Women." This tale was told by Annie Miner Peterson to Melville Jacobs in 1933 or 1934, and tells of two young women from Beaver Slough on the Coquille River, portaging their way to Coos Bay, and thence to Ten Mile Lake. "Now they went up North Slough, and they portaged from there over to Ten Mile Lake."⁷

V. Changes in the dunes.

European beach grass was introduced just after World War 11, and as the dunes stabilized, vegetation started a process that is still on going. The result is brush and trees growing where once were bare sand, making it next to impossible to portage this old route. Vegetation is not the only change. The drawdown of the water table from Weyerhaeuser and private wells has the effect of lowering, and in some cases, drying up lakes. If one flies over this chain of lakes in the winter time, it is possible to get an idea how it was, anciently, to use these lakes as part of a highway system. Canoes used for this type of travel were probably small and light.

⁶Maloney Notes, page 27. July 18, 1933. Jacobs, Note Book 103, pg. 82, says that North Slough means "something coming out of it, ie., 'a whale came out of it', according to the story."

⁷Melville Jacobs, Coos Myth Texts, pg. 144.

JEDIDIAH STRONG SMITH¹ - 1798-1831

Don Whereat (March, 1995)

"We galloped after them and overtook one who appeared very much frightened and pacified her in the usual manner by making her some presents. I then went on to the place where I had seen one fall down. She was 10 or 11 years old. I got down from my horse and found out that she was in fact dead. Could it be possible, thought I, that we who called ourselves Christians were such frightful objects as to scare poor savages to death...?"

Smith began his career as explorer and trader in 1822, when he joined the Ashley-Henry fur trading expedition to the Rocky Mountains. In 1824 Smith was a member of a party that rediscovered the South Pass, a passage to the Northwest through Wyoming. At the summer rendezvous in August of 1826, Ashley² (Henry had retired) sold the business to Smith, David E. Jackson, and William L. Sublette. While Jackson and Sublette set out to trap the mountain country, Smith and seventeen mounted men left the Great Salt Lake and rode southwest to locate new trapping grounds. By the time they arrived at the Virgin River (a tributary of the Colorado), the party was out of provisions. Following down the Colorado River, Smith eventually came upon villages of the Mojave Indians, and traded with them for provisions. Less than half the companies 50 horses had survived the trip this far and Smith was able to trade the remaining starved animals for fresh ones. Here they learned of Spanish settlements, and with two Indian guides, set off across the desert. Crossing the San Bernardino Mountains, they reached the Mission San Gabriel³ in late November. On this part of the journey, Smith struck two old trails made by Spanish explorers in 1775-76.⁴

Although Smith and his party were treated well by the mission fathers, the two Indian guides were imprisoned. While the company was waiting for permission to leave California, Harrison Rogers, clerk of the company, wrote in his journal of life at a Spanish mission. One of the things he recorded was the typical treatment of the Indians:

¹His middle name, Strong, came from his father's former partner, Cyrus Strong.

²Major Andrew Henry retired and Smith became his successor.

³San Gabriel, fourth of the Alta California missions, was originally established on San Pedro bay in 1771. Later, it was moved inland to its present site near Los Angeles. From *The Ashley-Smith Exploration*.

⁴The 1775 Utah route of Fathers Sylvestre Velez de Escalante and Francisco Atanasio Dominguez. They began a 2000 mile journey through New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah, accompanied by Don Piedra de Miera, a map maker and astronomical observer, to other dons, and half-breeds and Indians. The other was the 1776 trail of Father Francisco Hermenegildo, who crossed the Mojave Desert from the Colorado River, alone save for Indian guides.

"Dec. 2nd., 1826...The Inds appear to be much altered from the wild Inds. in the mou. that we have passed. They are kept in great fear; for the least offence they are corrected; they are compleat slaves in every sense of the word."

"Weds. 3rd., 1827. There was five or six Inds. brought to the Mission and whipped, and one of them being stubborn and did not like to submit to the lash was knocked down by the commandant, tied and severely whipped, then chained by the leg to another Ind. who had been guilty of a similar offence."

"Sunday, 7th, 1827. Things carried on as former Sabbaths, since I have been at the mission, church services in the morning and evening, issued to the Inds. of wine and clothing; the Priest in the evening through oranges among the young squaws to see them scuffle for them, the activist and strongest would get the greatest share."

Smith planned to work his way north to Oregon from California, but was prevented to leave by suspicious Mexican authorities. Leaving his men at the Mission of San Gabriel, Smith rode down to San Diego to meet with Governor Jose Echeandia. He was met with polite suspicion, but convinced Echeandia that he was a hunter, not a captain of soldiers. They were given a passport to return the same route they came.

Supplied with fresh horses and supplies purchased at Los Angeles, Smith and his men left on the morning of January 18, 1827. They recrossed the San Bernardino mountains; but instead of leaving California, Smith headed north west for the San Joaquin valley. His trappers had heard while detained at the Mission San Gabriel of the abundance of beaver in the unexploited streams. From a base camp on the Stanislaus River, he and his men trapped and explored as far north as the American River. In the spring they made several attempts to cross the Sierra Nevada, which he called Mt. St. Joseph. Failing to get the entire company across because of snow and weather conditions, Smith returned to his base camp on the Stanislaus. Leaving his company there, except for two men⁵ and 9 horses, he set out on May 20th for the summer rendezvous near Salt Lake City to get reinforcements and supplies. After a harrowing trip, they arrived at the rendezvous on July 3, 1827. Smith, his men and 2 surviving horses were but mere skeletons by the time they arrived at their destination.

After a short rest, Smith, with 18 men started back to California on July 13 with supplies for the men who were now camped on the American River, about 1.5 miles from where the town of Folsom is now situated. Retracing their route would have no doubt been the shortest, but Smith was aware of the impossibility of crossing the desert with loaded horses. He therefore determined to take a more circuitous route down the Colorado river, the one he had taken the year before. By the time the company reached a crossing of the Colorado, they were in dire straits. Here they were able to buy some corn and beans from the Mojave Indians whom Smith had found friendly the year before. With the help of the

⁵Robert Evans and Silas Gosal. Evans did not make the return trip.

Indians, they proceeded with the crossing. When most of the goods were across on a sandbar, and the party divided, the Indians attacked. Unbeknown to Smith, the Mojave's were subservient to Spanish authorities, and had received orders to kill any more Americans attempting to cross the Colorado River. Smith was on the sandbar and was able to escape. The Mojaves killed ten men, and carried off two Indian women who had accompanied them. Leaving most of their gear and provisions on the sand bar for the Indians to quarrel over, Smith and the remaining men started off across the desert. Seeing that they could not cross the mountains in their weakened condition, Smith chose instead to follow his former route to San Bernardino.

Resting several days, Smith then proceeded to rejoin his men at their camp on the American River. arriving there on August 18, 1827. Instead of bringing his men the needed supplies as promised, he brought them only the story of his misfortune and defeat. Staying two days with the company, he took 3 men with him and headed southwest to St. Joseph's, to explain to the Mexican authorities why he had not kept his word to leave the country as promised.

The Mexican authorities were not sympathetic to the sudden appearance of this American back in California, treating him rather rudely. He had previously represented to them that the route was barren desert and almost impassable. Smith was now ordered to Monterey to have an audience with the Governor. While there, he was requested to write his men to come in. Assured that his men would be furnished provisions, and not imprisoned, Smith wrote the letter. Because their camp was closer to San Francisco i.e., the Presidio, than Monterey, his men were allowed to go there. Smith had earlier made the friendship of John Cooper, a Bostonian who had come to California as master of the ship, Rover, and settled in Monterey. Cooper agreed to sign a bond guaranteeing certain restrictions on Smith, and that Smith would leave California. On 12, November, the bonds were signed and Smith given 2 months to leave California. General Echeandia (Command ante General) agreed to Smith's request to purchase provisions, except for horses and mules. Later relenting, the General let him purchase 100 mules, 150 horses, and a gun for each man. The Governor ordered an escort of 10 men to accompany Smith's men as far as Sonoma, starting from San Jose. He was not to visit the coast south of latitude 42 degrees nor extend their inland operation farther than specifically allowed by late treaties.⁶ After receiving his passport, Smith sailed for San Francisco to join his men, finding them in a deplorable state. They would have been worse off if not for the timely assistance of Henry Virmond, a German merchant and maritime trader who happened to be there at the time.

By December 5, 1827, Smith's men were busy driving up the horses, blacksmithing, cutting and drying meat in preparation for the journey. Disregarding the Generals order, Smith proceeded to buy more horses and

⁶The Quest for Qual-a-wa-loo, pg. 28.

mules.⁷ Smith's notes indicate that on December 26 he received orders to leave the country by way of crossing the Sacramento near its mouth. Finding it impossible to swim all his horses and mules across at that point, Smith asked that he be furnished rafts, or permission to travel farther upriver to a better crossing. On both counts he was refused. Leaving the impression that he acquiesced, Smith hastened to get his company ready to start moving. On December 29, while the men were breaking the horses and mules for their loads, Smith wrote to the General of his plans. The next day they started off in the rain, traveling north east, making 8 miles. Another account⁸ gives a slightly different version. *"The party, after visiting the Mission San Jose, proceeded north along the east shore of San Francisco Bay until they reached the straits of Carquinas at the place where the Californians were in the habit of crossing to the north shore. On reaching this point and not finding the boat in which to cross, the military escort turned back. Smith thereupon proceeded up to the river and on up the stream until he was on familiar ground close to the field of his hunting and trapping expedition from his camp on the American River, and using the ford he was acquainted with, crossed the Sacramento River at or near where the city of Sacramento is now situated."* This was the beginning of their journey up the Sacramento River and adjoining tributaries. Smith kept a daily journal⁹, as did his second-in-command, Harrison Rogers. Rogers' journal does not begin until May 12. Possibly, the first section was probably lost at the Umpqua.

Smith's mission was to trap beaver (which he always spelled with a capital letter, while Indian wasn't), forcing him to travel the mirey ground along the river banks. By January 2, 1828, they were well into the routine that would be followed all up the Sacramento. Journal entry for that day, *"4 miles SE and encamped again on the bank of the river which I suppose to be the Peticutsy¹⁰. I made rafts for crossing of poles and flags. Jan. 3rd. I made a pen on the bank of the river and driving all my horses in by small bands into the pen, and from the pen into the river I crossed them over without the loss of any, contrary to my expectations."* Often, they were not so fortunate. In order to better trap and cross streams, Smith set his men to making skin¹¹ canoes for this purpose. Traps were precious, as he had only been able to purchase 47, but by January 14, the company had managed to trap 94 four beaver.

January 18, found them in the vicinity of Stockton, Ca. In attempting a river crossing, the horses became mired in the mud. With considerable difficulty, Smith managed to get them all out without loss. The party was on the main Calaveras River at this point. Moving on up the river ten miles, another crossing was attempted. Trees were felled to get the goods across, the horses penned on

⁷180 in fact. One of Smith's men, Arthur Black had bought them. Black was one of 3 survivors of the Umpqua attack.

⁸The Quest for Qal-a-wa-loo, pg. 28.

⁹The events from Smith's journal are actually taken from a narrative Smith had written for a future book of his travels. Apparently, his journals were burned sometime after his death.

¹⁰San Joaquin river

¹¹Elk skins were used for this purpose.

the riverbank and forced into the water. One of the men fired at a grizzly bear, but missed. Game was scarce and not of good condition.

Smith's habit, as opposed to most of his contemporaries, was to describe Indians encountered along the way. In this vicinity, he looked on them as of a generally ragged appearance, always grateful for what meat could be given or traded with them. The meat they usually obtained for themselves consisted mostly of rabbit and other small game, along with salmon and other fish obtained from the rivers and small streams. One of the larger tribes met had a settlement of fifty lodges on the Mokelumne River, ten miles from their previous camp. Their canoes were constructed from rushes that dominated the swampy lowlands. Smith gave this tribe, what for him was high marks, observing that they did not have the usual disposition to steal. He noted their principal diet was a, *"preparation resembling the Persimmon bread made by the indians on the Lower Mississippi, but their principal living seems to be acorn mush. Their lodges are stationary and made of grass and Mats. When the indians came to my camp they Brought a large Basket filled with Mush and asked me for some Meat which they ate with their Mush."*

Lodges of this type were found all along this section of the valley. Most times, the Indians all ran off at first sight of the white men, although some of their possessions indicated some earlier contact with the Spanish. San Joaquin Valley Indians were for the most part poorly clothed and wore their hair short. Some Indians they encountered were not friendly; therefore the company had to be on constant guard, and not just for their lives. The Indians were constantly trying to steal horses or equipment, especially traps. The loss of even one trap was a severe blow. Especially felt was the loss of 11 traps taken by two deserters, Reed and Pompare. By February 22, Smith was down to 32 traps.

In late February, they were on the American River, named by Smith "Wild River," because of an event that happened there. Heading down river towards its confluence with the Sacramento, Smith and some of the trappers suddenly came upon a single lodge. The inhabitants fled in terror, some plunged into the river, while others took a raft, and several women ran down the bank of the stream. Smith said, *"We galloped after them and overtook one who appeared very much frightened and pacified her in the usual manner by making her some presents. I then went on to the place where I had seen one fall down. She was still laying there and apparently lifeless. She was 10 or 11 years old. I got down from my horse and found out that she was in fact dead. Could it be possible, thought I, that we who called ourselves Christians were such frightful objects as to scare poor savages to death. But I had little time for meditation for it was necessary that I should provide for the wants of my party and endeavor to extricate myself from the embarrassing situation in which I was placed. I therefore to convince the friends of the poor girl of my regret for what had been done covered her Body with a Blanket and left some trifles nearby and in commemoration of the singular*

wildness of those indians and the novel occurrence that made it appear so forcibly I named the River on which it happened Wild River."

Working on down to the mouth of the American river, they started back up the Sacramento, finding so many ponds and sloughs barring their way as to make this route impassable. On returning to their previous camp, two horses drowned, one of them carrying 6 traps, the other 4. Smith lamented that the loss of traps in that country and in those times was, "*much regretted.*" Fortunately, the horse carrying the 6 traps was recovered. On March 2, but one meal of meat was on hand. By the third day, the ground had dried out enough that Smith thought to again attempt to go upriver. Good fortune in locating an Indian trail through the worst part helped considerably. Their good fortune continued. Coming on a band of elk, two barren cows were killed. Before making camp, they passed 30 or 40 lodges, all the Indians running off as usual. At the head of a flag lake, they found some abandoned lodges which they used for their own accommodation. The weather was beginning to warm up, and mosquitoes were becoming a nuisance.

By March 4, The company had reached the vicinity of Bear River, coming upon a village of about 50 lodges, constructed in "*the Pawnee style.*" The natives were nearly naked, a few of them having feather robes, and dresses made of net work. Dresses worn by the women merely consisted of a belt around the waste, to which was attached 2 bunches of bark or flags, 1 hanging down before, and the other behind in the form of a fringe. Their hair was about 6 or 7 inches long, in common with the other valley Indians. Entrance to their dwellings was by a low passage covered with dirt, through which they had to crawl on hands and knees. Smoking pipes were made of wood.

On March 9, Harrison Rogers was badly wounded by a bear¹², causing Smith to delay departure until the nineteenth. However, the men continued to trap in the vicinity with good success. His men reported that about one mile above camp they came upon the mouth of a river¹³, the water clear, with some rapids. Examination up this fork towards the mountain revealed little sign of beaver.

March 13. They were able to go but a short distance because of Roger's wounds, wounds that Smith had continued to treat with cold water, soap and sugar salve. While camped just above the mouth of the Yuba, Smith accompanied his men 8 or 10 miles up the main river,¹⁴ finding but little sign of beaver. On the way, they passed 20 or so dirt lodges, the Indians running away as usual at their approach. Smith prevailed on them to come to him, whereupon they were given the usual presents. While he was gone, the men in camp became alarmed when several hundred Indians passed upstream on the opposite bank. Only later, much to their relief, the Indians came back down loaded with acorns they had apparently cached somewhere.

¹²Smith washed the wounds, 10 or 12, and dressed them with a plaster of soap and sugar.

¹³Yuba.

¹⁴Feather River.

While in the vicinity of Honcut Creek, Smith came upon a set up the Indians were using to snare ducks. Their decoys were so well made that some of the men were deceived into shooting at them. Unsuccessful in killing any, one man swore his gun must be crooked. Several nets were set, connected by lines 2 to 3 hundred yards in length, tended by 2 women. Smith had a rather negative opinion of the valley Indians. He noted that their principal diet consisted of: *"Acorns, pea vine, grass, roots, and what few fish and fowl they could take."* He saw the Indians as peaceable and honest, but also, *"These indians appear to be the lowest intermediate link between man and the Brute creation. In construction of houses they are either from indolence or from a deficiency of genius inferior to the Beaver and many of them live without anything in the shape of a house and rise from their bed of earth in the morning like the animals around them and rove about in search of food. If they find it, it is well if not they go hungry. But hunger does not teach them providence. Each day is left to care for itself..."*

Still moving slowly on account of Roger's wounds, Smith worked his way north, trapping along the way. On March 26, the party was again on the Feather River. Smith had a strict policy toward Indians. *"The Indians were close to camp on both sides of the river but I did not allow them to camp this being with me a general rule;"* a rule that was ignored several months later, with tragic results. Two days later they were back on the main, or Sacramento River in the area of Butte Creek. Snow peaks could be seen far off to the north, and Smith estimated the valley at this point to be about 50 miles in width. The mountains to the east and west were covered with snow. With the dry season approaching, traveling in the valley proper was much easier now on the firmer ground, but was still mirey along the river and sloughs.

The next day, March 29, they proceeded 6 miles up the river and camped. This camp was one mile below Chico Creek,¹⁵ and a great number of Indians were seen digging roots in the area. Smith observed the Indians as being small in size, poor and miserable, with most clothed in rabbit skin robes. Next day, Smith and one man went upriver to scout out the country. Along the banks of Chico Creek Indians were living in dirt lodges, with the only entrance at the top. *"As we passed along,"* Smith said, *"the little children reminded me of young wolves or Prairie dogs. They would sit and gaze at us until we approached near to them when they would drop down into their holes....at that place I saw few Indians who wore their hair long. The women dressed like the last described except perhaps that the scanty apron was there sometimes made of Deer Skin instead of bark or flags. I came to one place where there were several lodges together and the women cried and men harangued me on my approach but I soon pacified them."*

On the evening of April 1, because considerable sign of game had been seen during the course of the day, Smith and several men went out hunting. A

¹⁵On August 1, 1851, a Treaty made and concluded at Bidwells Ranch on Chico Creek between O.M. Wozencraft, U.S. Indian Agent and Chiefs, Captains, Headmen of the Micichopda, Es-kuin, etc., tribes of Indians.

large grizzly bear was killed. On opening the bear up, a stone arrowhead and 3 inches of shaft were found to be imbedded in one lung. The wound had healed completely around the broken arrow, the bear seemingly to have suffered no ill effects. Three Indians came into camp, meat was given them, plus the entrails, and they filled themselves up so completely that, *"they were puffed up like bladders."* One Indian was seen to have a similar stone arrowhead, but 5 or 6 times as large, attached to a 6 foot long shaft. The Indians were very numerous and friendly.

Turning slightly away from the river on April 5, the company traveled 7 miles and again camped on the river, crossing Deer Creek on the way. Indians came near camp. As was his policy, Smith let only a few near. These were naked, *"but had not the miserable appearance as those below. They were under the impression that horses could understand them and when they were passing they talked to them and made signs as to the men."*

The next day everyone remained in camp. About 100 Indians approached, generally naked, but a few dressed in rabbit skin robes. They were rather of light complexion, round featured, wide mouths, and wore their hair short. Being short stature, they were only about five feet, ten inches in height. They came weaponless, but held in their hands a bush of green leaves. Smith gave them a few presents of bead, awls, and tobacco, of which they were quite fond. Their pipes were of wood, long and straight.

"April 7, travelled 8 miles." Five miles along the route, they struck Stoney Creek. Finding it too wide and deep to cross at that point, they followed the stream up 3 miles to a ford and encamped there. From the abundant sign of game in the vicinity, particularly bear; Smith took the opportunity to replenish their supply of meat. In the evening, several bear were shot, but not killed outright. Smith got off his horse and entered the thicket to finish off the wounded bear, not seeing a very live one nearby. Already carrying scars from a bear attack some years previous, Smith missed another mauling by diving into a nearby creek to escape the enraged bear. Never one to give up easily, Smith went on horseback looking for another bear that had been wounded. Riding around a thicket where he supposed it to be, the bear suddenly lunged from the bushes and snared the horse by the tale. Terrified, it dragged the bear some 40 or 50 yards before getting away. Smith decided to let well enough alone, and went back to camp to join the feast of spoils of the day.

April 10. This was the farthest point of their journey up the Sacramento River. Smith records for that day. *"NW 6 miles. I moved on with the intention of moving up the Bonaventura (Sacramento) but soon found the rocky hills coming in so close to the river as to make it impossible to travel. I went on in advance of the party and ascending a high point took a view of the country and found the river coming from the NE and running apparently for 20 or 30 miles through ragged rocky hills. The mountain beyond appeared too high to cross at that season of the year or perhaps at any other."* Smith turned back down the valley

and camped on the river, with the intention of crossing.¹⁶ At this point the distance to the Sierra Nevada's on the east was about 20 miles. The mountains barring his path to the north were 25-30 miles, and the lower range to the west, about 20 miles. Smith chose to abandon any attempts to leave California by a northern route, and instead go west and thence north to the Columbia and Fort Vancouver.

As an experienced trapper, Smith must have been aware that all along up the Sacramento Valley he more or less followed a well-traveled Indian trail; a trail that continued on north over the Siskiyou, through the Rogue and Willamette Valleys, to Fort Vancouver. Why then did he elect to head west? It must be noted that although Smith's expedition was engaged in trapping and trading, it was primarily for exploration. The old association of Ashley and Smith had in mind the desirability of a harbor on the Pacific Coast, somewhere in the vicinity of the 43'd degree of latitude. It was generally known in California that the Americans were looking for such a harbor in northern California or southern Oregon. The Mexicans charged them with the desire to take the port of San Francisco at the time of Smith's visit. It was for a harbor farther north and beyond the influence of the Mexicans, yet far enough south to be beyond the interference of the Hudson's Bay Company, that the Americans were exploring the country. As will be seen, Smith's trip over the mountains to the coast was far less than he had anticipated or hoped for.¹⁷

"April 13. N W 8 miles. Very hilly and rough travelling the timber generally scrubby Oak. Some Indians came to us on the route we gave them the part of an Antelope that Mr. Rodgers had killed and they left us. My route was in the direction of a Gap of the Mountain through which I intended to pass. I encamped about 12 O Clock to dry my things which were wet by the last rain and stretch some Beaver skins which I had on hand. One of the indians which came to me had some wampum and Beads. They were procured I supposed from some trapping party of the Hudson's Bay Company which came in that direction from their establishment on the Columbia"¹⁸ The next day, Smith, 18 men, and some 300 horses and mules were now entering rough country. Distance this day was

¹⁶This was past a point on the Sacramento just below the modern Red Bluff.

¹⁷The Quest for Qual-awa-loo, pg. 29-30.

¹⁸In an August 31, 1833 letter, John McLoughlin to Governor Simpson mentioned "*McLeod's tract of 1828 to the Bay of St. Francisco.*" See 'Nunis', "The Hudson Bay's Company's First Fur Brigade To The Sacramento Valley: Alexander McLeod's 1828 Hunt." Thomas McKay, who had been with Peter Skene Ogden on his 1827 trip through the Rogue valley, was guide for McLeod. Michell LaFramboise followed this route in 1832 and succeeding years.

In March of 1827, while Ogden was in the Hornbrook area of northern California, 10 of his trappers under the leadership of Francois Payette, split off from the main party and headed down the 'Clammitte' (Klamath) river) in search of beaver. They descended the Klamath river into Karok territory, probably as far down as Happy Camp. They found the natives in possession of "axes, Knives, and tea kettles, the latter most numerous and obtained from some American trading ship....in four days they could reach the sea." Ogden also found the Rogue valley Indians had Euro-American goods in their possession.

short, because, *"...the hill country and some unbroken mules which I had packed prevented me from travelling far."*

This was but the beginning of their nightmarish march through the mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Making camp in a deep ravine the late afternoon of April 15, Indians started throwing arrows into camp from a distance, wounding 9 horses and 2 mules. Firing back, the men were able to drive off the Indians. Some of the arrow points could not be pulled out and had to be left in. One horse and a mule were left behind on account of their wounds. Although driven off the night before, the Indians followed and harassed the company for several days. Unable to persuade the hostiles to come in and make peace, Smith had the men fire on them. Two were killed and the rest ran off.

On April 17, the brigade crossed a ridge flanked by snow peaks on both sides, and the streams now running generally west. Smith was in what is today, Trinity county. Two days later he was on the Trinity¹⁹ River and made camp. Just above his camp was an Indian lodge. Approaching it, he discovered an old man, a woman, and child. The woman and child ran off and Smith gave the old man some beads and tobacco. Later, Indians were seen creeping along the opposite bank to get a shot at the horses. By friendly signs Smith attempted to show them of his peaceful intentions. Instead, they pranced about and made ready to throw their arrows. Smith had Arthur Black fire at them, causing them to run, all the while flying off their arrows as they retreated.

Winding their way down the Trinity was perilous because of high, steep places to go over, plus the general harassment from Indians. Smith found it was not necessary to guard the horses all night, for the cold nights in the mountains worked to their benefit. As he remarked: *"Among those troublesome indians I was obliged to put my horses in a pen every night and have them guarded the fore part of the night but as those indians had but little clothing and weather in those mountains was cold there was no necessity for continuing the guard during the latter part of the night.."* One day, 4 hours was spent going 1 mile. The rocky terrain raised havoc with the soft hooves of the horses.

By April 25, the men and horses were so fatigued that they were obliged to remain in camp and recuperate. Given the opportunity to hunt, several men went out, returning with 3 deer. The Indians had their own method of getting deer without weapons. In a game trail they had fashioned a brush fence, leaving a small aperture, and over this a noose large enough to admit the head of a deer.

After another days hard traveling, and dealing with wounded animals from the sharp rocks, Smith, with considerable understatement, wrote: *"Any persons apprised of the character of the country through which I was travelling might form something of an Idea of the difficulty of travelling with a Band of three hundred horses..."* Sometimes he had to retrace his steps, camp in the previous night's encampment, and scout out a better route the next morning.

¹⁹Trinity, called Smith River by Smith. Harrison Rogers referred to it as Indian Scalp River.

Camp on May 3. There was on a ridge where they could see the mouth of the Trinity entering the Klamath.

May 6. Smith began to notice that the Indians he was now seeing were different from the valley Indians. *"Their Lodges was built differently from any I had before seen. They were 10 or 12 feet square, the sides 3 feet high and the roof shaped like a house. They were built of split pine plank with 2 or 3 small holes to creep in at."* Their hair was long, and their dress was deerskin dressed with the hair on.

Harrison Rogers' journal begins on May 10, 1828. His entries were usually longer and more detailed than Smith's. On the night of May 9 their camp was on the Trinity River, (Scalp River) not far above the south fork, near Burnt Ranch, Trinity County, California. (Near the mouth of Supply Creek in Hoopa Valley, not far from where Fort Gaston is now located). From hereafter, the text in parenthesis is from The "Quest for Qual-a-wa-loo" A collection of Diaries and Historical Notes pertaining to the early discoveries of the area now known as Humboldt County, CA.

May 10. Rogers: *"We made an early start this morning, steering NW, about 6 miles, thence W 7 miles and encamped on a small creek and built a pen for our horses, as we could not get to grass for them."* (Pine Creek just north of where the west fork enters the main stream Trinity.) *"The travelling very bad, several very steep, rocky and brushy points of mountains to go up and down, with our band of horses, and a great many of them so lame and worn out that we can scarce force them along; 15 lossed on the way, In the brush 2 of them with loads; the most of the men as much fatigued as the horses; one of them, lossed his gun, and could not find it. We have had more trouble getting our horses on to-day, than we have had since we entered the mount.* (This indicates that after leaving the Sacramento they had spent some time on the Trinity River which they followed along as fast as the nature of the mountainous country would permit, as otherwise the men and horses would not have been so fagged out as stated by Rodgers.) *We crossed a creek close by the mouth 15 or 20 yards wide heading south and emptying Into the river east at an course, the current quite swift, and about belly deep to our horses."* (This is Scottish Creek in flood owing to the late rains. It enters the Trinity River from the west about a mile north of the mouth of Mill creek, at the northern end of Hoopa Valley.) *"But one Indian seen today."* (The fact that only one Indian was seen during the days travel is evidence that they had left the thickly settled country about Hoopa Valley which the Gregg party 21 years later was warned by friendly Indians to avoid on account of the nervous tribes of hostile Indians that inhabited that part of the country.) *"He was seen by Capt. Smith as he generally goes ahead, and I stay with the rear to see that things are kept in order."*

May 11. They were up early and Rogers sent 4 men back to look for horses left behind the day before. Shortly after sunrise they were packed and on their way, *"directing our course up a steep point of mountain, very rocky, and brushy about 3/4 of a mile. The course NW 2 miles and struck into an open point*

of mountain where there was good grass and encamped, as the most of our horses was nearly down. (This camp was in a prairie, In Section 22, Township 9, North, Range 3 East. It is now known as French Camp, on the mountain between the west fork of Line Creek and Tuly Creek. An old Indian trail leading from Martin's Ferry on the Klamath River crosses the mountain to Redwood Creek and passes through Wild Grass Prairies adjoining. Here, on account of an abundant of grass for the horses, they remained in camp over the 12th.) The 4 men sent back after the lost horses returned late in the evening. They had got 12 of the horses that were missing, among them the 2 that had loads. Three deer were killed in the evening; the meat being of poor quality."

May 12. Rogers reported that they stayed in camp to rest the horses. The going was still treacherous and grass scant. Two men were sent back for the horses that were still missing. The two men returned late without the lost horses, unable to drive in the one they had found. Rogers considered them lost because "*Capt. Smith intends moving camp early tomorrow.*"

May 13. The Brigade made 6 miles traveling NW over high ranges of rocky and brushy points of mountains, "*as usual*" says Rogers. They encamped on the side of a grassy mountain, where there was an abundance of good grass for the horses, but little water for them. (This opening is known as Big Prairie, situated In Section 27, Township 10 North, Range 3 East, H.M. An Indian trail leading from the Indian village of Cap-pell, one from Kanick, and one from Mor-eck, on the Klamath River, passed up the mountain to Big Prairie where they united and became one.)

May 14. Conditions are still bad. Rogers writes, "*The travelling amazing bad; we descended one point of Brushy and Rocky Mountain, where it took us about 6 hours to get the horses down, some of them falling about 50 feet perpendicular down a steep place into a creek; (This was Roach Creek. Rough as the country was, they were nevertheless following an old Indian trail. But the Indians of this locality had no horses or other domestic animals except dogs; hence the trail was not suited for horses.) "One broke his neck; a number of packs left along the trail, as night was fast approaching, and we were oblige to leave them and get what horses we could collected at camp; a number more got badly hurt by the falls, but none killed but this one broke his neck. We travelled 4 miles and encamped, on top of a high mountain, where there was but indifferent grass for our horses."*

(This was In Section 13, Township 10 North, Range 2 East). Smith writes, "*Two of my horses were dashed in pieces from the precipices and many others terribly mangled. Some of my packs I was forced to leave in a ravine with two of my men to guard them." Several Indians crossed the river in canoes to Rogers. (They were now camped on the Indian Trail that led from the Indian villages of Natch and Mor-eck on the Klamath River, running Southwesterly to the mountain top at Elk Camp, thence west by south across Redwood Creek to Big Lagoon. The country through which they passed is rough and broken and still timbered with fir and redwood In the canyons and brush on the mountain*

slopes, with an occasional prairie or grass-clad opening. By traveling a northwest course on leaving the Hoopa Valley to avoid the canyon on the lower stretches of the Trinity River, they were now encamped but a short distance from the Klamath River and within 3 miles of the Indian village of Mor-eck, and had finally reached of the most thickly settled districts along the Klamath River.) He gave them some beads as presents. Knives were what they wanted, but he had none to trade them. (It is important to notice shall be directed to the statement made by Rogers that the first thing these Indians asked of the strangers was to trade for knives, thereby confirming the reports of the Ogden party who visited the Klamath the previous year that these Indians knew of the white man's products.) "They gave me a lamper eel, but I could not eat it. They appear afraid of horses; they are very light coloured Indians, quite small and talkative."²⁰ They were now entering territory where the Indians were more numerous and desirous to trade, although it was the women who did most of the trading.

May 15. Rogers divided the men in parties. Some went hunting as there was no meat in camp. Others were sent back for stray horses. Five Indians came into camp and Rogers gave them some beads. In a short time 15 or 20 more came and "among them was one squaw, a very good featured woman; she brought a dressed skin and 2 worked boles for sale." (This is the only reference Rogers makes to the basketry ware. The bole he mentions means a round basket woven so closely that it held water).²¹

May 16. Two men were sent ahead to scout. Returning on the 17, they reported the North Pacific Ocean was 20 to 30 miles ahead.²² Twenty to thirty Indians visited the camp throughout the day, bringing eels and roots for trade, "the women do the principal trading." (Mrs. Thompson refers to this remarkably high social condition of the women among the Klamath Indians. This, she says, was in a measure the result of a system of "the half-married-one;" the women taking her husband to her house to live with her. By this system she was the absolute boss of the man and had complete control of all the children). There was lots of deer and elk, with travelling more favorable than the previous 40 miles. "More tolerable," said Smith.

May 18. Smith writes, "West three miles along a ridge somewhat thickety and encamped in a small prairie of good grass." (This camp seems to have been in one of the several openings in Section 15 or 16, Township 10 North, Range 2 East. Here, as at the last 3 camps, they intercepted an Indian Trail that led from Elk Camp down the divide in an Easterly direction to the Indian villages of Natch-kno, Sarg--gon, Yata, Pec-wan, and Cor-tep, on the Klamath River. They had now reached a less broken country and were about to plunge into the depths of the world-renowned redwood forest, that now lay between them and the Pacific

²⁰Hupa Indians. They occupied the Trinity River from its mouth to Burnt Ranch.

²¹ Rogers has been blamed by some writers for the Umpqua massacre because he let so many Indians into camp.

²²From a slope facing the ocean, they were off Rocky Point.

Ocean.) In the course of these days short travel two horses gave out. My men were almost as weak as the horses for the poor venison of the country contained very little nourishment.

May 19. Still steering a westerly course they made 6 miles and *"encamped on the side of a mountain, where there was plenty of good grass and water for our horses."* This prairie, known as Gans Prairie, comprises about 100 acres of grass land, and is situated in Section 1, Township 10 North, Range 2 East, H.M., where on a clear day one can obtain an excellent view of the ocean, six miles westward.) Four Indians came into the camp and stayed the night. (These Indians were from Redwood Creek.)

May 20. Camp on ridge²³ (same camp as the 19th) with a fair view of ocean. Rogers and Thomas Virgin went ahead on an Indian trail towards the coast. (The Indians used the same old Indian Trail as late as 1890). After proceeding about 5 miles following a creek,²⁴ they could go no further on horseback and were forced to look for another route. Ascending a steep and brushy ridge that paralleled the seashore, they followed this until they could go no further because of the thick brush. At this point they were within about 80 yards of the beach. The two tried another direction, but found the going so bad and the hour so late, they determined to head back to camp. On the way back, they came across some elk. Rogers had Virgin stay with the horses while he went after the elk, but losing them. Just after firing at a bear, Rogers heard Virgin shoot and call for help, compelling him to climb in all haste back up the mountain to where he had left Virgin. Meeting him on the way, he learned from Virgin that some Indians had shot arrows at him. Proceeding to the spot where they had left the horses, they found a dead Indian and Virgin's horse, with several arrows imbedded. Managing to get the wounded horse up, they were able to get back to camp before dark.

May 21. Still in same camp. (Roger's journal discloses simply that while they were at this camp he and Virgin investigated the possibilities of travel north along the ocean front from the mouth of Redwood Creek. It is hardly likely that Captain Smith was less active in spying out the country. This leads one to believe that during his journeys in this locality he either saw or learned of what is now known as Big Lagoon as a land locked bay on the Gallatin map which is based on the field notes of Jedidiah Smith, and is clearly shown as being in the same locality north of Cape Mendocino and as being landlocked, which precludes the thought that Trinidad Bay was meant. During these four days that Smith remained at Gans Prairie he evidently learned from the Indians about a body of water that connected with the ocean some few miles south of Smith's camp, for on the Gallatin map, for the making of which he furnished most of the information, we find a bay in the shape of Humboldt Bay but located by him about where Big Lagoon is located).

²³Redwood Ridge.

²⁴Redwood Creek.

May 22. Remained in camp because of rain and fog. Rogers. *"We have not seen or heard any Indians since the 20th that Mr. Virgin killed the one that shoot at his horse."* (The fear of the Indians plus the depression of the foggy weather was more than the plainsman could stand, and therefore Rogers was ready to believe that they never would get out of this place alive. This explains the prayer, which he records in his diary under this date. *"Oh! God, may it please thee, in thy divine providence, to still guide and protect us through this wilderness of doubt and fear, as thou hast done heretofore, and be with us in the hour of danger and difficulty, as all praise is due to thee and not to man, oh! Do not forsake us Lord, but be with us and direct us through."*)

May 23. East back to the previous camp on Gans Prairie.

May 24. Rogers. *"North East 4 miles, and encamped within 100 yards of Indian Scalp River."* (It will be recalled that on the 16th they were encamped near the Klamath River. Captain Smith was Ignorant of the fact that the Trinity River emptied into the Klamath, thus his mistake in calling the latter Indian Scalp River. The site of the camp was near the Indian village of Met-tah In Section 20, Township 11 North, Range 3 East, H.M.) *"Capt. Smith went down to the river, where there is a large Indian village on the opposite side,"* (Hah-ah-Mer. On the same side of the river where they camped there was later an Indian village called Met-tah. Hence Rogers makes no mention of it, although their camp occupied practically the same site.) Smith called to the Indians on the opposite side and several came over to trade.

May 25. Instead of crossing here, Smith directed his men North East and about one mile they struck Indian Scalp River opposite to an Indian village. (It is of interest to note that after leaving Met-tah and Yock-ter, which are across the river from each other, the Klamath River makes a turn Northeast.....The party under Jedidiah Smith had now arrived at Sar-gon which with other villages farther down the Klamath River had been visited by the trappers of the Peter Skene Ogden party the previous year.) Smith and his men were ferried across the river by Indian canoes, while animals had a 250-300 yard swim. Some turned back and had to be driven in again, 3 drowning in the process. Rogers reported these Indians lived in lodges, *"built similar to our cabins, with round holes 18 inches in diameter for doors....we cannot find out what these Indians call themselves;²⁵ the most of them have wampum and knives. Some have arrow points of iron....the foundation of their lodges are built of stone with stone floors."*

May 26. Rogers writes, *"Course NE and ascended a very long and steep point of grassy mountain, and reached the divide, and kept it about 6 miles, the travelling good, and encamped on the side of the mountain where there was pretty good grass for our horses...."* (They reached the mountain divide near Onion Lake and the Meadows, situated on the mountain top at the headwaters of one of the forks of Pec-wan Creek and the West Fork of Bluff Creek. They then

²⁵Probably the Yurok, who had no name for themselves. They occupied the Klamath from the confluence of the Trinity to the sea and a short distance along the coast.

continued northward along the summit or back bone of Nick-wick mountain for about 6 miles, following an old Indian trail, and camped on the East slope of the mountain, probably in Section 18, Township 12 North, Range 4 East, H.M., where they found bunch grass for their horses, among the sugar and yellow pine that grows on this part of the mountain.)

May 27. Smith and Virgin started early to blaze a trail for the days travel. Rogers and the brigade followed the blazes through the woods, *"a NW course, descending a steep and brushy point of mountain, about 3 miles, and struck a creek 25 or 30 yards in width, heading east, and running west into Indian Scalp River, and encamped for the day.....they have a fishing establishment on the creek."* (On leaving the old Indian trail to their right, they blazed their way down Nick-wick Mountain and came to Blue Creek, a stream of 20 to 30 yards wide, after traveling about 3 miles distant. Here they camped for the day on Blue Creek at the old Fish Dam or Trap, about 7 miles up Blue Creek from its mouth.)

May 28. Their course NE was up a steep and brushy mountain. It was foggy and they were traveling on the divide between Klamath and Blue Creek. On gaining this divide, they continued along the summit of the mountain over an Indian trail in a northeasterly direction, for about 7 miles, and camped for the night on the South end of Red Mountain, (probably in Section 11, Township 13 North, Range 3 East, which at this elevation is void of timber, the mountain taking its name from the character of the soil.) Arriving at the end of the ridge as the fog cleared, Smith could see the ridge dropped steeply to the river and was exceedingly rocky. Seeing the country to the north was mountainous, he concluded to go back a mile on the trail and try to get closer to the coast again, which appeared 20-30 miles distant. The next day they headed down the steep mountain toward the river. The terrain was so brushy that it was almost impossible to drive the horses down the slope. The fog closed in and they were forced to camp in a ravine on the mountainside. The brigade had to ascend the mountain again the next day, follow the ridge for 2 or 3 miles, and then descend to the river.

May 29. It took until 10 am to get all the horses collected and under way. Following the same trail as the day before, they made about 2 miles, SW, and found some water in a ravine and encamped. (This was a small branch of Ter-wer Creek, and just within the eastern border of the redwood forest.) The day had been so foggy that they could not see which way to go, that being the reason they only made 2 miles.

May 30 Rogers writes, *"All hands up and early and out after horses, as they were very much scattered, and got them collected about 10 am, and struck a small creek, where there was a little bottom of good grass and clover and encamped."* After traveling about 3 miles through the redwood forest they had descended to Ter-wer Creek and camped on the creek bottom about 2 miles north of where it found its way into Klamath River. This old Indian trail, as well as some others traveled by the members of the Smith expedition, was still in use by the Indians of the Klamath River as late as 1892. *"The horses got so that it was*

almost impossible to drive them in the mountain amongst the brush." (The brush on the ridges that Rogers refers is composed of salal, ferns and huckleberry bushes.) *"Two elk were killed today by Mr. Virgin."* (When he speaks of their killing elk, we know that the party is traveling through the redwoods, which is the home of the elk in Humboldt and Eel Norte counties.)

May 31. Captain Smith concluded that they would stay part of the day and send 2 men out to look for a pass to the river. The men returned about 2 pm to report that they would have to climb the mountain and go along the ridge for 2 or 3 miles, and then descend to the main river, as it was impossible to go along the rocky creek bed with the horses. *"Two Indian came to camp in the rain, and brought a few raspberries that are larger than any species of raspberries that I ever saw."* (The salmonberry, both the red and yellow varieties that is so common throughout the whole of the redwood forest.) Smith gave the Indians some meat and they agreed to go along with the party to the ocean.

Rogers wrote in his journal for June 1, *"Captain Smith got kicked by a mule and hurt pretty bad."* They had directed their course west up a steep and brushy mountain along the same Indian trail they had been following since leaving Blue Creek, and they emerged from the redwood forest into a small fern opening or prairie bordering the Klamath River, after traveling about three miles. (This prairie, called by the Indians Hop-pow, lies at the base of the mountain between Ter-wer and How-pah creeks and is about four miles from the mouth of the Klamath River.)

June 3. A point was reached where the river emerged from the mountains and its course was in a narrow valley to the sea. Rogers reported there was little for the horses to eat, and that men were still being sent out ahead with axes to clear a road. There was no fodder for the horses because of the swampy ground near the river, (near the mouth of How-pah Creek). In places like this, Smith was forced to build a pen for the horses so they didn't *"stroll off."* Winding their way down the Klamath River with difficulty, they camped for the night near the modern town of Requa on June 5. Out of meat for several days, the men were on rations of rice and flour, 1/2 pint per man. The only meat that night was their dog.²⁶ For some time the brigade had managed to average only 2 to 3 miles per day. Scarcity of food, for both men and animals had left them all in a weakened condition. Smith was in low spirits at this point. Game was scarce, and the men were in such condition as to hardly take care of themselves. Their diet for months had been principally meat, and they were suffering without it. The horses were in similar difficulty because what grass they were able to come across did not have any nutrition at this time of year. To add to his woes, the country ahead appeared to be as rough as what they had just passed through.

²⁶ The use of dogs as a food source was typical of brigades or companies traveling through the country. Peter Skene Ogden of Hudson Bay Co. continuously sought out Indian tribes to purchase dogs for meat.

June 4. Because of the fatigue of the horses they made an early start to find a better camp where there was grass for the horses. More bad terrain and they only made a mile and a half. They were forced to camp on the river bottom once more. (They had again moved along Hunter's Creek in a Northwesterly direction, on account of not being able to procure grass for their animals, due to the swampy nature of the bottom land, caused by the backing up of tidewaters that affected the Klamath River and Hunter's Creek at this point. They made one and a half miles through the jungle of salmonberry brush in the bottom land, and went into camp on the East side of Hunter's Creek and about one-half mile north of the Klamath River, where again their horses spent the night without grass). An event happened this day, along with other troubles the Brigade had with Indians that may have had a bearing on what happened at the mouth of the Umpqua. Smith writes, *"Two Indians following in the rear of our party in company with one (Peter Ranne, a colored man) of my men offered him some berries which he took and ate and made signs to them to come into camp. But they did not understand him and insisted on being paid for the berries he had nothing to give them and they attempted to take some of his clothing by force on which he presented his gun and they ran off and he firing as they ran. As he was not a good marksman I presume he did them no hurt. His account of the affair is somewhat different from this but I presume mine is near the truth."*

Rogers's version: *"5 Indians came to me and brought some raspberries, and give me; I give them a few beads and go on, and left a coloured man by the name of Ransa with them, and had not been absent but a few minutes before he called to me and said the Indians wanted to rob him of his blanket, that they had rushed into the bushes and got there bows and arrows; he fired on them and they run off leaving 2 or 3 small fishes. The Indians that have visited our camps some time back generally came without arms and appeared very friendly; those I left with Ransa had no arms at the time they came to me, which induced me to believe he told me a lie, as I suppose he wanted to get some berries and fish without pay, and the Indians wanted his knife and he made a false alarm, for which I gave him a severe reprimand."*

June 5. Rogers writes, *"Our horses being without food again last night, we packed up and made an early start, sending some men ahead to cut a road to where there was a small bottom of grass."* (This is High Prairie, through which the county road now passes, a small opening in the forest of spruce and hemlock timber on High Prairie Creek, the west branch of Hunter's Creek.) *"Hunting was poor, so they killed their last dog, and gave out a little flour."*

June 6. They are still in camp with several hunters out. Nothing killed, but two men travelling to the northwest found a pass to the ocean. To give his men some meat, Smith had a young horse killed, which, *"gave us quite a feast."*

June 7 (Saturday) Rogers: *"At the same camp; some men pressing beaver fur, 2 sent hunting, and 3 others sent back to look for lost horses. The horse's hunters returned without finding but one horse; they report 2 dead that was left back. 18 or 20 Indians visited camp again today with berries, mussels*

and lamprey eels for sale; those articles was soon purchased, with beads, by Capt. Smith and the men and when the Indians left camp, they stole a small kitten belonging to one of the men; they come without arms and appear friendly but Inclined to steal."

June 8. *"North West 5 miles and encamped on the shore of the Ocean at the mouth of a small creek."²⁷ From this point, the brigade would follow the coast north to the Umpqua, following the beach when possible, but frequently forced inland. (After traveling over two small points of mountains a distance of about three and one half miles northwest, they came to the ocean at or near the small lagoon just south of the mouth of Wilson Creek and camped on the flat on the south side of the creek.) *"The travelling ruff; as we had several thickets to go through; It made It bad on account of driving horses, as they can scarce be forced through brush any more. There were several Indian lodges on the beach and some Indians."* (This was the Indian village of Ah-man which continued to be a place of considerable Importance as late as 1890.) The most of the Indians must have taken alarm at the approach of Smith's party and moved away temporarily, or the village. In Smith's day, may not have reached the Importance of that of a later date. Perhaps the news of the shooting of the Indian near the mouth of Redwood Creek by the Smith party had reached the Indians on the lower Klamath long before the arrival of the Smith party, and the Indian who acted as guide from Fern Prairie on the Klamath River to the mouth of Wilson Creek had purposely sent out to steer Smith and party to the northwestward, not daring to trust the safety of their squaws and villages to the hands of the waggies (white men). *"We got a few clams and some few dried fish from them. Some horses being left, I took four men with me and went back and stay all night in a small Prairie."**

June 9. Remaining in camp and trading with some nearby Indians for food, which consisted of, (Smith) *"dried sea grass (Indians called these cakes seg-get) mixed with weeds and a few muscles. They were great speculators and never sold their things without dividing them into several small parcels asking more for each than the whole is worth. They also brought some Blubber not bad tasted but dear as gold dust. But all these things served but to aggravate our hunger for we were constantly encountering the greatest fatigue and having been long accustomed to trifling things which the Indians brought us to eat was some droned to living on meat and eating it in no moderate quantities nothing else could satisfy our appetites."* The camp was near a small creek. (Wilson Creek). Rogers and his men had no luck in killing game, but Smith had better luck.

"In the afternoon I took my horse out to make another effort to kill something to alleviate the sufferings of my faithful party and thanks to the great Benefactor I found a small band of elk & killed 3 in short time which were in good order. I returned to camp and directed several men to go with me with pack horses without telling them what they had to do. When they came to where the

²⁷Wilson Creek.

elk lay their surprise and joy were tumultuous and in short order their horses were loaded and they returned to camp to change it from the moody silence of hunger to the busy bustle of preparation for cooking and feasting. Little preparation however was necessary when men could be seen in every part of the camp with meat raw and half roasted in their hands devouring it with the greatest alacrity, while from their preparations and remarks you would suppose that nothing less than twenty for hours constant eating would satisfy their appetites."

June 10. Rogers writes, *"We concluded to stay here today, dry meat, make salt, and let our horses rest, as there is good grass and clover for them. a number of Indian In camp with berries, but do not find so good a market for them as they did yesterday...the men appear better satisfied than they do when In a state of starvation."*

June 11. (Directing their course Northwest they ascended the open grassy divide between Wilson Creek and the ocean which they kept for about two miles, when they entered the redwood forest again at place where the precipitous mountain extends into the sea, and continued three miles along the mountain divide between the seashore and Wilson Creek, which they had recently left. They encamped in the redwood forest at one or the other of two springs along the trail, on the mountain summit, about half way between the Klamath River and Crescent City.)

June 12. All hands were up early and started on a westerly course 2 miles until they struck a small creek. (They directed their course west about 2 miles and struck a small creek, which the Indians called Cap-pah.) Here there was grass for the horses and they camped for the day.

June 13. Traveled about 6 miles on a westerly course and reached the ocean and proceeded to camp on the beach. (They traveled a westerly course, and after crossing Ragged and Damnation creeks they emerged from the redwood forest, through which they had been travelling for the past 3 days, and soon after descended to the ocean beach at the southern extremity of the narrow bench land at this point, that extends to the northward of Crescent City, widens as one progress northerly, and along which they traveled for about one mile. They went into camp for the night at Nee-kah, an Indian village near the mouth of a small creek, Cushin, and where, in later times, the old county road leaves the flat before ascending the mountain.) Rogers writes, *"Plenty of grass on the mountain for our horses, but very steep for them to climb after it. The traveling very mountainous; some brush as yesterday...one young horse fell down a point of mountain and killed himself...."*

June 14. Rogers: *"...directing our course along the seashore N. about 1 mile..."* (Here, Mr. Rogers underestimates the distance traveled. The neck of land that extends into the sea referred to is the point of land upon which Crescent City now stands. Their camp was made in the open prairie some distance from the beach and on the South side of Elk Creek that enters the ocean east of town.)

During the march along the beach at one point they were forced to travel in the surf, the swells sometimes reaching as high as the horses' backs.

June 15. In the same camp, Joseph LaPoint killed a buck elk that weighed 695 pounds. Smith and Virgin killed another in the evening while out searching for a pass.

June 16. Left their camp at Elk creek and traveled NNW 4 miles and encamped in a prairie where there was good grass for their horses. (They encamped on a prairie on the southern extremity of Lake Earle, which lake in June would still be high water, and hence the mirey ground would extend a considerable distance southward. They camped on the high ground in a prairie just before coming to the water sodden land that outlines the boundaries of Lake Earle.

June 17. In the vicinity of Lake Earle, the route was so swampy and brushy that they were forced to retrace their steps and go inland to higher ground. Indians encountered here were probably Tolowa. Rogers said they differed in speech from the Indian Scalp River (Hupa) Indians a little

June 23. Crossed Winchuck River and they are in Oregon. The hills in this area came within 1/2 mile of the sea and were generally bare of timber.

June 18. Stayed in camp to dry meat and do necessary chores and sent some men out to view a road for the next day's travel.

June 19. The men sent out the day before to find a road failed in their mission. Smith concluded to remain in camp another day while he took two men with him to the NE across a ridge and see what kind of traveling it would be in that direction. Back by noon and brought the news that they could travel easily as far as he went. While out he discovered another small river heading in the mountain east of the ocean, and emptying into a bay west about 2.5 or 3 miles wide. (The river bears the name of Smith River in honor of its explorer.)

June 20. Smith and one man went on ahead to blaze the road, leaving Rogers to bring the Company forward on an Indian trail. (This was the main Indian trail, which ran from the Indian villages of Caw-pay on the Pacific Ocean to the Indian village of Pos-ce-ro on the Klamath River or according to present names of places from Crescent City to Happy Camp.) Rogers followed the Indian trail about 2 miles East, then 1 mile NE on the blazed trail, "*forded the river that Capt. Smith discovered yesterday which was nearly swimming and from 60 to 70 yards wide, and encamped on the east side, in a bottom prairie that contained about 15 or 20 acres of good grass and clover.*" (They camped on the east side of Smith River in an opening on the river bottom, north of the mouth of Bear Creek.)

June 21. Their route was up a steep and brushy point of a mountain for about 1.5 miles East where they struck an open grassy ridge. They followed this

ridge, or divide, for 4.5 miles and encamped. (They spent the night encamped on the mountain divide near the head of Myrtle Creek...)

June 22. Our course NW In towards the ocean as the travelling over the hills E. began to grow very rocky and brushy and travelled 5 miles and encamped in a bottom prairie on a small branch. (They undoubtedly followed down this ridge through the redwood forest to the bottom land of Smith River, and camped on a small stream emptying into that river....., as on the following day Rogers notes in his journal that three miles from this camp they crossed a stream from twenty to thirty yards wide [Rowdy Creek.]

June 23. Same course as the day before (NW) and travelled 8 miles and encamped. This was just about the boundary line between California and Oregon and near the mouth of Windchuck Creek. For some reason, no mention was made of this creek. Their camp, however, was within the bounds of Oregon. *"Three miles from camp we struck a creek 20 or 30 yards wide and crossed it,"* (Rowdy Creek.) Here we leave commentary from the "Quest for Qual-a-wa-loo."

June 24. After traveling only 3 miles, they were forced to camp on the south bank of the Chetco because of high tide. Near the camp was a village of 10 or 12 lodges, but the inhabitants had all run off. Smith noted that the Indians in this part of the country cultivated a small type of tobacco, and that they used pits to trap elk. In one of these pits, several of his men and horses had the misfortune to fall into, extricating themselves with difficulty. Crossing the river at low tide the next morning, they made 12 miles, their best distance in a long while. No Indians seen during the day, but that evening 2 men seeking stray horses back on the trail were attacked. They escaped by retreating on their mounts and swimming a creek. In the morning, 3 horses were found with arrows sticking in them.

June 26. They camp at mouth of Pistol River, unable to cross because of high tide.

June 27. Camping at mouth of Rogue River, Rogers reported a large number of lodges on both sides of the river. All Indians ran off. This would have been the villages of the Joshua's. They tore down one lodge to make rafts, wood in the area being scarce. The brigade crossed the next morning, losing 12 to 15 horses. All told in the last 3 days, 23 horses and mules had been lost to various accidents.

June 30. Crossed over a high point from where Smith could view the country all around (most likely Humbug Mountain.) Camped in the vicinity of Port Orford, one mule was lost in an elk pit the evening before, and one horse killed from a fall down a precipice during the days travel.

July 1. Sixes River. The tide was high, so they were forced to camp on the south bank. One Indian came to camp, the first seen in many days. Another horse killed by falling. Between here and the Coquille River they traveled on the beach and over small sand hills. Rogers remarked that the country for the past

several days appeared to have suffered from earthquakes, because of its broken and cut up appearance.

July 2. Eight of the men's time expired on this day. Smith engaged them to continue on with him at one dollar per day. This camp was 2 miles south of the Coquille River.

July 3. Reaching the Coquille River, only to find that all the Indians had fled except 2 in a canoe, and these were trying their best to get away. Smith galloped his horse up the river to get ahead. As he got opposite them, they pulled ashore and attempted to destroy the canoe. With Smith screaming at them, they gave it up and fled the scene. Smith used the canoe to ferry their goods across, thus not having to build rafts. The horses and mules were swum across the 200-yard wide channel. One drowned during the crossing. An Indian boy about 10 years old was caught by one of the men. By signs he indicated all the others had fled in canoes and left him.²⁸ He was given the name Marion, and preceded on to the Umpqua where he presumably perished with the others. Smith's journal ended on this day.

July 4. Through the Seven Devils and camped on a long point where there was little grass for the horses. This description fits Cape Arago.

July 5. Travelled 1.5 miles and found good grass for the horses. Shore Acres. Two Indians came to camp that could speak Chinook Jargon. By signs they told the party that they were 10 days travel from the "*Catapos,*" (*Calapooya*) on the "*Wel Hamett,*" (Willamette).

July 6. They camp in the vicinity of Big Creek.

July 7. Staying in the same camp, Smith had the men out clearing a road to the "*mouth of a large river in sight*" (Coos Bay). About 100 Indians came to camp to trade.

July 8. This day they made the river with some difficulty, and camped. The mouth of the river (Coos Bay) was about 1 mile wide, and the Indians who called themselves the Ka Koosh were numerous and eager to trade. They also shot arrows into 8 horses and mules; 3 mules and 1 horse died soon after they were shot. Interpreters informed them that 1 of the Indians got mad over a trade and were the guilty party.

July 9. One maimed horse had to be left behind. The brigade crossed the entrance to South Slough and proceeded up the bay on the east side. Rogers recorded they traveled 2 miles and struck another river and encamped. Along the way, they observed that a great many Indians lived along the river bank, and that their houses were built plank style in the form of a shed. Again, a great many Indians came to camp and traded with the men. Smith and Rogers talked to the

²⁸Marion was from a Willamette Valley Tribe, and was a slave of one of the bands that fled at the approach of Smith's brigade.

Chiefs about the shooting of their horses, but could get no satisfaction because they said they were not accessory to it. (The horse shooting took place at the home of the Miluks, whereas they were now in Hanis controlled part of Coos Bay). Because the Indians were so many and the country rough, it was decided to let the matter drop. Smith bought a number of beaver, land, and sea otter skins during the day.

July 10. They commenced crossing the river (bay.) Canoes were rented to ferry the men and goods across. The bay was 600 yards wide at this point, and the horses and mules swam as usual.²⁹ Three wounded animals were left behind. Five men and Smith were the last to cross, braving heavy swells. Smith was in a hurry to cross because he believed the Indians were of a mind to attack him. Good grass for horses was on the west, or north spit, side, and there they made camp.³⁰

Lottie Evanoff adds details of Smith's visit. She told Harrington that the Miluks were quick to notice that Smith did nothing about their killing and eating several of his horses. She said her paternal grandfather went down to South Slough and put a stop to the stealing of Smith's horses. Also, that the Miluk's would not help Smith cross and that her grandfather told Smith the Empire (Hanis) Indians would put them across. A crossing further up the bay was safer anyway because of the heavier swells in the lower bay. From Lottie's description, Smith crossed at Empire, over to where the salmon ranch is now on the north spit. In the old days, this was known as the "hollering place," because when one wanted to cross from Hanisitc (Empire area), they would holler for someone to come get them. This was, and still is, a narrow part of the bay. Lottie said one horse strayed at Giromy, (third creek south of Empire) and that her grandfather kept it so that it would not get killed.³¹

July 11. After leaving Coos Bay, an Indian who could speak Chinook accompanied them as guide.³² They proceeded fifteen miles along the beach, crossing Ten Mile Creek before reaching the mouth of the Umpqua. The river at this point was 300 yards wide, and because the river was not fordable at this point, they made camp for the night. Seventy or 80 Indians visited camp, some of them speaking Chinook.³³ Rogers wrote that these Indians called themselves, "*the Ompquch*."³⁴

²⁹According to Lottie's account, the leader horse had a bell.

³⁰The "good grass" account agrees with Lottie's statement that "*the whites camped there 2 days letting their horses eat up the grass that was at that place*." There was probably fresh water there also, for Lottie said that her father used to catch ducks there as a boy. She was wrong about the 2 days stay though, because they proceeded up the beach the next day.

³¹ JPH R24-F692-6971

³²This Chinook speaking Indian must have been the interpreter at Charleston.

³³Rogers probably meant Chinook Jargon.

³⁴Whether this was what they originally called themselves is not known. They may have picked up from earlier contacts with Hudson Bay trappers. The Indians on Coos Bay may have picked up the Ka-Koosh appellation the same way.

July 12. They commenced crossing the river early and had goods and horses over by 8:00 am. Proceeding on up north side of the river, they soon passed by what was later to be Umpqua City/Fort Umpqua. Camp was made somewhere along the bay below Gardiner. One of the Indians going up the beach with the brigade stole an axe. He was caught; a cord tied around his neck, and out of respect for the 50 Indians present, all the men stood by with guns drawn in case of resistance. The humiliated Indian was forced to reveal the location where the axe was buried, where it was recovered. The Indian involved was an Umpqua Chief or head man, which not the sole reason surely, probably was a factor in what happened two days later at the mouth of Smith River.

July 13. Camped somewhere in the vicinity of Smith River mouth,³⁵ Rogers recorded that the route along the bay was "*quite mirey in places.*" And it would be, following the shore line all the way up the river to that point. Frank Drew heard from older Indians say that as the pack animals stepped along it caused sand shrimp to surface, and which the Indians eagerly gathered.

July 14, 1828. When the terrain was bad, it was the custom of Smith to search out the best route before going ahead. Smith, viewing the country from the mouth of Smith River, with his 18 men and 228+ horses and mules, must surely have been taxed as to which way to go. The Umpqua's had told Smith that the Willamette Valley was only a short distance from where they now were. After reaching there, traveling would be comparatively easy all the way to Fort Vancouver. After their hazardous trip up the Sacramento, struggling over the Trinity Alps, and up the rugged coastline, they were all looking forward to the safety and amenities Fort Vancouver offered.

Several versions are in print as to the events of that morning. *A Brief Sketch of Accidents, Misfortunes, etc., Kansas Historical Society Manuscript*, states that, "*on the 14th of July, Mr. Smith had left the encampment in order to search out a road, the country being very swampy in the lowlands and woody in the mountains.*" *But just which direction he took, by foot or canoe is not revealed.*"

Clarke, Pioneer Days of Oregon says that with one man he was searching for a ford. Hines, Oregon, (the Reverend Hines got his information from John Gagnier, Chief Trader at Fort Umpqua, in 1848) version is that he proceeded up the river on foot with one man. None of these accounts mention a direction. If indeed searching for a ford, Smith River would be the most plausible. But, Smith River at the mouth is not any wider than the major rivers he had crossed coming up the coast, and therefore should not have proved a problem.

³⁵Accounts differ. Alice B. Maloney believed from her investigations that the camp site was on one of the islands near the mouth of Smith River. (Douthit, p. 118, Guide to SW Coast History). Harvey Gordon, a surveyor under contract for the government, placed the site on the north side of the mouth of Smith River. His information came from local Indians in his employ. By using his compass bearings and distances, it appears to have been in the area where the highway causeway touches the land. Frank Drew made a sketch map for Harrington that put it on the other side, a short distance up. This is doubtful.

Hudson Bay Factor John McLaughlin's account is probably the most reliable because he got the story from Smith himself. His narrative states that on the fateful morning, Smith himself, two men and an Indian guide went by canoe to search out a route.³⁶ While they were gone, Rogers allowed the Indians in camp, which was contrary to Smith's standing order not to let Indians into camp. Whether the men had let their guard down because of the apparent friendliness of the Kalawetsets, or their nearness to the end of the long march, no one will ever know. Reports conflict as to why the Kalawetset's attacked the party. One account has it that it was because of the humiliation over the stolen axe. Another, that one of the Indians in camp tried to mount one of the horses, and was also disgraced by being chastised. A third account was that Harrison Rogers tried to force one of the women into his tent, and that her brother had been knocked down by Rogers while trying to protect her. This version comes from Alexander McLeod's report to Governor Simpson, and has some substance. There is evidence in Roger's journal that he was not averse to the charms of Indian women, even though in his journals he avows his Christian belief. Several accounts in Harrington's field notes mention only the mistreatment of several of their people. That was from Coos Indians. Unfortunately, there seems to be no account of record as to the Lower Umpqua's version of what precipitated their attack. Whether it was pre-meditated, or spur of the moment, is open to conjecture.

Whatever the reason, 200 Indians³⁷ fell on the unsuspecting party. Black was off a little to the side, had just finished cleaning and loading his rifle when the attack came. He was able to shake off the 3 who had attacked him, and ran for the nearby woods. The last thing he saw was his comrades being stabbed and clubbed by an angry bunch of Kalawetset Indians. Believing he was the only survivor, he headed north through the woods, eventually ending up with some friendly Tillamooks, who guided him to Fort Vancouver, arriving there August 8.

Just as versions differ as to the cause of the attack, they also differ on just what happened to Smith and his two companions. From Governor George Simpson's report to the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, we learn that Smith left *"16 Men in Camp which was surrounded by a large body of Indians, who appeared to be on a friendly visit to them, but who at a given Signal attacked the camp, and destroyed the whole party, except one Man³⁸ who saved himself by darting into the Woods. Smith, on his return in a small canoe fortunately discovered before landing, that the Massacre had taken place, otherwise he would have shared the same fate of his comrades; but with his two Men paddled to the opposite of the River, and saved themselves by flight into the*

³⁶McLaughlin narrative states that Smith and two men and an Indian in a canoe. This is the most plausible account because McLaughlin got his information directly from Smith.

³⁷This is the number of attacking Kalawetsets according to Maurice S. Sullivan in his book "The Travels of Jedidah Smith." John McLoughlin gives the number as 100 in his report to Hudson's Bay Company. He got his information from Arthur Black.

³⁸Arthur Black, who made his way up the coast and fell into the hands of some friendly Tillamook's who helped him to Fort Vancouver.

Woods.-The Man who escaped the dreadful camp scene, fell into the hands of Friendly Indians, by whom he was conducted to this Establishment, and Smith and his two followers made their appearance here a few days afterwards, on the 10th of August, where they were received with every kindness and hospitality." Apparently Smith, Turner, and Leland were 28 days on the trail. No mention has ever appeared as to the fate of Marion, the Indian boy.

Here again we should put more weight in what John McLoughlin had to say. He reports that Smith escaped with only one companion, and that there were 3 survivors.³⁹ The following is his report to his superiors, and should be considered the more factual. Apparently, the sources for the differing accounts did not have access to McLoughlin's letter.

"On the 8th inst. at 10 p.m. an American of the name of Black reached this place, in his opinion at the time, the only survivor of a Party of Nineteen (19) Americans, the remainder having been massacred by the Natives of the Umpqua River. Black says that he and seventeen others were engaged to Mr. Smith; (this is the same that came to the Flat Heads 1824/5 and also whom Capt Simpson saw last Jany. at St. Francisco) and they left St. Francisco January last with about three hundred horses bound for their Depot at Salt Lake".

"Leaving St. Francisco they ascended the North branch of Bonaventura trapping beaver as they went along till the 14th May, when finding it impossible to cross the Mountains with their horses in an Eastern direction they turned West and fell on a River which took them to the Coast, and proceeded along it to the Umpqua where they were defeated. At the moment of attack Mr. Smith was off with two men in a Canoe to ascend and examine Bridge River, a stream that flows into the Umpqua, to see if he could find a road to take his Horses a short time after Mr. Smith's departure. There was about a hundred Indians in the Camp and the Americans busy arranging their arms which got wet the day previous. The Indians suddenly rushed on them, two got hold of his gun to take it from him, in contending with them he was wounded on the hands by their knives and another came with an axe to strike him on the head, which he avoided by springing on one side and received the blow on the back. He then let go his gun and rushed to the woods. As he was coming away he saw two Indians on Virgil (Virgin), another, Davis was in the water and Indians were pursuing him in a canoe. A third was on the ground and a band of Indians were butchering him with axes-after wandering in the woods during four days he fell on the Ocean about (by his description of the place) two miles North of the Umpqua and knowing this Establishment to be here followed the Coast to the Killemau (Tillamook) Village. The first Indian he saw wanted to pillage him of his knife but this he resisted. A little after he fell in with seven who stripped him of all his clothing except his Trousers, another party joined these and a quarrel took place between the two Parties as he thinks about himself. During the fray he found an opportunity of reaching the Woods and saw no Indians till he got to the Killmaux

³⁹These differing accounts are from Victor Hines, River of the West, Warner, Reminiscences, Clarke, Pioneer Days of Oregon History, and Warner.

Village. Here he got some to take him across land to the Willamette to one of our Freemen who forwarded him to this place-on the 10th inst. (yesterday.) At mid-day Mr. Smith arrived with the two men who were with him in the canoe, he was as I already stated gone with them to examine the Banks of the River; after proceeding a few miles he returned and when within sight of his Camp seeing none of his people at the place, it struck him with surprise and while looking about to see where his people could be. An Indian from the shore spoke to an Indian with him, the latter immediately turned round, seized Mr. Smiths Rifle and dived in the River. And at the same time natives that were hid in the Bushes fired on Mr. Smith and his two men, who escaped by paddling to the opposite bank. Mr. Smith ascended a Hill from whence he saw his Camp distinctly, but seeing none of his people and from none of them coming forward when he was fired on though within reach he naturally concluded they were all cut off, shaped his course for the ocean, and fell on it at Alique River (probably Alsea;) and followed the Coast to the Killamau Village where he got Indians to take him to the Willamette and accompany him to this place. When he was attacked he had two hundred and twenty eight Horses and Mules, about seven hundred and eighty beaver, fifty or sixty large otters and two or three sea-do. Two hundred wt. of beads and one hundred wt. of goods and tobacco, the Indians who brought Mr. Smith say there were fifteen killed, which with four that got here accounts for the whole party. Immediately on hearing this melancholy intelligence Indian messengers were dispatched towards the Umpqua with directions to the Natives if they found any of the survivors to show them every kindness and to convey them to this place and that we would reward them handsomely for their trouble. On hearing Blacks' narrative I enquired of him if they had any quarrel with the Natives, he says the only difference they had was about an Axe which the Natives stole ten days before they attacked the Party, to recover which Mr. Smith secured an Indian and tied him, but on the latter promising to bring it back he was liberated and he brought it back and that previous to reaching the Umpqua. They had two skirmishes with the natives in which they killed two of them. Mr. Smith gives the same account. The Indians who accompanied Mr. Smith to this place also report that the quarrel originated about an axe and the Natives conceiving them to be a different people from us had acted in this treacherous manner towards them. This unfortunate affair is extremely injurious to us as the success and facility with which the Natives have accomplished their object lowers Europeans in their estimation and consequently very much diminishes our security. As for us every means in our power will be exerted to assist Mr. Smith in recovering his property."

From McLaughlin's comment that Smith was examining "*Bridge River, a stream that flows into the Umpqua,*" we can conclude that it was Smith River (named by him "Defeat River") that Smith was searching out a road. Because he was on the opposite or east bank from their campsite, he and the other two men with him most likely headed upstream. As McLaughlin says he "*shaped his course for the ocean and fell on it at 'Alique River,' (Alsea), then followed the coast to a friendly Tillamook village.*" From there they were guided to the

Willamette, and thence to Fort Vancouver. Two scholarly arguments promote different routes. They are by Harrison Clifford Dale and Dale L. Morgan.

Clifford Dale's argument is that *"Smith and his companion set out at once up the Umpqua in the direction they would have naturally pursued."* He bases his claim on Simpson's report, but Simpson does not mention any specific route. Douthit⁴⁰ believes Dale bases it on Harrison Roger's last journal entry, *"Those Inds. [Umpquas] tell us that after we get up the river [Umqua?] 15 or 20 miles we will have good travelling to the Wel Hammett or Multnomah, where the Calapoo Inds. live."* Dale based his argument on the evidence he had.

Morgan wrote after Dale and had further evidence. He used the McLaughlin letter for his argument. Morgan believed that, *"Jedidiah left the coast at the present Tillamook, going up the Trask River and descending the Tualitin River to the Willamette."* However, Douthit maintains that a Fremont-Gibbs-Smith map is in error; that the Killamook River shown on this map is actually the Siletz or Salmon River. The map likewise shows them reaching Champoeg⁴¹ (Sampou yea of Hudson Bay Co.) from the southwest, which more coincides with the natural route between Siletz Bay and Champoeg. Sampou yea or Champoeg⁴² was a major camping and staging area for the early Hudson Bay expeditions through the Willamette Valley. If Smith mentioned to McLeod on their trip back to Umpqua anything about his escape route, McLeod failed to record it. Without any further information, Douthit is probably correct.

At the time Smith and the other survivors arrived at Fort Vancouver, preparations were all ready in progress for a trapping expedition to the area of the Umpqua. Dr. John McLaughlin changed plans and instead ordered that Smith's property be recovered, and the perpetrators punished if necessary. This was not an altogether altruistic gesture. It was the policy of Hudson Bay Company to swiftly react to Indian thefts or depredations, and not let them go unpunished. He believed that the Umpqua's attack on the Americans would but only emboldens them and imperils Hudson Bay's expeditions into the area. The mission was under the command of Alexander McLeod⁴³, with Jedidiah Smith and his surviving men (or man) going along. Just how many of Smith's men, 1 or 2, is never made clear in McLeod's journal.

McLeod left the Fort on September 6, 1828, with 6 men and a *"Boat so indifferent as to require a Man Constantly employed baling out water.....Mr. J. Smith accompanies us."* They arrived at Sampou yea 2 days later, on the 8th. Feed for the animals were scarce because of recent fires, but they were forced to

⁴⁰Nathan Douthit, *A Guide to Oregon South coast History*.

⁴¹H.S. Lyman, OHS, Vol. 1. Champoeg. Champoeg, an Indian name signifying the place of a certain edible root. It was a well known camping place and council grounds of the Indians. The name is not the French term *le campment sable*, as naturally supposed by some, and stated by Bancroft.

⁴²Called the "Old Establishment."

⁴³Alexander Roderick McLeod. Chief Trader for Hudson Bay Company. He led an expedition to the Umpqua, Coos Bay, Coquille, and Rogue River in 1826.

remain in place because of inclement weather. *"The men,"* wrote McLeod, *"such as were not too much affected by liquor, employed making saddles."* What sparked this remark was that the men had been given their "Regale"⁴⁴ on arrival at Sampou yea. Hung over, none of them accomplished much for the next few days.

Just a mile short of Sampou yea, McLeod had met Thomas McKay⁴⁵, Michel LaFramboise⁴⁶, and 3 others in a canoe. Turning about, they went back to Sampou yea with McLeod. LaFramboise had just returned from the Umpqua, near the old Fort.⁴⁷ He had been informed by the Principal Chief⁴⁸ of the Upper Umpquas that they were not in support of what the Kalawetsets had done,

⁴⁴It was the custom of Hudson Bay Company to give their men starting on an expedition a feast, or "Regale."

⁴⁵Thomas McKay was the son of Dr. John McLoughlin's wife, Margurite Wadin, by a previous union with Alexander McKay, a former Northwester and a partner of John Jacob Astor in the Pacific Fur Co. enterprise. Thomas was born in Indian country about 1776. He sailed with his father on the *Tonquin* from New York in September, 1810, arriving in the Columbia River in the following March. Alexander lost his life in the *Tonquin* massacre in the summer of 1811. After the 1821 coalition, Thomas went to work for Hudson Bay Company.

⁴⁶According to Jerry Winterbottom, Umpqua, the Lost County of Oregon: *"Michel LaFramboise dressed in typical voyageur fashion in soft buckskin trousers, tanned and fashioned by Indian squaws. With his long, black hair cut shoulder length, hanging loose beneath a colorful hat, he presented a picturesque appearance. The entire brigade presented an imposing sight, as they wound their way from one village to the next. Before entering a settlement, the party halted to change into their best attire. Then single file and lead by their leader, Michel, to the accompaniment of tinkling bells and rythmic clatter of horses hooves, the party paraded in before the impressed onlookers."* He had come to the mouth of the Columbia on the American ship *Tonquin*, March of 1811, later going to work for Hudson Bay Company. Throughout the 1830's LaFramboise made frequent trips to the Sacramento valley. He was listed as one of the French settlers at French Prairie on the Willamette in 1831. His last trip south was probably in 1842 when he commanded a party of men who's conduct turned out so bad that LaFramboise was nearly murdered by them. He is quoted as saying: *"I will not venture again."*

The name 'Mashell' (a corruption of Mishell) appears in the ancestry of the Barrett family, but there is no proven connection to the name 'Michelle' LaFramboise. Frank Drew in Harrington (R23-F561) said that, *"I once went up the main river (Siuslaw) with my uncle Michelle. Such a name is from the Hudson Bay Co."*

⁴⁷Said to be across from the mouth of Hubbard Creek about 6 miles below the mouth of Calapooya Creek, and opposite some lodges of Chief Centrenose. Two other sites were also referred to as the 'the Old Establishment' or 'Old Fort.' One was near the mouth of Calapooya Creek. There was a Vervour station (meaning 'lively water' in French) called Vervour, located near the present Scottsburg. When established is not clear, but is mentioned in a letter from McLoughlin to LaFramboise in 1832. An Indian Umpqua Joe, was in charge of the place. He was reportedly raised by the Hudson Bay Company. He kept many wives and was feared by the local Indians. One account, Maurice S. Sullivan, Travels of Jedidiah Smith, says there was a Vervou in the employ of McLeod and that the location was near the mouth of Mill Creek below Scottsburg. It was more likely to have been in the Scottsburg vicinity. Fort Umpqua at Elkton was established in 1836, with John Gagnier in charge. Fort Umpqua near the mouth of the river was established in 1856, and was an American fort.

⁴⁸This Principal Chief, or "Old Chief," as he was sometimes called, was the Centrenose of David Douglas, Starnoose of McLeod, and the Sartana-Latana, of John Work's 1834 journal. Centrenose was an Upper Umpqua Chief who had influence from Roseburg to about 5 miles below Elkton where he maintained several lodges. His was an Athapascan language and it is recorded that this language was spoken as far down as Sawyers Rapids.

notwithstanding the fact they had some of Smith's horses in their possession. LaFramboise also found some of the American party's furs in the hands of Willamette Indians. He and his party proceeded onto Fort Vancouver, to return in 4 days.

Thursday, September 11. Weather fine and preparations made to start. McLeod commented that the men were still happy, but he was *"glad to observe that very little liquor remains in their possession."* McKay and LaFramboise had yet to return from Fort Vancouver.

Friday, September 12. McLeod noted with satisfaction that, *"Mr. Smith shot a small deer, which happened very oportunely as we had no Venison."* The following day, the 13th, LaFramboise and party arrived, bearing a letter from McLoughlin instructing McLeod to use every means to recover Smith's property. McLaughlin also gave him the option to *"take these two Men with Me."* Monday the 15th McLeod wrote *".... after Noon I proceeded with a party, leaving others (including two of Smith's men) with Mr. McKay..."*

South of present Salem they were met with reports by some Freeman⁴⁹ that the party might be ambushed when traveling through the woody areas ahead. It was said that the Indians had become encouraged by the success of the Kalawatsets and were bent on pillage. The information originated with some Lamali⁵⁰ Indians who had visited the Kalawatsets.

Moving uneventfully down the Willamette Valley, they came to a ford on the river the day of the 24th. The wild horses in the pack string had been giving considerable trouble since leaving Sampou yea. Crossing at a shallow spot on the Willamette they caused a stampede, and 2 packhorses carrying lead and traps drowned in a deep hole. Word was sent out for Indian divers, and that a blanket and axe would be remuneration for finding the lost goods. Soon, 19 of the 20 traps were recovered. After 6 days, efforts were given up on finding the other horse. The considerable time and effort expended in attempting to recover their lost goods illustrates the value of these things to brigades far from home base.

Thursday, October 2. McLeod's entry: *"D'Epatis and Gervais with their followers are now attached to our Party, forming in all, twenty Men, nearly as many slaves, besides Mr. Smith and his three Men...."* The three were Arthur Black, John Turner, and Richard Leland⁵¹.

Thursday, October 9. Arrived near *"Old Establishment"* on the Umpqua, and camped. Next day, intelligence comes from some Indians that 4 of Smith's⁵²

⁴⁹Freemen. Men not in the employ of a fur company, but trapping on their own.

⁵⁰Yoncalla, most likely.

⁵¹Richard Leland's name is not one of those listed by Harrison Rogers as being one of the companies. The only 'Richard' listed is a Richard Taylor.

⁵²Rogers was of the opinion that the 4 men (Ephraim Logan, James Scott, Jacob O'Hara, and William Bell) *"had not visited their deposit since last season, and were proceeding towards his*

men are prisoners of the Cahoose Indians. McLeod waits for the Principal Chief of the Upper Umqua's to come in with some of Smith's horses and plans to interrogate him further about the 4 men.

Saturday, October 11. *"Fine weather... The Umqua chief (Centrenose), with a Dozen of his Tribe arrived, they have brought 8 horses; restored to them to their owner Mr. Smith--had a conversation with this leader, St. Arnoose, who has been in person on a visit to the Kellywasats after they defeated Mr. Smith's party, and we enquired into the Cause that gave rise to that unfortunate affair, and the Old Man Stated, that while Mr. Smith's people were busy fixing Canoes by the means of Sticks, to convey their baggage over the channel, an ax was missed and suspicion led to suspect the Indians of having embezzled it consequently to recover the Property an Indian of that tribe was seized, tied and otherwise ill treated, and only liberated after the ax was found in the Sand, this Indian happened to be of Rank, of course much irritated at the treatment he met with, declared his intentions to his tribe, to retaliate on the offenders, but he was overruled, by an Individual of higher Rank and possessing greater influence, subsequently this same man wishing to ride a horse for amusement about the Camp took the liberty of mounting one for the purpose when one of Mr. Smiths men, having a Gun in his hand and an irritated aspect desired the Indian angrily to dismount, the Indian instantly obeyed, hurt at the idea and suspecting the Man disposed to take his life he gave his concurrence to the plan in agitation in which decision, the Indians were much influenced by the Assertions of the other Party , telling them that they were a different people from us, and would soon monopolize the trade, and turn us out of the Country these Circumstances and harsh treatment combined caused their untimely fate, at a moment they least expected it-the property the Indians got is all disposed of all along the Coast-Our Informant can't say anything positive regarding the 4 Whites said to be in the neighborhood of the River Shiquits⁵³ or Cahoose, he having heard of it merely as a flying report, from that Quarter through the Interior-we requested him to endeavour and obtain whatever information he could Glean on the subject.- understanding, that several horses were still to be recovered in this Section of the Country we deferred remunerating the Indians till we had got all-intimated our wish to the Chief to interest himself therein, which he promised to do, and proposed to start on the Morrow on that Mission.."*

The Old Chief enquired of McLeod if he intended to make war on the Kellywatsat Tribe, he seeming amenable to help out. When informed in the negative, he privately expressed surprise that the 'King George' men would help out the Americans. The people who had defeated the party had told him, that the Americans had expressed territorial claims, and that they would soon possess the country. All denied by Smith.

route, and possible fell on his track and have come forward until their progress was arrested by the Natives."

⁵³McLeod's name for the Coquille River.

Monday, October 13. The Old chief brought in 10 horses, making in all 26 horses and mules recovered. He volunteered to accompany them to the coast. McLeod agreed on condition he furnishes 6 canoes for transportation from the *Verveau* on down.

October 17. *"Left the Camp in charge of Mr. McKay and a Party of Men and started with Laframboise and sixteen Men, accompanied by J.S. Smith and one of his Men-The two others left with Mr. McKay to take care of their horses-our Canoes navigated by Indians..."*

October 20. They camped just below present Elkton in heavy rain.

October 21. They preceded about 12 miles and termination of the open country. Within 1.5 miles of a populous village, several newly erected graves caused some curiosity. Enquiring of the Indians accompanying them, they were informed that they were graves of Ds-alel⁵⁴ Indians killed by the Americans during the attack on their camp.

October 28. *"Fine weather. Proceeded to the sea. Stopped at the entrance of the North Branch, where Mr. Smith's party were destroyed, and a Sad Spectacle of Indian barbarity presented itself to our view, the Skeletons of eleven of those Miserable Sufferers lying bleaching in the Sun, after paying the last Service to their remains we continued forward and made the coast.."*

Proceeding north along the beach they recovered some of Smith's belongings at small villages at the mouth of Siltcoos Creek and east of the mouth of Tachenich creek. Reaching the Siuslaw on October 31, they made camp at the mouth of the North Fork. Although this area shows evidence of long occupation, McLeod made no mention of Indians, except that there were 2 Indian dwellings just to the east of where they were camped.

November 1. *"Heavy rain all day-proceeded up the main channel and took our Station for the Night Opposite the first Chief Village."* Some more of Smith's property was recovered here. They were informed by the inhabitants that 12 horses and 10 beavers had been taken north to the Tillamooks. This was the furthest up the Siuslaw that McLeod went.

November 9. They found themselves south of the Umpqua at Quick Sand River.⁵⁵ Here McLeod ran into an old acquaintance, *Nooze, who came up to them. Apparently he had no choice, for as McLeod remarked, "...his*

⁵⁴Ds-alel. A village in the vicinity of Scottsburg, probably just above. *Ts'a-lila*, uppermost Kalawatset village of J.O. Dorsey. *Shalala*, *Silela*, *Isaleet*, and *Tsalel (Ds-alel)* of different writers. Frachtenberg gives Ts'a'lila for Umqua River. Said to be the village of Louisa Smith's father. Louisa was Frachtenberg's informant for the L. Umpqua-Siuslaw language. In 1830, Michel LaFramboise married a Chieftess of the *Tsaleels*, when he and 3 other trappers spent the winter in the Umqua Valley. They had a daughter who was later reared by a white couple at Fort Vancouver. According to the diary of Lt. John Wilkes of the U. S. Navy, LaFramboise claimed to have *"a wife of rank in every tribe."*

⁵⁵Ten Mile Creek.

communication with his village was cut off." Here, more gear was recovered, plus 3 horses and 2 mules.

November 12. They camped on the island at the entrance of '*Defeat River*'.⁵⁶ The following day the horses and mules were collected on the east bank of the channel. McLeod granted the use of two men, and with 3 Indians and Smith, they started up the east bank of the river. McLeod and the rest started off by canoe and reached their former camp at Verveau on the 14th. Smith caught up with them at this point, having left the horses in care of the Indians, the horses not being able to travel on account of their poor condition.

December 10. McLeod's journal ends on this date, somewhere in the upper Willamette.

McLeod was able to recover 7-800 beaver and otter skins in poor condition. Because of the rugged country and poor condition of the horses and mules, they (38) were left on the Umpqua with some Hudson Bay men. When Smith arrived back at Fort Vancouver, he met Governor-in-Chief of Hudson's Bay Company, George Simpson. Simpson took the furs and horses off Smith's hands for \$2600, more as an act of good will than anything else. Hudson Bay Company was out pocket 1bs.1000, (British) plus whatever lost profits there might have been. Smith was charged a nominal sum for the men's time at a rate of \$60 per year and \$4 apiece for horses lost on the trip.⁵⁷ The Indians who had to give up the stolen property were told to seek restitution from the Kalawetset's. This later sparked a small war among the tribes.

John Turner left the service of Smith and hired on with Hudson Bay Company. He left with Alexander McLeod on a trapping expedition into California and acted as guide for some of the brigades. In 1833, while in California, he paid off his debts to the Company and joined the American, Ewing Young, as a guide to the Umpqua Valley. On one of these trips, he had a narrow escape at the Rogue River. In 1847 he was with the second relief party sent out from Sutter's Fort to assist the Donner party.

The name of John Leland does not appear again.

Smith and Black stayed at Fort Vancouver as guests of Hudson Bay Company until March of 1829, when they proceeded up the Columbia on a route that would eventually take them to Jackson's Lake, where Smith had agreed 2 years before to meet Sublette and the main body of trappers. In the Kootenais country they came upon Sublette, who had been looking for them in the northwestern part of what is now Montana.

⁵⁶So named by Smith. Called by Hudson Bay Co., Bridge River. The island they camped on would have been Perkin's island.

⁵⁷The Reverend Gustavus Hines said the furs were recovered at no cost to Smith.

In 1830, Smith, in a last moment decision, decided to accompany a caravan to Santa Fe. On the way, he was ambushed and killed by Comanche Indians. He was 32 years old.

Impressed with the bounty of furs in California, Michel LaFramboise led trips there nearly every year in the 1830's. In 1832 Hudson's Bay Company established French Camp about 4 miles south of present Stockton, California. In 1832-33 fever and sickness struck the Indians of the Lower Columbia, Sacramento, Willamette, and Umpqua Valleys. A once numerous Indian populations were reduced in a matter of weeks to the verge of extinction. In some cases it was. Where only a few years earlier, in 1826, Jedidiah Smith had encountered hundreds of Indians, John Young, a member of Ewing Young's expedition in 1833 found conditions far different. *"On our return from the Umpqua late in the summer of 1833, we found the valleys depopulated. From the head of the Sacramento, to the great bend and slough of the San Joaquin, we did not see more than six or eight Indians; while large numbers of their skulls and dead bodies were seen under almost every shade tree, near water, where the uninhabited and deserted villages had been converted into graveyards; and on the San Joaquin River, in the immediate neighborhood of the larger class of villages which, the preceding year were the abodes of a large number of those Indians, we found not only many graves, but the vestiges of a funeral pyre."*

EXCERPT FROM CAPTAIN WILLIAM TICHENOR'S "LIFE AMONG INDIANS"

Don Whereat (May, 1996)

Another, somewhat biased, version of this episode by Captain William Tichenor, is found in his "Life Among the Indians." His remark at the end about Indians' understanding of treaties is illuminating.

Tichenor says that he was chartered by Palmer to bring the Treaty goods down from Portland. As he remembered it, he arrived at the river (Rogue) the night before the incident in which James Beauford, Matt Hankton, and Michael O'Brien, were killed. His account is as follows:

"An Indian boy, a young man, had shot a man named Beauford from a bluff. The ball passed right through the flesh, in the shoulder-a flesh wound, though it was a pretty good wound, and report was at once made, and Ben Wright went for the Indian, and got the Indian, got the boy, and I sent word up at once for the troops-under the command of Lieutenant Hodge. He was at Port Orford, and he didn't arrive there until the next day. Palmer sent these soldiers down. I think five-to bring the Indian up there to the treaty grounds, and some of the men, miners there, they went to the window at dark in the evening and shot through the window-shot the Indian through the window, and broke his wrist, instead of going and killing him as they should have done-that would be the best way to do. They then took him-the soldiers did-took him in a canoe-had an Indian to steer. The Corporal was in the boat, or canoe, and had the prisoner between his legs, and a white man told him to go and kill the Indian while he was taking him up, and the soldiers, I am induced to believe he had given the white man to understand that they were not going to defend any Indian.

That was what I got from good, reliable authority, at the time, and I think probably it was so. Anyway, one Makay said he would go. He was in one canoe with one or two other men. One white, who had escaped from the massacre at Booker Creek, he was one in Mackay's boat. It was a beautiful full moon, it was a lovely night, and the canoes had arrived at the head of the bar-well, it may be a bar, very nearly a mile below the treaty ground where the treaty was to be held. The canoe with Matt Hankton must have stood up and shot and killed the Indian-the Indian who was between the legs of the Corporal. Beauford, in all probability, killed the man that was steering, which was wrong, because he was an agent Indian, and shouldn't have been killed, one sent down by General Palmer for the express purpose of steering the canoe. Matt Hankton fell overboard and the soldiers took him up with the two dead Indians. I went over and told Charles Haley, the Secretary of General Palmer, that there was trouble there, and he said they were just firing off the guns, and General Palmer urged me to go down and see what was the matter. Just after I started, I met them with the dead bodies of Matt Hankton and two Indians in the soldiers' canoe. I then pulled down to the bar. There was the canoe floating. The water was as smooth as glass, and the

canoe was floating there with the body of James Beauford. His body was literally floating in blood.

I took it up to where the other dead ones were. General Palmer then urged me to go at once to prevent an outbreak of the whites, which he imagined would be the result of it. I found that O'Brien had escaped. He jumped out of the canoe and ran. General Palmer imagined that O'Brien would give the alarm, and that they would come and make trouble with the Indians, and he told me to get a couple of men, and I did get a couple of men to accompany me. They wished to get arms to take with them. I told them they could not get in that boat with arms, that I was not going to kill white men, and was not afraid of being killed myself. They had to leave the arms behind them-but I think there was a six shooter smuggled on board. I pulled down to the north of the town, and I never saw them again, the men I had taken with me. The last I saw of them-I went into a place, and I went and told them, 'we must rouse up the people and suppress any outbreak. I started back at dawn of day. I found the body laid down at the head of the bar. The tide had drifted him around to the head of the bar. He was also taken up to town, and an inquest was held on him. I was foreman of the jury, and the verdict was rendered as being justifiable, in view of the fact the Indians being in charge of troops. These men were the aggressors.

A treaty was held that day, and all the gewgaws and all such things were exhibited, and the Indians signed the treaty. We called it signing. They never calculated to abide by anything that was named there, and stated to me repeatedly they wanted the things that were exhibited, the pretty things-beads, and one thing and another. They were very fond of fancy articles. They didn't understand the purpose of it, and it was the grand air of the government to give the Indians knowledge of vested rights. They just believed that might was right. That was their only law."

REPORT OF ROSS BROWN - 1857

Don Whereat (April 1993)

“Chetco Jenny was Agent Ben Wright’s squaw wife. She joined with Enos to kill him. Together they made a repast of part of his roasted heart—a fine courage hormone when it was a brave man’s heart.”¹

Ben Wright was Indian Agent of the Port Orford district when the Rogue River War broke out in February, 1856. He had publicly whipped Jenny at Port Orford. Jenny was a Chetco married into the Coos and was a relative of Spencer Scott, informant for John P. Harrington. Enos was a Canadian half-breed who came to the coast with the Fremont expedition. He was later hung on Battle Rock. In the following report on the Siletz Reservation by J. Ross Browne, he mentions the Indians took Wright’s scalp and were dancing around it nightly. Although seemingly barbaric, eating a brave man’s heart and dancing for the “head” or “scalp” was a part of their culture. Recall in the myth tale, “Who in Hell Was His Mother?”² The Indians believed the soul, essence, spirit, or whatever was in the heart; hence in eating the heart, they took in that person’s power for their own.

Siletz Reservation

September 21st 1857

This reservation is situated in the Coast Range of mountains, and embraces a large tract of country, abounding in almost every variety of surfaces. The boundary line commences at the mouth of the Siletz River, runs south along the Coast 50 miles to the mouth of the Alsea; thence East about 20 miles to the Western line of the 8th range of township in the public survey, thence North to the intersection of a line running East from the mouth of the Siletz river - and enclosing about 1000 square miles of Territory - 800 of which are mountains, and the remaining 200 valuable for cultivation. The Northern portion is heavily wooded with fir and abounds in game; the Southern portions are somewhat barren. Between Fort Hoskins, on the edge of the Willamet Valley and the headquarters of the Reservation, a distance of 30 miles, the face of the country for the most part is rough and mountainous, and from the continued deserts of burnt trees, presents a singularly desolate aspect. The distance from Salem to the headquarters via Fort Hoskins is 60 miles. To the latter point there is a good wagon road, but legend has it that the connection is by a very rough and precipitous pack trail. The arable lands of the reservation consist in the bottomlands along the creek; and are warm and rich.

The first prairie lies 15 miles from the source of the Siletz River. A series of prairies extends from that point West towards the ocean bounded by strips of

¹ Peterson-Powers History, pg. 87.

² Newsletter, February 1993.

woodland along the river, the meanderings of which form very distinct boundaries to each prairie. These various spots of open land are estimated to contain altogether about 5,000 acres. The soil is a rich warm loam, easily worked, and remarkably productive. I have seen nothing to surpass the prairies in any part of Oregon in position or quality being thoroughly irrigated and fenced in by natural boundaries, almost dispensing with the necessity of wooden fences.

The Agency is located in a central prairie, 6 miles from the embarcadero or depot at the head of the Yaquina Bay. It is easy of access from the ocean, and presents unusual advantages in being at once accessible and isolated. The complaints of the bad position of this Agency, transmitted to Washington through military sources, has their origin in a disposition sufficiently manifest on the part of the military authority to depreciate the judgment and intelligence of those appointed by the Department to supervise and control the reservations. The original position of the Blockhouse, six miles from the Agency was ill advised and unfortunate, as practical protection could be afforded the supplies in case of an outbreak by a military force, stationed at that distance from head-quarters. The selection of Kings Valley, a branch of the Valley of the Willamet,³ as the site of a military post is still more unfortunate. Fort Hoskins, the post referred to, is thirty miles from the reservation; at a point where the Indians could scarcely be driven by force. It has been suggested that the settlers in the Willamet were apprehensive of danger in case of an outbreak, and for this reason the post was located in Kings Valley. I have made diligent inquiry of the principal settlers and find that without exception they regard it as a nuisance, and are opposed to its continuance there. They say it is a detriment to them instead of a benefit. As to any practical protection, they consider such an idea simply preposterous. Expensive quarters for the officers and men are now being built near the present site, which is upon a private claim. I beg most earnestly, in behalf of common sense, that this unnecessary expense may be discontinued, if it be in any way designed to benefit the Indian reservation. Every soul at the Agency might be murdered a week before the tidings could reach Fort Hoskins. What is to prevent the Indians from cutting off all communication? If they commit a general massacre, they will take good care that news of it shall not reach Fort Hoskins until they are several days on their journey towards the Umpqua, the only direction in which they ever attempt to escape.

The amount of land put under cultivation this year at the Siletz is estimated to be 530 acres. Of this, 150 acres were planted in wheat. The food however did not arrive in time, and it was not until the 20th of April that it was sown. The wheat crop was consequently a failure. 30 acres were put in oats; 40 acres in peas; 60 acres in potatoes, and 8 acres in turnips. The oats crop is comparatively good, yielding 40 bushels to the acre. Potatoes and peas do well. A great source of trouble has been the difficulty of preventing the Indians from digging up the root vegetables before maturity. The entire potato field has been rooted up, and most of the potatoes stolen. In this way but a partial crop is

³ Spelling by Ross Brown.

obtained, and what is thus taken is wasted with the usual improvidence of the Indians.

Agent R. B. Metcalfe took charge of this reservation on the 20th of August 1856. It was not until December, however, that he was located at the ground. No work was done prior to the 1st of January 1857. The rain commenced on the 25th of November, and continued with intermission of only 18 days till the latter part of March following. On this account great difficulties and hardships were experienced, and but for the extraordinary firmness and energy of Agent Metcalfe, the Indians would have abandoned the reservation.

I consider that great credit is due to him for the manner in which he produced order among those wild and warlike tribes, under so many disadvantageous circumstances; and it is a matter of surprise how they ever got through the winter. When Mr. Metcalfe reached the reservation, there were neither tents nor buildings of any kind upon it. There was no provision to support the large bands of Indians, soon congregated there. Dense floods of rain were pouring down, day after day without cessation. The whole country was deluged with water. The Indians naturally averse to being taken away from their houses, not knowing what was going to be done with them; strangers to the arts of cultivation; disappointed in the fulfillment of nearly all the treaty stipulations; and suffering from cold and partial starvation, were in a disaffected and dangerous condition. To add to these sources of trouble, a schooner laden with a cargo of flour was wrecked on the 9th of December at the mouth of the Siletz River. In this was centered all their hopes of relief. The flour was washed ashore and carried up on the beach, 30 feet above high water mark. It was piled up there, ready to be carried to the reservation, which they were in the act of commencing when another storm arose, and drove up the waters of the ocean to such a height that nearly the whole amount saved from the wreck was washed away and lost. In this way 55,000 pounds of flour, one ton of potatoes, and other substantial stores for winter use, were destroyed at this inopportune crisis.

The mouth of the Siletz is 30 miles North of the Yaquina Bay, and 5 miles south of the Salmon River station, where most of the Indians were at that time located. There were no houses for purposes of storage North of Yaquina, and no shelter for the Indians against the inclemency of the season. In a state of great destitution, they were promptly moved down to the Yaquina, where a cargo of flour had previously arrived. This they rapidly consumed, having no other stores to supply the craving of hunger. To prevent absolute starvation, the Agent in the meantime contracted for a supply at the Kings' Valley mills, a distant 30 miles over the mountains. It was impossible to deliver it by means of wagons, and even for pack mules the mountains were then impassable. On the summits there was from two to four feet of snow. Bands of the strongest and most reliable of the Indians were engaged to cross the mountains and pack this flour to the reservation, which they succeeded in doing after the most incredible hardships. They packed upon their backs in this way 20,000 pounds of flour. Having no

funds to pay for this timely supply, the Agent had to make such terms as he could, and the prices charged, were of course very much beyond the cash notes.

On the 7th of April another cargo of flour reached the Yaquina. What had been received from King's Valley was consumed, and by this last arrival it was hoped that further suffering would be prevented. Upon examination, however, it was found that the supposed flour was an inferior article of shorts and sweeps, ground and of course only fit for cattle. The contract was for a good article of fine flour, to be delivered at 10 cents per pound - or \$20 per bbl, a price sufficiently high to ensure the delivery of the best quality. Flour at Patton was then worth about \$8 per bbl. Allowing \$2 a bbl for transportation, it will be seen that even if good flour had been delivered, its cost to government would have been exactly double its market value. But to deliver ground short and sweeps at this rate was a fraud of the most palpable and aromas character. The Agent however had no choice but to receive it. The Indians were in a state of starvation. In a few days more, they would have been driven, by the laws of self-preservation, to abandon the reservation and seek relief by attending the settlements. The flour was taken with a protest against the fraud.

Notice was given to the contractor that no more such flour could be received. Relying upon his promise that the next shipment would be of the quality provided for in the contract, the cargo of April 1st was carried up to the Agency, where it was dealt out under the regulation, as long as it lasted; but owing to its inferior quality it made many of the Indians sick. They got the idea that the whites had poisoned it, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the Agent pacified them. He ate freely of the flour himself in their presence, and they saw that all the white employees used the same article. This shipment amounted to 27,000 pounds. On the 29th of April a cargo of 31,000 pounds arrived. This was even worse than the other; but the Agent was unable to reject it -having no provision in hand or any means of obtaining a supply. It is not reasonable to suppose that such a thing could have occurred at any time by accident, or without the knowledge of the contractor;

But admitting the possibility of his being ignorant of the quality of the first cargo, the fact that the second was still worse, is conclusive evidence of willful fraud. Such a fraud too, as under the circumstances must be regarded as cruelty as well as avarice, and deserving of the severest penalties of the law. On the 26th of May third cargo of the same sort arrived, amounting to 48,354 pounds. This last was nothing but the poorest kind of mill sweeps worth about 2 cents per lb. In the meantime every effort had been made to procure supplies from other sources, but government credit, through the new fulfillment of the promises of its Agents, had become so depreciated no person could be found to trust to the remote chances of getting paid. This cargo was also received.

On the occasion of my visit to the Reservation, I went down to the Yaquina to inspect the last cargo, viz of Sept. 23rd (under a new contract), which had just arrived. In the presence of Gov. Lane and the Agent, I made an examination of

each sack as it was delivered at the warehouse, and found more than half of it to consist of shorts and sweeps, and the remainder a poor quality of flour, worth about \$5 a bbl in Portland.

Under these circumstances, I recommended that it should not be received on the contract, but be permitted to be there at the risk of the contractor, till taken away. Also that no payment should be made out of funds remitted by the Department for pay of the bad flour received. This recommendation I made both to the Superintendent and Agent. My opinion is, that upon a suit against them by the contractor, it can be shown that there was an absolute breach of contract, and that no jury of common honesty would award more than the actual value of the article furnished. Subsequently, I saw the contractor at Portland and notified him of my action in the premises, as also of the apparent breach of faith upon his part. He manifested every disposition to do what was right - stated that he had been greatly swindled by the means of the Mill (Gov. Abernathy Co) where he had purchased the flour; that he was aware some of it was bad, but had only examined a few sacks on board the schooner, and did not suppose the average was of that quality. He professed; however, that a fair arbitration of the value would be entirely satisfactory to him, and whatever it was found to be worth, he was willing to abide by. This I communicated verbally to the Superintendent; recommending that the proposed solution should be made, but that no payment should take place without advice from the Department.

From what I can ascertain relative to the loss of the cargo at the mouth of the Siletz, a question will no doubt arise as to the liability of the contractors. They were bound to deliver the flour, but by agreement with the Agent it was to be landed at the Siletz River which was the most convenient point at that time to the main body of the Indians. The issue will be made as to whether it was not in the hands of the government as soon as it was taken ashore from the vessel. The Agent, however, contends that it was saved by the Indians, and that he had not actually received it. My own opinion is that although not formally delivered, the flour was safely landed, and that the subsequent loss might have been avoided had it been carried farther back from the beach. It was not the fault of the contractor that this was not done; hence I presume the loss must tall upon the government. If such be the case, care should be taken in future that no supplies shall be considered delivered until formally receipted for, by the Agent or some person duly authorized to sign the certificate of delivery.

The buildings on this reservation consist of the following: 1 office and storehouse, built of hewn logs, with bedroom attached used by the Agent, clerk and other employees as a dwelling; 1 large warehouse, with bedrooms; 1 issue house; 1 cook and mess house for employees; 1 blacksmith shop; 1 schoolhouse; 1 slaughter house; 1 stable; 1 large barn; 1 hospital; 1 warehouse at upper depot on Coast; a few shanties for fisherman at the mouth of Yaquina Bay; 27 Indian board houses; and timbers and boards ready for 30 more, which will probably be completed in a month. The houses of the Agency are all built substantial hewn logs, neatly put together; and with good shingle roofs. They

were built partly by the employees and partly by the temporary aid of mechanics hired at 5 cents per day and boarded. As they were put up chiefly during the rainy season, when constant work could not be done, it is difficult to estimate their cost. Sometimes the regular workmen on the reservation were otherwise employed; and sometimes the temporary aid was larger than at others - so that the expense continually varied.

All the employees temporary and permanent are boarded at government expense. This, I believe, is contrary to a regulation established by the Department in other cases; but I do not see how I could well be avoided on the Siletz. The position is so remote from the source of supply that it would be very difficult for the employees to procure their own rations. They could only do it at great expense and loss of time. Besides, constant temptation is presented to them in that way, to use the Indian stores, to which most of them have occasional access. It has been found more economical on the whole to hire a man to cook for them and furnish them with the necessary rations out of the general stores. When boarded, they are paid accordingly; but should they be required to board themselves, their compensation must be increased. This, at least, will apply to men hired by the day. In reference to permanent employees, I have some doubt as to the propriety of their using the Indian stores. Their compensation, however, is not greater than is usually paid in Oregon to intelligent workmen, when boarded at the expense of the employer. A licensed store is kept on the reservation by Mr. Bledsoe, who sells clothing, sugar, coffee, tea, etc. to the Indians, upon the certificates of the Agent. Those certificates are given to the Indians who are hired to work at a compensation of \$30 per month. Good Indian wood sawyers earn from \$2 to \$3 per day. Mr. Bledsoe appears to be a correct and humble man; but the system is, in my opinion, one, which might lead to great abuses. If the Indians work faithfully it is but fair that they should receive the full amount of what is promised them. Government is not so poor that it should keep a creditor upon such reservation to supply it with small stores for the payments to Indians. When it becomes necessary to distribute such stores, they should be purchased for cash, and delivered at the discretion of the Agent, who should have entire control of everything on the reservation.

Of stock, 32 oxen have been purchased at an average of about \$60 a pair. This is a fair price for ordinary teams. A larger number will be required next year. Some presents of horses have been given to the Rogue River Chiefs, who complained that they had always been used to those animals, and would prefer them to anything else. This was done to pacify them in consequence of the dissatisfaction produced by the taking away of their guns. About 30 horses have been purchased, and distributed in this way. They are charged to the fund for restoring and maintaining peace.

Wa-ma, or Talk with the principal Chiefs and head men of the Tribes on the Siletz Reservation - Having signified to Agent Metcalfe, my desire to hear from the Indians themselves their news concerning the policy of the Government towards them, he gave notice to the principal chiefs and head men to that effect,

and on the following day, September 21st, a large concourse of the tribes assembled at the storehouse of the commissary, amongst whom were present John, the Shasta Chief, Soshen, Chief of Lower Rogue River, Jackson, Lympy and George, and other Chiefs and head men of the Southern Oregon tribes. The interpreter was directed to communicate to them as follows: *“In consequence of many conflicting statements which had reached the President in Washington relative to the Indian tribes in Oregon, and their conduct both before and since the war, it was very difficult for him to determine what were the facts; and as his heart was good towards them, it pained him to learn that after all he had done for their benefit they still appeared to be dissatisfied. Now, although he had great confidence in the Agents whom he appointed to live with them and whom he paid to take care of them and teach them how to work like white people in order that they might no longer suffer for the want of food and clothing, yet as many people wrote to him that they were not contented, and wanted to go to war again, he had thought it best to send an Agent to talk with them and take down what they said in writing, in order that he might hear, as with his own ears, how they were disposed towards him, and why they were dissatisfied. The President was powerful and had nothing to fear from them. His heart was good towards them, and he wanted them to be satisfied, and be at peace with him and all his people. If the Agents did not treat them well, he desired to know it from their own mouths; but until he was satisfied that such was the case, they must obey the Agents in all things, and look to them as their friends and teachers.”*

Joshua: *“It is very good of the President to do this. We are glad to see a messenger from him come among us, that we may state our wants, and have our talk sent to him direct. I want to say for my people that we have not been dealt with in good faith. When we made the Treaty, General Palmer told us we were to have a horse apiece; that we were to have nets to fish with; cooking utensils, sugar, coffee etc, when we came on the reservation. That we were to have a mill to grind wheat on and make lumber to build our houses; that we were to have everything we wanted for ten years; that we would have a white doctor and plenty of medicines and none of us would die. That all these things were to be given to us in payment for our lands. That we would not have to work for them but had a right to them under the Treaty. The Agents treat us well, except George at the Yaquina. I do not like him. He troubles our women. He beats them. This is all I have to say.”*

John: *“It is well that you should understand what little I have to say. I never saw you before; but expect you come here for a good purpose. It is good of the President to send to know what our hearts are. For my own part, my heart is sick. Many of my people have died, since they came here; many are still dying. Their will soon be none left of us. Here the mountains are covered with great forests. It is hard to get through them. We have no game, we are sick at heart; we are sad when we look at the graves of our families.*

“A long time ago, we made a treaty with Palmer. There was a piece of land at Table Rock that was ours. We said it should remain ours, but that for the

sake of peace, as the white settlers were bad, we should leave it for a while. When we signed the paper that was our understanding. We now want to go back to that country.”

“I am glad I can now send my talk to the President. During the war, my heart was bad. Last winter when the rain came, and we were all starving, it was still bad. Now it is good. I will consent to live here one year more. After that, I must go home. My people are dying off - I am unable to go to war - but I want to go home to my country.”

George: “I also want to tell you what my heart is. What the white chiefs have said to me, I have not forgotten. When Palmer was buying our lands, we sold him all our country, except two small tracts, one on Evan’s Creek and one on Table Rock. That portion was reserved for our own area. We did not sell it; and such was the understanding when we signed the Treaty.

“I would ask, am I and my people the only ones who have fought against the whites that we should be removed so far from our native country? It is not so great a hardship to those who have always lived near here. But to us it is a great evil if we could be even on the borders of our native land, where we could sometimes see it, we would be satisfied. I have kept silent until now. The time has come when I can talk out. I want the President to know how we feel about it. I am carried farther away from my country than anybody else. My heart is not bad. It is sick. Palmer told us when he bought our country; we could live at Table Rock and Evan’s Creek for five years. Then we would have to come to the reservation. I told Palmer we would never consent to sell him these lands. We wanted them to live upon. We could always fish and hunt there. We only wanted the mountains, which were of no use to the whites.”

“I am told the President is our Great Father. Why then should he compel us to suffer here? Does he not know that it is against our will? If he cannot fulfill the promises made to us, through his agents, why does he not let us go back to our homes? Does he like to see his children unhappy? We are told that if we go back, the white people will kill us all- that their hearts are bad towards us. But the President is powerful. Let him send a paper to the whites, and tell them not to trouble us. If he is powerful they will obey him. We are sad now. We pine for our native country. Let us go back to our houses, and our hearts will be bright again like the sun. Before I end my talk, I would ask what has become of our guns. Palmer took them from us, in pretence that he would return them as soon as we reached the reservation. We have never seen them since. Has he stolen them?”

John: “I have a word more to say, and then I am done. My heart is for peace. When there was war, we fought like brave men. But there were many of us then. Now there are few. I saw after we had fought for our country that it was no use - that we could not stand it long. I was the first to make peace. My people were dwindling away before the white man. All the tribes that were united with us

were fighting in different parts of the country. But they were badly provided with arms.”

“The whites were numerous and rich. They had muskets and ammunition. My son-in-law went to the Dalls to live with the Yakimas and Clickitats. I made peace, and sent word to him, and to all the hostile tribes to quit fighting. I told him to tell them I had made peace, and it was no use to fight any more. For this, I think we deserve well of the President. He might let us go home, and not compel us to remain here where we are all dying.”

Jim, Chief of the Too-too-tonays: *“My talk shall be short. I think we have been here long enough. We came from the mouth of Rogue River. There we had plenty of fish. It is good country. We want to go back to our old fishing and hunting grounds. What George has said is our heart. We have long been wishing to see this Tyee, sent here by the President. We want to tell the truth. We want the President to know our condition. This Tyee is writing our names on paper. We hope that paper will be sent back to us. We are afraid to have our names on it. If it should be lost we will all die”.*

The talk having thus ended, I desired the interpreter to communicate to the Indians as follows: *“I had listened to what they had to say with great attention, and taken it all down in writing. Every word of it would be transmitted to the President at Washington. He would read it all as if he heard it with his own ears. It was true they had many causes of complaint, but this was owing to circumstances over which the President had no control. The people on the other side of the great deserts, where he lived, were very numerous. They came many of them from far off countries across the sea, and every year they became so numerous that the country became too small for them. Then they came over here, to seek a place to live in. Here they found many tribes of Indians, and at first they were peaceable, because there were not many of them. Soon, however, as they kept coming and became more numerous, they had to cultivate the lands to live by; and they got into trouble with the Indians. Now, the President being unable to stop all these white people from overrunning their country, asked the Grand Council to pay them for their lands, and furnish them with a place to live in, where they could be kept apart from the whites and protected against the hostilities of bad men. Why should they now desire to go back? They were fed and clothed; they had plenty of beans and flour; good blankets, and shelter from the rain. Soon they would have fields of their own, but they must work. All white people had to work. The shirts and blankets they wore were made by white men’s labor. Were they better than white man that they should live without working? If they went back, they would all be killed. Their country was all settled up, and the game was nearly gone. In a few years there would be neither deer nor elk upon the hills. They ought to be paid for their lands. If Genl. Palmer deceived them about Table Rock and Evan’s Creek, it was wrong. But it would all be fairly represented to the President. In the meantime, however, they must remain quietly on the reservation. If they undertook to go back to their houses,*

they would be shot down, and then the Presidents heart would be sad, because he could no longer protect them."

Charges against R. B. Metcalfe

After a careful investigation of the charges preferred by Lieut. Sheridan against Agent Metcalfe, for alleged violent and improper conduct towards the Indians etc, as reported to the Superintendent through the Department of War, I have arrived at the conclusion that they are based upon the following facts.

Lieut. Sheridan had undertaken to move certain tribes of Indians to the Reservation. As they were somewhat averse to going, and were in a disaffected condition, he deemed it expedient to disarm them; but promised them that upon their arrival at the Reservation their arms would be returned to them. They were well provided with muskets, of which they well understood the use. A number of them, however, retained their arms; and as soon as they came upon the Reservation, they demanded the return of those, which had been taken from them. At this time the condition of the various tribes was so threatening that Mr. Metcalfe did not think it safe or proper to comply with their demand. On the contrary he felt constrained to compel them to turn over the arms that they still retained. The employees gave him notice that unless this was done, they would be forced, in self-preservation, to quit the premises. The Indians refused to surrender their muskets. Mr. Metcalfe then armed himself and a party of four employees, and in defiance of their threats, took the muskets away from them. Lieut. Sheridan regarded this as a breach of faith towards them, and so reported it to his commanding officer.

The whole quarrel seems to have arisen from a prevailing jealousy between the civil and military authorities as to the control of the Reservations. The Agents being responsible for the maintenance of peace among the Indians under their charge, and the security of the lives of the employees, I consider that the officers of the Army have no right to interfere, unless called upon, and I can see nothing to disapprove in the course pursued by Agent Metcalfe.

As to the various other charges, of violent and improper language, exciting threats etc, it is no doubt true Mr. Metcalfe has a way of his own of talking to Indians; but they appear to like him nonetheless, and his wonderful control over them during the trying ordeals of the past winter, shows that he thoroughly understands their character. As an example of this remarkable supremacy, I need only refer to an incident which recently occurred, and which is attested by all the employees. The murderers of Ben Wright, late an Indian Agent on the Coast, had brought with them to the Reservation, his scalp, over which they held nightly dances. Mr. Metcalfe regarded this as an outrage, and demanded the scalp. Upon their refusal to deliver it up, he took the murderers (two in number), dragged them into his office, in the face of two hundred Indians, and there told them that unless the scalp was delivered in fifteen minutes, he would kill them both. One of them was then set at liberty. The Indians continued to gather, and

there seemed to be a general determination to kill the Agent and the few employees who stood by him. Before the expiration of the allotted time, however, the scalp was delivered, and peace restored. It has been my desire in this report to furnish the Department with information on every point affecting the public interests that came under my observation. From the great extent of country traveled over and the variety of subjects introduced, it has been out of my power in consequence of others pressing engagements, to conclude my labors on Indian affairs in time for this mail. There still remain the following Agencies and Reservations to be reported upon: Vancouver, Dalls, Warm Springs, Simco, Umpqua, Astoria and Flat Head & Nez Percez Agencies.

I have also collected valuable data, and contemplate reporting fully on the subject of the late Indian War in the Territories of Oregon & Washington.

Very Respectfully,

Your Obt. Sevt.

J. Ross Browne

Special Agent of the Treasury Department

J. Ross Browne led a double life; humorist and "*muckraker*", uncovering the hollowness of political distinction, the small trickery practiced in the struggle for power, the overbearing aristocracy of station, and the heartless and selfish intrigues by which public men maintain their influence.

ALSEA SUBAGENCY: The Prison Camp of our Ancestors and our Survival

Don Whereat (December, 1991)

"Between there and the Alsea bay, a distance of eight or ten miles, there is some good pasture land, but none fit for cultivation. On the south side of the hundred and fifty acres of rich land suitable for cultivation, and from there to Cape Perpetua, and around it, there are a few hundred acres of rough pasture land, but balance of the way along the coast is either barren sand-hills, or rough mountains covered with heavy timber, mostly spruce, with a thick undergrowth of salal berry bushes. "

Some of the Coos and Lower Umpqua found conditions so terrible at Yachats that they fled the reservation and returned to their old homes on Coos Bay. The Indian agents and the U.S. Army responded quickly and rounded them up annually and drove them back to Yachats. The diary of Royal A. Bensell, a corporal in Company D, Fourth California Infantry, gives a chilling chronicle of the 1864 expedition to Coos Bay-a venture which resulted in the capture of 32 Indians. Among those was an aged and blind Indian woman called "Amanda". Bensell described her plight as the party worked its way along the trail at the Sea Lion Caves and Heceta Head:

"Amanda who is blind tore her feet horribly over these ragged rock, leaving blood sufficient to track her by. One of the boys led her around the dangerous places. I cursed Indians Agents generally, Amos Harvey particularly. By 12 we reached the Agency. The great gate swung open, and I counted the Indians as they filed in, turned them over to the Agent and, God knows, we all felt relieved. "

Conditions among the Coos and Lower Umpqua worsened. Agent Collins reported that cutworms had eaten the potatoes and turnips the Indians were attempting to grow in the coastal meadows at Yachats. On August 12, 1865, he noted:

"The Coose and Umpqua tribes of Indians, numbering about two hundred and fifty souls, must undoubtedly suffer the coming winter unless some provision can be made to furnish subsistence for them at such times as heavy storms and gales render it impossible for them to gather muscles from the rocks and fish from the ocean, which is frequently the case for weeks at a time during the winter."

Agent George Collins wrote at Yachats on July 25, 1868:

"The Coos and Umpquas are very intelligent Indians, and take pride in trying to improve their condition. They are obedient and dutiful, always ready and willing to perform duties assigned them by the farmer. "

Testifying in 1931 in the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw land claims case, Frank Drew, a Coos man, recalled the following of Agent Collins:

"My people were compelled to go out and work, both in pleasant or the severest kind of weather for the Government and in return they received nothing for their labor. There was an Indian agent by the name of George Collins who was very cruel to the Indians. He would compel the Indians to work for him without allowing them any rations to live on while they were working for him. "

Annie Miner Peterson, another who lived through the years at Yachats, likewise testified in 1931 and told about the punishments that the agents gave to the Indians in the 1870's. She said:

"They have posts and to these posts they would tie them and flog them. They may seem unreasonable but that is just what they did. I don't remember but there were many of them who the agent would gather together to see the performance carried on. The object of the spectators at this place is to teach the lesson to the other Indians that they may not run away again from the agency without consent of the agent. "

Mrs. Peterson said that people from the villages of Milokwitch, Hansitch, and Intesedge on Coos Bay were among those beaten at Yachats.

Annual reports filed by the agent at Yachats document the situation of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw. Also available are annual census compilations which show the inexorable population decline of these tribes and the wretched conditions under which these people were held imprisoned. On June 27, 1875, an Alsea headman called John addressed representatives of the United States government in a conference at Yachats. John said:

"I said I did not want to be like the Coos and Umpqua. They live here now. Many years they have been dying off. Their women have suffered from exposure gathering mussels on the rocks. Palmer did not tell them they must live on mussels when they were brought here. They were told they would get sugar, coffee, and flour. For that reason I do not want to take any more of the white men's promises."

1875

In 1875 Congress diminished the size of the Siletz or Coast Reservation (18 Stat. 446). This act provided that a conference be held and that Indian assent be secured before the closing of the reservation would be carried out. The plan was to throw open to white settlement the entire southern part of the Siletz Reservation, including the Yachats or Alsea Sub Agency where the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw had been held since 1859.

Extensive minutes survive of the conference of June 27, 1875, at Yachats. The minutes show that the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw vigorously

opposed the action of Congress to close the agency and permit whites to settle upon the lands they had so laboriously cleared. The Indians had labored for 16 years to fence the fields, grow crops, and build houses and barns at that site.

Siuslaw George, a headman of his people, said:

"What makes the whites think our people are no better than dogs. Let them talk so much as they please. How can the whites believe in a just God and try and drive the Indians off their land. It would be better if they would make our country better by helping us here. Long ago when I was a boy I heard of this driving Indians. That is the way they did and now the Indians are nearly gone."

Jim Buchanan, a Coos leader who lived until 1933 and was a very important linguistic and ethnographic informant for twentieth century anthropologists, said:

"I think the Coos are as good as any Indians. The first time our father saw the whites they regarded them as friend. I was a boy then. They drove us here. We gave a large and valuable country to the whites. There is coal there. We have never received a dollar for our land. We have made this a good country ourselves."

Sopeny, a headman of the Lower Umpqua, also spoke:

"I am growing old here. Why do these people all have heavy hearts? Because they fear being driven away. They have long feared this. All these young men when they grow up will talk the same. We will not give up our land, I know the whites have much money, but I want none of it, though I am poor. Many have died here every winter. All the Agents say, 'this is your land'. My father lived always at Siuslaw. We don't want anybody to say any more."

In spite of the vigorous opposition to the Act of Congress to throw open to white settlement the Yachats Sub-Agency and the entire southern part of the Siletz Reservation by these Indians, the decision of the government stood. Thus in 1875 Coos and Lower Umpqua at Yachats saw the whites move in and literally shove them off the lands at the mouth of the Yachats River. Without a treaty these Indians had no protection. They began drifting back to their old homelands. Many of the Coos settled among the Siuslaw on the North Fork of the Siuslaw River east of Florence, Oregon. Many more of the Coos and Lower Umpqua returned to the estuaries where they had been born and where they had lived until 1856 and 1859.

1870's

The newspapers published in Coos Bay in the late 1870's clearly show that the Coos Indians had returned to their old homeland:

"Indian Lane is in jail again, this time for biting a squaw's finger so severely that Dr. Mackey found it necessary to amputate it." Coos Bay News, 29 Dec. 1875.

This same issue also carried the news note: *"The Indians had a celebration a la white man, at their rancherie below town on Christmas Eve. Some white men were present and furnished the necessary whiskey. The first thing they know Hill will have them in charge."*

"The Marshall of the town of Marshfield destroyed the Siwash rancherie back of the town of Marshfield, and our contemporary's junior refuseth to be comforted." Coos Bay News. 8 March 1876

In a news story about the 4th of July picnic below Empire on Coos Bay was the account of the local Indians providing a dance entertainment. *"The children present have been practicing Indian dancing ever since,"* concluded the reporter. Coos Bay News. 12 July 1876

In the Coos Bay News, 7 May 1879, *"Indian Jack, Chief of the Coos Bay Indians, died at Empire City last week, the funeral was preached by Rev. J. McCormac and was well attended. Jack was about 35 years old and not a bad man, but he is certainly a "good" Indian now. "*

1880's

Mention of the local Indian population continued in the newspaper. Coos Bay News, 25 June 1884: *"The Indian shanties, near the old Luse mill, at Empire City were pulled down last week by the Southern Oregon Improvement Company, to make room for their log landing."*

Coos Bay News, 20 Aug. 1884: *"We noticed some squaws on our streets selling whortleberries, last week. The aborigines on Coos Bay are not yet extinct..."*

Coos Bay News, 18 Feb. 1885. This issue contained a rejoinder to an article in the rival Coast Mail (Marshfield, Ore.) that said that if the government stopped its harbor improvement the only impact would be on the *"squaw men and hoodlums"* who lived at Rocky Point and South Slough on lower Coos Bay.

An angered correspondent wrote: *"I guess Mr. Sengstacken's books will show that the squaw-men pay their bills as promptly as Church does. I know there are squaw-men in this county who could buy Church out and pay his whiskey bills besides, and not mortgage their places either. I would not be afraid of a comparison between the squaw-men of Coos County and the old blatherskite that runs the Mail in intellect, honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, good taste, or decency."* Coos Bay News. 21 Oct. 1885

"The Indians are catching large numbers of trout on Coos River, using salmon eggs for bait." Coos Bay News, 18 Nov. 1885 "A party of Indians is

camped at the mouth of Labriere Creek [South Coos River], where they make it lively for the hook-bill salmon." "Three Indians lately carved out a canoe in the lower bay, and went on a fishing trip Thursday. They returned next day with a number of cod and red fish and an immense halibut, which they disposed of at 50 cents a chunk." Coos Bay News, 25 Aug. 1886.

1890's

In the 1890's the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw yet lived in their old homelands. By this decade many had found jobs as wood choppers or domestic laborers. A number had, in essence, become "pet Indians". Virtually enslaved, these people worked without wage but received room and board from the white families for whom they labored. Coos Bay News, 7 May 1890 *"Settlers on Tenmile [a creek north of Coos Bay draining the Ten Mile Lake into the Pacific Ocean] complain the Indians have obstructed the creek with traps, so that salmon and trout cannot get to the lake to spawn. The traps run from bank to bank, and are kept set day and night." Coos Bay News, 16 July 1890 "Some Indians are encamped near the sand hill lakes, and our informant says are killing numbers of ducks. The duck season does not open till September 1st, and the game law should be enforced. "*

In anticipation of putting the Dawes Severalty Act of 1887 into action in coastal Oregon, the Bureau of Indian Affairs in 1892 began gathering data on Indians both on and off the Siletz Reservation. On March 29, 1892, William M. Jenkins of the BIA reported to T. J. Morgan on the following members of the "Coose Tribe" who lived at Coos Bay:

Name of Indian	Age
Old Man Jackson	70
Fanny Jackson, wife	45
Lottie Jackson, dau	24
Ida Jackson, dau	6
Charley Baker	19
Ione Baker, mother	48
Marshfield Tom	60
Mrs. Marshfield Tom	60
Fred Tom	55
Mary Tom, wife	45
Anna Miner	35
Agnes Miner	13
Emma Taylor	24
Susie Matson	50
Caroline Evans	55
Susie Caroline	16
Allick Evans	23
Sallie Johnson	45
Jasper Louis [Luse]	24
Sallie Dockey	55
Mike Hancy	23

Mary Hancey, wife	45
Coose Bob	45
Mrs. Coose Bob and 2 children	

This list did not include Coos women married to part Indian or white men living on South Slough on lower Coos Bay nor did it enumerate the Coos who resided on the Siuslaw near Florence, Oregon.

Commencing in 1892, however, Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians actively participated in the allotment program made possible by the agreement of October, 1892, at Siletz. None of the minutes of the Siletz Allotment Conference indicate that any representative of the three tribes took part in the conference, but Indians off the reservation were given a chance to receive "4th Section" or "public domain" allotments.

Some Indians of the Confederated Tribes had also taken advantage of the Indian Homestead Act. Coose Bob was one who by 1892 had taken a homestead in his old homeland under this act.

Coos Bay News. 10 Nov. 1893. *"About sixty aborigines are at work at C.D. McFarlin's cranberry farm gathering in the fruit. Mr. McFarlin has provided cottages for them, together with a large and fashionable ballroom, where they gather in the evening and trip the elite fantastic big toe to music rendered by the Deerhide and Panther gut string band. It is said the way the dusky wild-eyed maidens and the great warriors of the Umpquas and Tar Heels Coos village at Tar Heel Point south of Empire on Coos Bay J Point whoop-er up lively until the small hours of the morning is beyond description."*

1893

On Jan. 9, 1893 the U.S. Senate by Resolution (Sen. Exec. Doc. No. 34, 52 Cong., 3 Sess.) sought information on the treaty of 1855 with the Coos, Lower Umpqua, Siuslaw, and other Indians of the Oregon Coast. On Jan. 25, 1893, this matter was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs. The Resolution read:

"Resolved: That the Secretary of the Interior be, and he is hereby, directed to transmit to the Senate a copy of a treaty negotiated by Joel Palmer, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Oregon, on or about the eleventh day of Aug., eighteen hundred and fifty-five, with the various Indian tribes inhabiting the coast of Oregon from the Columbia River to the California line, consisting of Tillamook, Coos Bay, Coquille, Too-too-oney, Chetco, Siuslaw, Clatsop, and Lower Umpqua Indians, and whereby they, it is alleged, ceded all the various country claimed by them between the country theretofore ceded by various other treaties and the Pacific Ocean, estimated to contain five million acres of land, and by the terms of which, it is alleged, there was a reservation of a tract of country on the coast within the limits of the Coast Reservation established by the President, estimated to contain seven hundred

and fifty thousand acres, and that the Secretary of the interior be further directed to advise the Senate whether such treaty was ever transmitted to the Senate for ratification; also whether the United States, if said treaty was not ratified, has acted upon the terms stipulated, and, if so, whether said Indians were ever paid the amounts stipulated in such treaty to be paid to them for and on account of the land so ceded, and if so, when such payments were made; and further, that he advise the Senate fully whether such treaty became operative and whether the terms thereof, or any of them, have been enforced against the Indians or the stipulations therein compiled with by the United States. "

Commissioner of Indian Affairs, T. J. Morgan, wrote on Jan. 21, 1893, regarding this treaty:

"In reply I have to say, with reference to the request of the Senate for a copy of the treaty negotiated by Superintendent Palmer of the Oregon Superintendency, of August 11, 1855, with the Indian tribes inhabiting the coast of Oregon from the Columbia River to the California line, that in March and April, 1888, diligent and persistent search was made in this office for the treaty referred to, but no trace of it could be found in this office, other than a wrapper containing a brief showing when it was received in this office, and a memoranda dated Feb. 15, 1869, which indicated that it had been removed from the wrapper prior to that date. Since that time, however, it has been ascertained that said treaty was transmitted to the Department Feb. 5, 1857, no copy thereof being retained in this office. From the Department it was forwarded through the President to the Senate, and is printed in a Senate document marked 'Confidential Executive No.9, Thirty-Fourth Congress, Third Session,' which is now on file in one of the offices of the Senate."

Commissioner Morgan pointed out that an Executive Order setting aside the Coast or Siletz Reservation was made on November 9, 1855, five days prior to the receipt of the Palmer treaty with the coastal Indians of Oregon. *"I do not think the reservation upon which many of the Indian tribes of the Coast of Oregon have been collected can be said to have been set aside in accordance with the stipulations of this treaty,"* he concluded.

After reviewing various reports relating to the terms of the 1855 treaty, Commissioner Morgan wrote:

"From these reports and records I think it is fair to presume that the Government has never paid the Indians the amounts stipulated for in the treaty of 1855, which failed to be ratified by the Senate, but the provisions of which appear to have been faithfully adhered to by the Indians themselves, except those who appear never to have gone upon the reservation ... The United States has not fulfilled any of the stipulations agreed to therein on its behalf, unless the appropriations for the support and assistance of Indians in Oregon generally can be said to discharge the Government from its obligation to the Indians there under, if indeed an unratified treaty can impose obligations on either party, a

question which of course must be answered in the negative. The Senate resolution is herewith returned to the files of the Department. Coos Bay News, 27 Oct. 1893

C. D. McFarlin, the cranberry man, was in town, Monday. He commences Monday to pick his crop which he says is about a large as last year. He employs in the neighborhood of 100 Indians while harvesting his crop

1900's

Through the 1890's and early 1900's the Coos acknowledged Doloose, or Jackson, the father of Lottie (Jackson) Evanoff, as their chief. Following his death in January, 1906, the tribe selected Bobbie Bums as the next chief. These events were documented in the local newspapers in Coos Bay.

1910

This year the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw were placed under the jurisdiction of the Roseburg Superintendency of Indian Affairs, Horace G. Wilson, Superintendent. In 1918 they along with other "4th Section Allottees" were transferred to the jurisdiction of the Greenville School at Greenville, California. In 1925 they were transferred to the Senior Clerk at Chemawa Indian School in Salem, Oregon.

1916

Marshfield, Sun. 25 May 1916. "George Wasson leaves in a few days for Washington, D. C., to take up the claims of local Indians before the Indian agency. It seems that a treaty was made with the Coos Bay Indians back in the '50's and Mr. Wasson claims that two years ago Congress voted \$700,000 to pay off the obligations of this treaty. No one calling for the money it reverted to the Government, and Mr. Wasson with a special agent will have it subscribed. Many of the Indians are dead but South Slough and surrounding country contains many descendants of the noble red man, who, Mr. Wasson figures, would be benefitted at the rate of about \$45,000 a piece should he be successful. We predict a hiyu skookum time on Rascal creek should the 'bonds carry "'

Wasson, a part Coos-Upper Coquille, had attended Chemawa Indian School and Carlisle Institute, BIA schools in Salem, Oregon, and completing his BIA education he returned to Coos Bay and for the next 31 years fought for the rights and claims of Indians in western Oregon. The Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Tribes played a key role in these efforts, raising funds, attending meetings, securing legal assistance, and testifying in 1931 in their Court of Claims case.

Clipping in Oregon Historical Society Scrapbook, No. 73; Clipping dated May 5, 1917:

“On the same spot where the Treaty of Empire was signed and sealed August 30, 1855, between the United States Government and the Coast Indians, including the Coos, Umpqua, and Siuslaw tribes, the remnants of those aborigines met at Empire in the old Pioneer Hotel, a relic of better days, last Monday night and sat in council to consider affairs of vital interest to the large gatherings of surviving full-blood and mixed-blood descendants.

The council last Monday was called to provide a chief for the Indians of the tribes mentioned, the last recognized chief, Bob Burns, who was a Coos, having died five or six years ago. Until the attempt by George Wasson, a Coos descendant and a graduate of Carlisle to secure for the coastal tribes a settlement of their claims, there had been no apparent reason for a chief, for the tribes were scattered, dead and without concentration. When the treaty of Empire was dug from the dusty tomes of the Congressional Library and Department of the Interior, Congressmen who were fair-minded toward Indian claims, recognized the justness of the appeal and ordered an investigation, which, to be presented in legal form, demanded the election of a chief and credentials from the three tribes who were signatories to the treaty.

The attendance at the council was about 75, and they came from nearby and isolated districts, where, under the necessity of making a living, the men and women without a country had drifted. The gathering was fully representative and members from the three tribes were at the council. Although the main point at issue was the question of providing funds for continuing the quest in Congress, the Indians, though poor and hard pressed, showed the spirit of their forefathers when the Government after 20 years of neglect of the tribes, sent a special agent to their last Government 'corral' at Yachats to sign another treaty and again stood for what they believed was right. They guaranteed money for the work and for the best Indian claim attorney to be procured.

The organization was completed at the council of this week by the selection of Jimmy Johnson, of Reedsport, a Coos and Umpqua as chief of the tribesmen. George Wasson was requested to become the leader, but, being only a half-blood descendant, declined believing a true Indian should hold the honor.

A committee was appointed for the purpose of drafting a contract with Mr. Wasson, however proclaiming him attorney in fact of the tribes and giving him full power to represent the descendants at Washington. The committee who conferred the powers is of full blood save one exception--Thomas Wasson of Marshfield. The others are Charles Macey, Reedsport, an Umpqua; Frank Drew of Florence, a Coos; William Dick, of Florence, a Siuslaw; Peter Jordan of Lakeside, a Coos.

Among the pure-blood representatives at the council were Jimmy Johnson, Reedsport; Lottie Jackson, North Bend; Charles Macey, Reedsport; Lottie Miller, Reedsport; Richard John, North Bend; William Dick, Florence; Alice

Johnson, North Bend; Harry Reed, Florence; Annie Baker, Jim Bums, George Bums, Empire; William Moody, Haynes Inlet; Jim Buchanan, Siuslaw River.

Among the most influential Indians who are interested in seeing his relatives and old-time neighbors obtain their rights is Jeff Harney, of the Siuslaw district, a man with means and a true hope for success of the attempt to gain the Indians' rights. He was ill and unable to attend the council, but sent assurances of his approval of the proceedings."

On August 6, 1917, attorneys Sinclair and Blatchley of Coquille, Oregon, wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs on behalf of the claims of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians (letter in RG 75, National Archives, Washington, D.C.)

1918

On March 6, Annie Emmett, a Coos Indian, wrote to E. B. Merritt, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, regarding the claims of her tribe. Emmett wrote back: *"It is probable that a number of Indians belonging to the Coos Bay band or tribe did not remove to the Siletz Reservation, although ample opportunity was given them by the Government of so doing and of being provided with homes thereon."*

Merritt concluded: *"It is not seen how any relief can now be granted those Indians of the Coos bay band or tribe who failed to take advantage of the opportunity offered them by the Government of locating on the Siletz Reservation and receiving allotments thereon."*

Merritt seemed unaware of the forced removals to Yachats, the beatings at the hands of agent Collins, the starvation and fifty percent population decline within a five year period, or the vocal efforts of the tribes in 1875 to retain the lands at Yachats (see reference to the 1875 conference minutes).

In this year H.R. 9047 was introduced to authorize the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw to submit their claims in the Court of Claims. The introduction of this legislation was the result of a concerted effort of the Confederated Tribes since 1916 to secure the passage of a jurisdictional act.

1920's

The efforts to secure a jurisdictional act were of long duration for the Confederated Tribes. They were rebuffed and ignored. Finally they gained such an act on Feb. 23, 1929: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That jurisdiction is hereby conferred on the Court of Claims to hear, examine, adjudicate, and render in a judgment in any and all legal and equitable claims of the Coos (or Kowes) Bay, Lower Umpqua (or Kalawatset), and Siuslaw Indians Tribes of the State of Oregon against the United States arising under or growing

out of the original Indian title, claim, or rights of the said tribes (with whom no treaty has been made), in, to, or upon the whole or any pan of the lands and their appurtenances occupied by said tribes in 1848 and long prior thereto, and embraced within the following description, to wit ...”

1929

The Oregonian, 24 Mar. 1929. The headlines in the Portland Oregonian read: **"INDIANS TO PUSH CLAIMS, 3 TRIBES TO SEEK REDRESS FOR SEIZED LANDS, MEETING AT EMPIRE HEARS GEORGE WASSON DETAIL PLANS FOR RECOVERING INDEMNITY."**

REPORTS FROM THE SILETZ AGENCY ON THE DEPLORABLE CONDITIONS KILLING INDIAN CHILDREN

Don Whereat (April, 1991)

I was fortunate to be in Washington D.C. during the week of March 3-9 to do research. The primary goal was to find the original Coast Treaty and photocopy it if possible. This I was able to do and now we have a copy of the Treaty in the office for anyone wishing to see it.

In the Roseburg Superintendence files I found genealogical information on the Barrett, Barney, Harney, Johnson and Macey families. Any tribal member descended from one of these families is welcome to the information. One of the striking things in this material is the terrible mortality rate of Indian children in the past Yachats period. These were heirship hearings and children's names, ages, and dates of death are listed. Not only the Public Domain Indian children suffered a high mortality but also the ones on the Siletz Reservation, as the following excerpts from inspection reports verify.

Siletz, Oregon, Nov. 4th, 1897: Sir:" *I have visited and inspected the Indian school at this agency and by leave beg to report the following: I find 56 pupils in attendance. They are bright, intelligent boys and girls, and promise to become useful men and women in the elevation of their people. There is one bad feature, however, which requires the careful thought of those upon whom devolves the management of not only this but also all schools of like character. A very large percent of those in attendance are afflicted with 'tuberculosis' which the present management of the schools tends to increase. It is hardly too much to say that unless a change is made in the mode of constructing dormitories nearly, or quite nearly, all of those who attend the Indian schools will die in early manhood or womanhood. Many will not reach that age. When we contemplate this subject with the seriousness it deserves, we cannot but be thrilled with horror to think that a nation like ours in its attempt to civilize the people whom we have conquered, pen up their children in a charnel house in which education means death. Feeling this as I do, you must not blame me for repetition for sending in the same story of wrong doing from each school. The tearing down of the physical in the futile attempt to build up the mental caliber of the rising generation. I say 'futile,' for what is to be gained by educating the Indian children -if they must pass from the portals of the school room to the grave? Whereas are humanitarians? Where have they been in all the years this has been going on? Where is our boasted Christianity? May God forgive those who are responsible for this work? Signed: J. McConnell, U.S. Indian Inspector."*

Apparently McConnell's report fell on deaf ears. The following year (1898) he reports the same conditions:

"It carries with it more than the subject related to in my communication, showing as it does the terrible mortality which has prevailed on that Reservation. Going back for a term of 6 years, we find not a single child who was then 12 years old is now living; we find only 1 who was 13 years is living; of those who were 14 years only 1 is now living; of those who were 15 only 1 is now living; of those who were 16 years old 6 years ago, only 3 are now alive while those who were 17 years old 6 years ago, there are 13 yet alive -11 boys and 2 girls; of those who were 18 years old 6 years ago, there are 6 living -3 boys and 3 girls. The question occurs, "why do we find such a state of affairs and why is it there are so many more alive now that were 17 years old 6 years ago, than those of younger and more tender age, at that time? Then again, why is it that of the 13 now alive who were 17 years old 6 years ago, 11 are boys and 2 are girls? I regret to say that my observation of the methods of caring for the children at the school (an expose' of which I made in my communication to the Department last year) shows they are the cause of this condition. There are more boys alive on the reservation who were 17, 6 years ago than girls, for the reason that the boys cannot be held in school as can girls; they go out to work on farms, fishing and hunting; in this manner their lives are saved but few of those who were 18 go to school at all. I enclose you a list of the young people of the ages stated, giving the names of those who are living and in the name of humanity I ask that the attention of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the Superintendent of Indian schools be directed to this subject. "Almost every one of our Indian schools is a death trap_ This is strong language but I am prepared to enter anyone of the schools with any expert the Department may appoint, and if that expert will go with me into the dormitories at one or two o'clock in the night and inhale even for 5 minutes, the atmosphere those children are obliged to breathe, I feel satisfied that the most skeptical will endorse my statement."

DISCOVERY-HEATHENS-SLAVERY-RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

1492-1992 (PART 1)

Don Whereat (May, 1993)

Chief Tecumseh to General Harrison in 1801:

“Brother, this land that was sold to you was sold only by a few. If you continue to purchase our land this way, it will produce war among the different tribes. Brother, you should take pity on the red people, and return to them a little of the land of which they have been plundered. The Indian has been honest in his dealings with you, but how can we have confidence in the white people? When Jesus Christ came on earth, you killed him and nailed him to a cross. You thought he was dead, but you were mistaken. You have many religions, and you persecute and ridicule those who do not agree with you. You have Shakers among you, but you laugh and make light of their worship. You are counseled by bad birds. I speak nothing but the truth to you.” (Traditional Circle of Indian Elders and Youth, Sapa Dawn Center, Yelm, Washington August, 1992.)

Oron Lyons submitted this testimony to Senator Daniel Inouye’s Senate Committee on Indian Affairs.

It is common knowledge that from time immemorial we, the Indigenous Nations and People of North America, have lived in accordance with our original instructions given to us by the Creator. These instructions are rooted in the languages, cultures, communities, nations and lands of all our peoples. The common process of governance throughout North America with Indigenous Nations and Peoples is the oral tradition that embodies the democratic process of people’s participation and control of representatives and Chiefs in council.

The separation of Church and State in the Constitution of the United States does not comprehend the spiritual reality of Indigenous Nations and Peoples. English terms, definitions and interpretations of Indigenous languages in North America have proven inadequate to deal with the spirit and values inherent in our languages and ways of life (religions). Invariably, attempts to interpret and codify the ways of life of Indigenous Peoples have resulted in the abridgement of our rights. The first amendment of the Constitution clearly states that religious freedom is a fundamental principle of the U.S. Constitutional law and provides that:

*“Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment
Of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof,
Or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or
The right of the people peaceably to assemble and
Petition the government for a redress of grievances.”*

Why then was it necessary to pass an Act specifically for American Indian's religious freedom? The answer is clear. The "Christian Nations Theory" is in practice what denies our sovereignty, territorial integrity and religious freedoms. The history of the Americas since the landfall of Columbus carrying the banners of the Roman Catholic Church and the monarchy of Spain has resulted in the devastation and death of whole nations of Indigenous Peoples. Clearly the mandate of Christianity, and convert our property and lands to the Christian Church and state, has resulted in the destruction of many nations, cultures and peoples- and continues to do so.

The historical basis of the Federal Indian law systems in North America is the dominance of the Christian nations over non-Christians, including Indigenous Peoples. This theory of Christian dominance was rooted in the directive issued by Pope Nicholas V in 1452 in which he gave permission to King Alfonso of Portugal to:

"Capture, vanquish and subdue the Saracens, pagans and other enemies [and] to put them into perpetual Slavery." (European Treaties bearing on the History of the United States and its Dependencies to 1648, Washington D.C., Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1917, p.23).

This policy was continued and expanded by Pope Alexander VI in 1493 in the Inter Caetera Bull which provided that:

"The Catholic faith and Christian religion be everywhere increased [and that] barbarous nations be subjugated and be brought to the faith itself." (Ibid., p.61).

Few legal scholars have chosen this area of research. Some contemporaries of Chief Justice John Marshall were Story; Wheaton; and Woolsey. They were in agreement with the Christian Nations Theory. A recent publication has clarified this theory from the days of Christendom to the present:

"According to Christian international law, lands which had no Christian owner were considered to be vacant lands, even though inhabited by non-Christians. The first Christian to "discover" lands inhabited by heathens and infidels (beasts of prey) had the absolute title to and ultimate dominion over those lands. Spain, Portugal, France, England, Holland and Russia all embraced and acted on this doctrine."

"In 1823 the same doctrine of 'discovery' was formally written into the laws of the united states by the U.S. Supreme Court. In the case of Johnson v. McIntosh, Chief Justice John Marshall said that 'Discovery' gave title to the government by whose subject, or by whose authority, it was made against all other European governments."

"Marshall cited the various charters of England to document her acceptance of the discovery doctrine. 'So early as 1496', wrote the Chief Justice,

'her monarch granted a commission to the Cabots to discover countries then unknown to Christian people, and to take possession of them in the name of the King of England.' The Christian European nations making such discoveries only had a legal obligation to recognize the 'prior title of any Christian people who may have made a previous discovery'. In short, Christians had dominion and title, heathens had subservience and occupancy."

"Few people realize that the United States Supreme Court's Christian/heathen distinction is still the Supreme Law of the Land. Based on that doctrine, Indian peoples are denied their rights simply because they were not Christian at the time of European arrival. On that basis the United States continues to deny that Indian peoples have true-vested rights of property in their own ancestral homelands, and that they have 'Rights to complete sovereignty'." (Steven Newcomb, A Matter of Religious Freedom, 1992, pp.2-3.)

The now famous, or infamous, expression "*Manifest Destiny*", which refers to the belief that the white man is ordained by God to rule the world, was probably first used in 1845 by John O' Sullivan, Editor of United States Magazine and Democratic Review, in an editorial (July, 1845) entitled "*Annexation*."

How consistent this attitude of "*Manifest Destiny*", remains in American thinking and law is embodied in the Supreme Court decision of 1955 called *Tee-Hit-ton v. United States* (75s. CT313) (349 US 965,75S.CT.521) in which the Court held that:

"There is no particular form of Congressional recognition of Indian right of permanent occupancy of land, such as will entitle Indians compensation for its subsequent taking..."

And that:

"Permission granted to Indians to occupy portions of territory over which they had previously exercised sovereignty is not a property right but a right of occupancy which the sovereignty grants and protects against intrusion by third parties but which may be terminated without any legal enforceable obligation to compensate Indians."

And further:

"Indian occupation of land without government recognition of ownership creates no rights against taking or extinction by the United States, and taking by the United States of unrecognized Indian title is not compensable under the Fifth Amendment."

All this rests upon the Law of Christian Nations or the "*Doctrine of Discovery*", which in turn rests upon Papal Bulls of 1452 and 1493. If this is not enough evidence to convince anyone that this arrogance of Manifest Destiny

continues today, there is the now infamous decision, *Delgamuukw v. The Queen*, [1991] 79D.L.R. [4th] 185 (now on appeal, British Columbia Court of Appeals), better known as the Gitksan Case, where the Supreme Court of British Columbia ruled that the Gitksan Indians had no standing because of the Law of Nations, better known as the Doctrine of Discovery. In this doctrine, religious triumphalism and the seizure of lands are intrinsically connected. Five hundred years of domination, exploitation and self-serving law historically based upon these ideas are alive and well today.

For the above reasons we conclude that the Theory of Christian Nation continues up to this moment. This explains why the American Indian Religious Freedom Act was necessary to begin with, and also why paradoxically it has failed to protect our rights since it was passed. When invoked, it has failed in each case to secure for Indian Peoples specific religious freedoms or access to sacred sites. We understand that the amendments to the American Indian Religious Freedom Act are being proposed in an attempt to rectify the inadequacies of the Act. Our conclusions are that the Christian nations theory and practice which is embodied in the *Johnson v. McIntosh* decision in 1843, is archaic, abhorrent, and has no place in contemporary law. It abridges our religious freedoms and practices, and is contrary to the language of the U.S. Constitution on the separation of Church and State. It provides the basis of Federal land-takings, the assumption of U.S. jurisdiction in Indian Country and the violation of our treaties.

We call on Pope John Paul II to issue a special message for this year of the 500th anniversary of the voyage of Columbus, repudiating the Papal Bulls of 1453 and 1493. Also, the *Johnson v. McIntosh* decision, which still stands, must be overturned, thereby abolishing the Christian Nations Theory from contemporary U.S. law. We will then be recognized as equal, eliminating altogether the need for the American Indian Religious Freedom Act. Our religious practices, way of life, sacred sites-including geographical and geophysical sites - will then be protected by the principles of the First and the Fifth Amendments of the United States Constitution.

JOHNSON V. MCINTOSH

The Property Clause: Article IV, section 3, Clause 2.

The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful Rules and Regulations respecting the Territory or other Property belonging to the United States; and nothing in this Constitution shall be so construed as to Prejudice any Claims of the United States, or of any particular state.

Although it never seems to play a prominent role in the deliberations of either Congress or the federal courts when they deal with Indian matters, an analysis of the critical decisions of the Supreme Court suggests that the property clause and/or the fact of American claims to legal title to lands in North America

underlie the posture and actions of the United States towards Indians. The clause itself is a model of restraint.

Through negotiation after the American Revolution, the United States acquired the colonial charter claims of its constituent states, and these claims formed the basis of the national public domain. Apart from these claims, however, there was no basis for making any extensive claims to territory based on national existence until Chief Justice John Marshall provided it in the 1823 case of *Johnson v. McIntosh*²⁴ (8 Wheat 543). At issue was the question of whether a land title, given by the Indians under British supervision at an open public sale, was superior to a title derived from the United States through a sale by designated federal land officers.¹

John Marshall argued:

“On the discovery of this immense continent, the great nations of Europe are eager to appropriate to themselves so much of it as they could respectively acquire. Its vast extent offered an ample field to the ambition and enterprise of all; and the character and religion of its inhabitants afforded an apology for considering them as a people over whom the superior genius of Europe might claim an ascendancy. The potentates of the old world found no difficulty in convincing themselves that they made ample compensation to the inhabitants of the new, by bestowing on them Civilization and Christianity . . .”

So the Europeans agreed on a principle of law that discovery gave title to the government by those subjects, or by whose authority, it was made, against all other European governments .

And further:

“..... The exclusion of all other Europeans, necessarily gave to the nation making the discovery the sole right of acquiring the soil from the natives, and establishing settlements upon it. It was a right with which no Europeans could interfere. It was a right which all asserted for themselves, and to the assertion of which, by others, all assented ...”

And further:

“..... While the different nations of Europe respected the right of the natives, as occupants, they asserted the ultimate dominion to be in themselves; and claimed and exercised, as a consequence of this ultimate dominion, a power to grant the soil, while yet in possession of the natives. These grants have been understood by all, to convey a title to the grantees, subject only to the Indian right of occupancy ...”

And further:

“..... The United States, then, have unequivocally acceded to that great and broad rule by which its civilized inhabitants now hold this country. They hold”

¹ Exiled in the Land of the Free, The Property Clause, pp. 298-301.

and assert in themselves, the title by which it was acquired. They maintained as all others have maintained, that discovery gave an exclusive right to extinguish the Indian title of occupancy, either by purchase or by conquest ...”

And further:

“.... An absolute title to lands cannot exist, at the same time, in different persons, or in different governments. An absolute, must be an exclusive title, or at least a title which excludes all others not compatible with it. All our institutions recognize the absolute title of the crown, subject only to the Indian right of occupancy, and recognize the absolute title of the crown to extinguish that right. This is incompatible with an absolute and complete title in the Indians ...”

And further:

“..... However extravagant the pretension of converting the discovery of an inhabited country into conquest may appear; if the principle has been asserted in the first instance, and afterwards sustained; if a country has been acquired and held under it; if the property of the great mass of the community originates in it, it becomes the law of the land, and cannot be questioned. So, too, with respect to the concomitant principle, that the Indian inhabitants are to be considered merely as occupants, to be protected, indeed, while in peace, in the possession of their lands, but to be deemed incapable of transferring the absolute title to others. However this restriction may be opposed to natural right, and to the usages of civilized nations, yet, if it be indispensable to that system under which the country has been settled, and be adapted to the actual condition of the two people, it may., perhaps, be supported by reason, and certainly cannot be rejected by courts of justice ...”²

This line of reasoning came to be known as the “*Doctrine of Discovery*,” and it is the primary basis for the American claim to own its lands in North America. It is wholly a fiction deriving from earlier claims by Spain and Portugal that the pope, as Christ’s representative on earth, had given them claim to the lands of the Western Hemisphere.

The aboriginal inhabitants in this scheme:

“..... Were admitted to be the rightful occupants of the soil, with a legal as well as just claim to retain possession of it, and to use it according to their own discretion; but their rights to complete sovereignty, as independent nations, were necessarily diminished, and their power to dispose of the soil at their own will, to whomsoever they pleased, was denied by the original fundamental principle that discovery gave exclusive title to those who made it”.

Since the culture and religion of the aboriginal peoples become the impediment standing between them and the Europeans, and since Christianity and civilization, even if forced upon the natives, are believed to be fair consideration for recognizing the Europeans’ title, it is not difficult to see why and

² Felix Cohen, Handbook of Federal Indian Law, Aboriginal Possession, pp. 291-2.

how the commerce clause gets confused with the property clause and the desire of Congress to civilize the Indians. Discovery suggests that culture is a tangible commodity which can be exchanged within a system of property laws to confirm an interest in lands.

Marshall argued that the United States, in its successful revolution against Great Britain, had succeeded to whatever claims and titles England had possessed in the area east of the Mississippi. All titles to land, therefore, must follow a path from the Indians to the United States and thereafter to the individual states and citizens. The Indians could not sell their lands without the permission or approval of the United States. And Marshall justified this theory by declaring that:

“... However this restriction may be opposed to natural right, and to the usages of civilized nations, yet, if it be indispensable to that system under which the country has been settled” and be adapted to the actual condition of the two people, it may, perhaps, be supported by reason, and certainly cannot be rejected by courts of justice.”

In other words, this claim to property titles was valid because to do otherwise would disrupt everything that had previously occurred. In theory, then, the United States could not have had any property unless it was derived from the Indians. It might have a great expectation of land ownership based upon the obvious degeneration of the Indian nations, but it could not have complete title to its lands until the Indian title was extinguished. To argue, then, as the Court did in *Kagama*, that the United States possessed power to deal with the Indian Nations because of its ownership of lands, is entirely beside the point, since it could not own lands unless and until the Indians were removed, and if the Indians were removed, there was no responsibility for them on lands which they had ceded. In order to deal with the Indians on the basis of the property clause, it would be the responsibility of the United States to ensure the proper functioning of Indian governments and to secure to the Indian nations a climate in which they could act relatively independent so that their cession of land, when it occurred, would have a ring of legality to it. There is no question that the property clause acts to exclude Indians from the constitutional umbrella, and that if the Doctrine of Discovery vested the United States with some interest in the land, it operated before and outside of the Constitution. The only just resolution of this problem, therefore, would be an international forum or tribunal to which the United States and the Indian Nations would submit their dispute. Within the constitutional framework alone, the United States can only own property when it has extinguished Indian title, and once extinguishing this title, Indians are by definition excluded from the operation of the powers provided by the property clause.³

³ Exiled in the Land of the Free, pp. 298-301.

Fifth Amendment to the Constitution

..... Nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; Nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

The Fifth Amendment requires the payment of just compensation, with accrued interest, for the taking of private property for public use. In light of the special treatment given Indian lands, the question arises whether and under what circumstances the taking of Indian title lands requires Fifth Amendment compensation. As early as 1831 the Supreme Court said that the Indian right of occupancy was “*as sacred as the fee simple, absolute title of whites.*” Nevertheless, the Court held in 1955 that the Constitution required no compensation for the taking of Indian title land. The Court based its decision on the spurious distinction between aboriginal and treaty title and the policy of judicial deference to Congress’ control of the purse.

Tillamooks to Tee-Hit-Tons; an Experiment that Failed

On November 26, 1946, the proponents of Indian rights seemingly won an astonishing victory, when the Supreme Court in *United States v. Alsea Band of Tillamooks* (the Coquilles were party to this) granted compensation to certain tribes of Oregon Indians for a taking of their unrecognized Indian title lands. (Remember, the Senate failed to ratify the Coast Treaty, although they acted as if they had, and took the land anyway). The Tillamooks sued under a special act granting the Court of Claims jurisdiction to hear and adjudicate “*any and all legal and equitable claims arising under or growing out of the original Indian title, claim, or rights in the lands occupied by the Indian tribes and bands described [in certain unratified treaties].*”

This was the first case arising under a statute granting jurisdiction to Indian title claims to reach the Court. Chief Justice Vinson carefully explained that this jurisdictional act merely provided congressional consent to the removal of the bar of sovereign immunity. Since no new cause of action had been created, the Indians presumably had to base recovery on whatever legal and equitable rights grew out of Indian title.

In his opinion, the Chief justice did all but actually say that aboriginal title land was protected from uncompensated taking by the Fifth Amendment. In affirming the lower court’s decision to compensate the Indians for the taking of aboriginal title, the Court analogized to pre-Northwestern Band cases where Fifth Amendment liability turned upon the Government’s abuse of its guardianship duty and not upon the fortuity of “*treaty*” recognition. As the Chief Justice viewed prior Indian land compensation cases, the requirement of “*recognition*” was little more than a method of proving the existence of aboriginal title, rather than a prerequisite for compensation. Recovery under prior jurisdictional acts consenting to suit on Indian title claims had failed only because the claimants had been unable to prove their immemorial occupancy..... The Court avoided an express holding that recovery was based on the Fifth Amendment and opted

instead for a non-constitutional ground. Because Congress did not ratify the treaties negotiated with these Indians but nevertheless placed them on reservations, the determination that compensation be paid “*is only a fair result.*”

Although the majority opinion in *Tillamooks* did not specifically base its award of compensation on the Fifth Amendment, its reliance upon the analogy of Indian title to treaty title takings could be read to suggest that Indian title land was constitutionally protected. The first hint of a retreat from this position occurred in *Bynes v. Grimes Packing Co.*, where Justice Reed buried in a footnote his view that *Tillamooks* did not hold the Indian right of occupancy compensable (Reed wrote for the three dissenters in the *Tillamook* case), without specific legislative direction to make payment. Justice Reed’s footnote was disingenuous, however, for both the majority opinion in *Tillamooks* and his own dissent agreed that the act in question did not by itself mandate compensation. Although the theory of recovery was unclear, *Tillamooks* did establish that Indian title could, without more, support recovery.

When *Tillamooks* came before the Supreme Court for a second time on the Government’s appeal from an award of interest on the Indians’ recovery in the first suit, the award was held erroneous because compensation on the claim had not been grounded in the Fifth Amendment. The non-fifth amendment basis for the recovery in *Tillamooks I*, coupled with the silence of the special jurisdictional act on the matter of interest payable by the United States, meant that no interest could be awarded on the judgment, nowhere in its cryptic opinion, however, did the Court articulate what the basis of recovery in *Tillamooks* had been, if not the Fifth Amendment. Although one may but speculate, it is likely that the specter of huge, fiscally ruinous interest recoveries in Indian title litigation-recoveries potentially far in excess of the fair market value of the appropriated lands-dissuaded the *Tillamooks II* Court from constitutionalizing its prior decision.

The impact of fiscal considerations on the Supreme Court surfaced even more prominently in the case of the *Tee-Bit-Ton Indians v. United States*. In *Tee-Bit-Ton Indians* petitioner brought a claim, based on the Fifth Amendment, for taking by the United States of certain timber from Alaskan lands to which the Indians held unrecognized aboriginal title. In denying a constitutional duty of compensation, Justice Reed, writing for the Court, said that no previous case had held that a taking of Indian title required compensation. Recovery in *Tillamooks I* was viewed as deriving from a statutory directive in a special jurisdictional act to pay the *Tillamooks* for confiscated Indian title land in order to equalize their position with that of neighboring tribes which had previously been compensated. Indian occupation of land without sovereign recognition created no legal rights against taking or extinction to the United States.

Although difficult to reconcile with the reasoning in *Tillamooks I*, Mr. Justice Reed’s decision can best be understood as motivated by separation of power considerations. The monetary impact of a decision for the Indians on their constitutional claim was, as was Justice Reed’s want, buried in a footnote:

Three million dollars was involved in the *Tillamook* case, as the value of the land, and the interest granted by the Court of Claims was \$14,000,000. The Government pointed out that if Aboriginal Indian title was compensable without specific legislation to that effect, there were claims with estimated interest already pending under the Indian jurisdictional act aggregating \$9,000,000,000.⁴

Has anyone seen the latest Savings & Loan bailout figure recently? The requirement of formal sovereign recognition as a predicate for Fifth Amendment compensability has survived to this day.

Read “Understanding the Opinions – Part II.”

⁴ Indian Title: The Rights of American Natives in Land They Have Occupied Since Time Immemorial, National Indian Law Library.

*“Sell a country! Why not sell the air,
The great sea, as well as the earth?”*

Tecumseh
Shawnee

UNDERSTANDING THE OPINIONS¹

(FOLLOW-UP FROM DISCOVERY-HEATHENS-SLAVERY-RELIGIOUS
FREEDOM 1492-1992

Don Whereat (June, 1993)

Is there a legal right to compensate for the taking of original title by the United States?

Alcea Band of Tillamooks v. United States awarded compensation for such a taking but the recovery was not founded upon the Fifth Amendment. Upon what basis was compensation awarded? Justice Reed subsequently asserted that no legal rights whatsoever arise from aboriginal possession against a taking by the United States, and that the Alcea recovery was based upon Congressional direction to award compensation. This view is inconsistent with the Alcea opinion and the second decision therein did not specifically adopt it. Only Justice Black's concurring opinion suggested that the jurisdictional act directed compensation absent an otherwise existing right. Justice Reed himself had specifically rejected that interpretation of the act in his dissenting opinion. Surely all the Justices except Justice Black did not misunderstand the basis of their Alcea holding.

But if legal rights arose under Indian title against a taking by the United States which were not Fifth Amendment rights, as the Alcea opinion suggests, from what source might they have arisen?

Chief Justice Vinson found that:

*“Taking original Indian title without compensation and without consent does not satisfy the “high standards for fair dealing” required of the United States in controlling Indian affairs. **The Indians have more than a merely moral claim for compensation.**”*

These high standards were reflected in the history of United States policy in dealings with the Indians. A contrary decision would ignore the plain import of traditional methods of extinguishing original Indian title. It was usual policy not to coerce the surrender of lands without consent and without compensation. Something more than sovereign grace prompted the obvious regard given to the

¹ David T. LeBlond, “Compensable Rights in Original Indian Title,” Indian Legal Problems, June, 1971.

original Indian title. That something was the ***“high standards of fair dealing”*** required of the United States.

The Tee-Hit-Ton holding, despite Justice Reed’s opinion, did not necessarily deny the existence of the high standards of fair dealing and that they might be the source of Indian title rights against the United States. The claim asserted in Tee-Hit-ton was a Fifth Amendment claim only; that upheld in Alcea was not. Tee-Hit-Ton. Unlike Alcea, did not arise under a special jurisdictional act allowing claims based solely on Indian title, but under the Indian Claims Commission Act. The only possible claim under that Act’s jurisdiction was a Constitutional one, asserting a Fifth Amendment right to compensation. The Indians claimed “recognized” Indian title, which the Court acknowledged, is compensable under the Fifth Amendment, and thus the case turned upon the question whether such recognition had been accorded. The majority opinion ruled there had been no recognition and hence a Fifth Amendment claim was not established. The case was dismissed for lack of jurisdiction, since absent a Fifth Amendment claim; it did not arise under the Constitution. The dissenting opinion, arguing that the Indians did hold recognized title, found jurisdiction over the claim.

Unfortunately, Justice Reed’s assertions in the Tee-Hit-Ton opinion went beyond the holding and argued that no Indian title rights against the United States arise from any source, and that Alcea did not hold otherwise, were accepted as the law and reflected in subsequent Court of Claims opinions, though the cases did not turn on this issue. In *Miami Tribe v. United States* in 1959 the court declared that *“in general the United States does not have an obligation to compensate a tribe for unrecognized Indian title land,* “citing Tee-Hit-Ton as authority. A second opinion in *Tlingit and Halda Indians of* in 1968 on the amount of compensation to be awarded in that case indicated that, relying upon the Tee-Hit-Ton opinion, the Court of Claims now reads Alcea as holding that: *“Indian occupancy rights are compensable only if there is a clear statutory directive creating a right to compensation.”*

Thus it appears that Justice Reed’s particular view has prevailed, when reasserted as dictated in Tee-Hit-Ton, despite the fact that it was rejected when asserted in Alcea.

“HIGH STANDARDS OF FAIR DEALING” AS A SOURCE OF LEGAL RIGHTS

The necessary key to the Tee-Hit-Ton argument by Justice Reed, though not to the specific holding of that case, was the convenient reinterpretation of *Alcea* as a case in which compensation was awarded because the jurisdictional act specifically directed payment, not because Indian title itself was a compensable right. Without this reading of *Alcea* the argument that no legal rights in Indian title against the United States arise from any source would not prevail, unless, of course, *Alcea* were overruled, which it was not.

The contention that the *Alcea* award was based upon statutory direction, even if it is today the accepted rationalization of that case, is clearly inconsistent with the opinion. Chief Justice Vinson was able to find compensable rights in Indian title alone, rights which did not arise under the Fifth Amendment, but which were embodied in the “*high standards of fair dealing*” required of the United States. Recognition of these rights in *Alcea* suggests that a potentially significant source of Indian legal rights awaits only a reexamination of *Alcea* by the Supreme Court, which frees it from Justice Reed’s emasculating reinterpretation, and narrow reading of Indian legal rights,

What are these high standards of fair dealing and how did they create legal rights against a taking of Indian title by the United States?

Indian legal status is “anomalous” because its roots are found, not in constitutional law, but in the principles Chief Justice Marshall introduced in *Johnson v. McIntosh* to explain the historical development of the relationship between the Indians and the United States. The question of Indian title was at the heart of that relationship since, of the events, which shaped it; none was more important than the question of the ownership and possession of the land.

The fundamental characteristic of Indian legal status is the fact that they are subject to the *plenary power* of Congress, in the exercise of which the United States has extinguished the Indian title unilaterally.

Chief Justice Marshall established the foundations of this power, which arose largely outside the Constitution. In *Cherokee Nation v. Georgia*, characterizing the Indian tribes as “*domestic dependent nations*” whose relationship with the United States resembles that of a ward to his guardian, he declared that the Indians were under the “*sovereignty and dominion of the United States.*”

The roots of this dependency are found in the principles formulated in *Johnson v. McIntosh*. The United States acquired ultimate title to the land, which the Indians possessed only by Original title right of occupancy. The Indians were within the geographical limits of the United States.

“The soil and the people within these limits are under the political control of the Government of the United States or of the States of the Union. There exist within the broad domain of sovereignty but these two.”

The tribes were not sovereign, independent nations. The plenary power arose from this Indian dependency. The principle was stated in *United States v. Kagama* in 1885:

“These Indian tribes are the wards of the nation. They are communities dependent on the United States. From their weakness and helplessness, so largely due to the course of dealing of the Federal Government with them and the treaties in which it has been promised, there arises the duty of protection, and with it the power.”

Also outside the Constitution arose what can be termed “high standards of fair dealing,” inherent in the duty of protection from which the plenary power stems. These standards of fair dealing require that the Congressional power be exercised *“to control and manage”* the property and affairs of Indians in good faith for their betterment and welfare.” *Cherokee Nation v. Hitchcock* held that the “plenary power of control by Congress over the Indian tribes,” extended to the “administrative control of the government” to regulate “directly for the protection of the tribal property.”

The Court of Claims in *Fort Berthold Reservation v. United States* in 1968 concluded that:

“It is the good faith effort on the part of Congress to give the Indians the full value of their land that identifies the exercise by Congress of its plenary authority to manage the property of its Indian wards for their benefit.”

Without that effort to pay full compensation, a taking of Indian title would not be an act of good faith administration, not *“a mere change in the form of investment of Indian tribal property,”* but would violate the high standards which the plenary power encompasses and hence would exceed that authority. In the exercise of the plenary power to take Indian title Congress assumes the Obligation to compensate the Indians.

The basic principle was set forth in *United States v. Creek Nation*:

“The tribe was a dependent Indian community under the guardianship of the United States, and therefore its property and affairs were subject to the control and management of that government. While extending to all appropriate measures for protecting and advancing the tribe, it was subject to limitations inhering in such a guardianship and to pertinent constitutional restrictions. It did not enable the United States to give the tribal lands to others, or to appropriate them to its own purposes, without rendering or assuming an obligation to render, just compensation for them, for that “would not be an exercise of guardianship but an act of confiscation. “

Uncompensated taking of Indian title by the United States thus exceeds Congressional power and violates Indian legal rights.

As Felix Cohen pointed out:

“What the Federal Government undertook to protect was not only the welfare of the Indians – a slippery phrase which might have been twisted to justify a governmental oppression worse than that of private oppressors - but the rights of the Indians. Of the Indian property rights the most important was the right of the tribe to land occupied from time immemorial.”

The Supreme Court’s opinion in *Alcea Band of Tillamooks v. United States* concluded with a statement of the principle in *Creek*, and enforced the United States’ obligation to compensate for the taking of original Indian title by awarding recovery.

The power of Congress over Indian affairs may be of a plenary nature; but it is not absolute.

CONCLUSION

Alcea Band of Tillamooks v. United States held that compensation was required for the taking of Indian title by the United States; *Tee-Hit-Ton Indians v. United States* held that no such compensation was required. The accepted reading of these cases today, that *Alcea* was based upon statutory direction to award recovery and that *Tee-Hit-Ton* held Indian title is not otherwise compensable absent “recognition,” is derived from the persistent arguments of Justice Reed rather than the holdings themselves. I submit that in fact *Alcea* was decided on the basis of rights and obligations inherent in the legal relationship between the Indians and the United States, and that *Tee-Hit-Ton* held only that Indian title is not compensable under the Fifth Amendment. The *Alcea* decision opened the door to a significant extra-constitutional source of Indian legal rights which, although regrettably undermined by the *Tee-Hit-Ton* opinion, was not necessarily denied by that decision.

THE ROGUE RIVER WAR AND JAMES W. NESMITH

Don Whereat (July, 19930

Suppose a white man should come to me and say, "Joseph, I like your horses. I want to buy them." I say to him, "No, my horses suit me; I will not sell them."

Then he goes to my neighbor and says to him, "Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell."

My neighbor answers, "Pay me the money and I will sell you Joseph's horses."

The white man returns to me and says, "Joseph, I have bought your horses and you must let me have them."

"If we sold our land to the government, this is the way they bought them."

Chief Joseph

Nez Perce

I believe the following article is appropriate at this time because Polk County is lobbying hard to the Travel Information Council to erect an historical marker honoring Nesmith. Who was James W. Nesmith? If we are to believe the articles submitted by his supporters, he is destined for certain sainthood. It should be noted that his biography was submitted as part of supporting documents. It also should be noted that it was written by a descendent of his, Mrs. Harriet K. McArthur. Let us hear what the man himself has to say, also some of his contemporaries. First, the background of the Rogue River War in which Mr. Nesmith tells us of his heroics.

Forward

"The Indian depredations and outrages committed in the spring of 1853 so exasperated the people of southern Oregon that a small company of volunteers, under Captain Isaac Hill, who had obtained arms and ammunition from Captain Alden, then in command at Fort Jones, California, attacked a body of Indians near Ashland, killing six. The remaining Indians fled, but speedily returned to that vicinity with reinforcements, and wrought bloody destruction upon a company of emigrants."

"A messenger was dispatched to Governor Curry, who at once requested Major Rains, then in command at Fort Vancouver, to furnish a howitzer, rifles, and ammunition. The request was promptly granted. Lieut. A.V. Kautz and six artillerymen, taking with them a howitzer, started for the seat of war. An escort

was deemed necessary. The Governor called for volunteers. A company was soon raised, and James W. Nesmith was commissioned its captain."

"He marched to Albany and there awaited the arrival of Lieutenant Kautz. This occurred shortly afterward, and the whole party proceeded southward, but did not reach the seat of war until the troops, volunteers and regulars, under command of General Lane and Captain Alden, respectively, had engaged the Indians with such success as to induce the latter to request a parley, with a view of entering into a treaty, which was shortly thereafter signed and sealed, and in due time ratified. More than a quarter of a century after these events took place, Nesmith thus thrillingly described them:"

A REMINISCENCE OF THE INDIAN WAR - 1853¹

By James W. Nesmith²

"During the month of August, 1853, the different tribes of Indians inhabiting the Rogue River Valley, in southern Oregon, suddenly assumed a hostile attitude. They murdered many settlers and miners, and burned nearly all of the buildings for over a hundred miles along the main-traveled route, extending from Cow Creek, on the north, in a southerly direction to the Siskiyou Mountains. General Lane, at that time being in the Rogue River Valley, at the request of citizens assumed control of a body of militia, suddenly called for the defense of the settlers."

"Captain Alden of the regular army, and Col. John E. Ross of Jackson County, joined General Lane and served under his command. Old Jo, John and Sam were the principal leaders of the Indians, aided by such young and vigorous warriors as George and Limpy."

"The Indians collected in a large body, and retreated northward in the direction of the Umpqua. General Lane made a vigorous pursuit, and on the 24th of August, overtook and attacked the foe in a rough, mountainous and heavily timbered region upon Evans Creek. The Indians had fortified their encampment by fallen timber, and being well supplied with arms and ammunition, made a vigorous resistance. In an attempt to charge through the brush, General Lane was shot through the arm and Captain Alden received a wound from which he never fully recovered. Several other of the attacking party were wounded, some of whom subsequently died of their injuries. Capt. Pleasant Armstrong, an old and respected citizen of Yamhill County, was shot through the heart, and died instantly."

"The Indians and whites were so close together that they could easily converse. The most of them knew General Lane, and when they found that he was in command of the troops, they called out to "*Joe Lane*" and asked him to

¹ Oregon Historical Society, Vol. 7, p. 213.

² Since the Nesmith Report is reprinted, only Nesmith's quoting someone else will be in italics.

come into their camp to arrange some terms for a cessation of hostilities. The General, with more courage than discretion, in his wounded condition, ordered a cessation of hostilities and fearlessly walked into the hostile camp, where he saw many wounded Indians, together with several who were dead and being burned to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy, which clearly demonstrated that the Indians had gotten the worst of the fight. After a long conference, it was finally agreed that there should be a cessation of hostilities, and that both parties should return to the neighborhood of Table Rock, on the north side of the Rogue River Valley, and that an armistice should exist until Gen. Joel Palmer, then Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, could be sent for, and that a treaty should be negotiated with the United States authorities in which all grievances should be adjusted between the parties. Both whites and Indians marched back slowly over the same trail, encumbered with their wounded, each party keeping a vigilant watch of the other. General Lane encamped on Rogue River, while the Indians selected a strong and almost inaccessible position, high up, and just under the perpendicular cliffs of Table Rock, to await the arrival of *Superintendent Palmer and Agent Culver.*”

“At the commencement of hostilities, the people of Rogue River Valley were sadly deficient in arms and ammunition, many of the settlers and miners having traded their arms to the Indians, who were much better equipped for war than their white neighbors. The rifle and revolver had displaced the bow and arrow, and the war club with which the native was armed when the writer of this knew and fought them in 1848.”

“General Lane and Captain Alden at the commencement of the outbreak had sent an express to Governor George L. Curry, then Secretary and acting Governor. Major Rains of 4th U.S. Infantry, commanding the district, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver, was called upon to supply the threatened settlers with arms and ammunition. Major Rains responded to the call for arms and ammunition, but was deficient in troops to escort them to their destination at the seat of war. Governor Curry at once authorized the writer to raise seventy-five men and escort the arms to the threatened settlements. The escort was soon raised in the town of Salem, and marched to Albany, where it waited a couple of days for the arrival of Second Lieutenant August V. Kautz in charge of the wagons with rifles and cartridges, together with a twelve-pound howitzer, and a good supply of fixed ammunition. Kautz was then fresh from West Point, and this was his first campaign. He subsequently achieved the rank of major general, and rendered good service during the ‘late unpleasantness’ with the South, and is now *colonel of the 8th U.S. Infantry.*”

“After a toilsome march, dragging the howitzer and other materials of war through the Umpqua Canyon, and up and down the mountain trails, made slippery by recent rains, we arrived at General Lane’s encampment on Rogue River, near the subsequent site of Fort Lane, on the 8th day of September on the same day as Capt. A.J. Smith, since the distinguished General Smith of the Union Army, arrived at headquarters with Company C, First Dragoons.”

“The accession of Captain Smith’s company and my own gave General Lane a force sufficient to cope with the enemy, then supposed to be about 700 strong. The encampment of the Indians was still on the side of the mountains, of which Table Rock forms the summit, and at night we could plainly see their camp fire, while they could look directly down upon us. The whole command was anxious and willing to fight, but General Lane had pledged the Indians that an effort should be made to treat for peace. Superintendent Palmer and Agent Culver were upon the ground. The armistice had not yet expired, and the 10th was fixed for the time of the council. On the morning of that day General Lane sent for me, and desired me to go with him to the council ground inside the Indian encampment, to act as interpreter, as I was master of the Chinook jargon, I asked the General upon what terms we were to meet the Indians. He replied that the agreement was that the meeting should take place within the encampment of the enemy, and that ten other men of his own selection, unarmed, would accompany him.”

“Against those terms I protested, and told the General that I had traversed that country five years before, and fought those same Indians; that they were notoriously treacherous, and in early times had earned the designation of “Rogues,” by never permitting a white man to escape with his scalp when once within their power; that I knew them better than he did, and that it was criminal folly for eleven un-armed men to place themselves voluntarily within the power of seven hundred well armed, hostile Indians in their own secure encampment. I reminded him that I was a soldier in command of a company of cavalry and was ready to obey his order to lead my men into action, or to discharge any soldierly duty, no part of which was to go into the enemy’s camp as an unarmed interpreter. The General listened to my protest and replied that he had fixed upon the terms of meeting the Indians and should keep his word, and if I was afraid to go I could remain behind. When he put it upon that ground, I responded that I thought I was as little acquainted with fear as he was, and that I would accompany him to what I believed would be our slaughter.”

“Early on the morning of the 10th of September 1853, we mounted our horses and rode out in the direction of the Indian encampment. Our party consisted of the following named persons: Gen. Joseph Lane; Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs; Samuel P. Culver, Indian Agent; Capt. A.J. Smith, 1st Dragoons; Capt. L.F. Mosher, Adjutant; Col. John E. Ross; Capt. J.W. Nesmith; Lieut. A.V. Kautz; R.B. Metcalf; J.D. Mason; T.T. Tierney. By reference to the U.S. Statutes at Large, vol. 10, p 1020, the most of the above names will be found appended to the treaty that day executed. After riding a couple of miles across the level valley, we came to the foot of the mountain where it was too steep for horses to ascend, We dismounted and hitched our horses and scrambled up for half a mile over huge rocks and through brush, and then found ourselves in the Indian stronghold, just under the perpendicular cliff of Table Rock, and surrounded by seven hundred fierce and well armed hostile savages, in all their gorgeous war paint and feathers. Captain Smith had drawn out his company of dragoons, and left them in line on the plain below. It was a bright,

beautiful morning, and the Rogue River Valley lay like a panorama at our feet; the exact line of dragoons, sitting statue like upon their horses, with their white belts and burnished scabbards and carbines, looked like they were eng raven upon a picture, while a few paces in our rear the huge perpendicular wall of the Table Rock towered, frowningly, many hundred feet above us. The business of the treaty commenced at once. Long speeches were made by General Lane and Superintendent Palmer; they had to be translated twice. When an Indian spoke in the Rogue River tongue, it was translated by an Indian interpreter into Chinook or Jargon to me, when I translated it into English; when Lane or Palmer spoke, the process was reversed, I giving the speech to the Indian interpreter in Chinook, and he translating it to the Indians in their own tongue. This double translation of long speeches made the labor tedious, and it was not until late in the afternoon that the treaty was completed and signed. In the meantime an episode occurred which came near terminating the treaty as well as the representation of the "*high contracting parties*" in a sudden and tragic manner. About the middle of the afternoon a young Indian came running into camp stark naked, with the perspiration streaming from every pore, he made a brief harangue, and threw himself upon the ground apparently exhausted. His speech had created a great tumult among his tribe. General Lane told me to inquire of the Indian interpreter the cause of the commotion; the Indian responded that a company of white men down on Applegate Creek, and under the command of Captain Owen, had that morning captured an Indian known a Jim Taylor, and had tied him up to a tree and shot him to death. The hubbub and confusion among the Indians at once became intense, and murder glared from each savage visage. The Indian interpreter told me that the Indians were threatening to tie us up to trees and sever us as Owen's men had served Jim Taylor. I saw some Indians gathering up lass-ropes, while others drew the skin covers from their guns, and the wiping sticks from their muzzle."

"There appeared a strong probability of our party being subjected to a sudden volley. I explained as briefly as I could, what the interpreter had communicated to me, in order to keep our people from huddling together, and thus make a better target for the savages. I used a few English words, not likely to be understood by the Indian interpreter, such as "*disperse*" and "*segregate*." In fact, we kept so close to the savages, and separated from one another, that any general firing must have been nearly as fatal to the Indians as to the whites."

"While I admit that I thought that my time had come, and hurriedly thought of wife and children, I noticed nothing but coolness among my companions. General Lane sat upon a log, with his arm bandaged in sling, the lines about his mouth rigidly compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed fire. He asked brief questions, and gave me sententious answers to what little the

Indians said to us. Capt. A.J. Smith, who was prematurely gray haired, and was afflicted with a nervous snapping of the eyes, leaned upon his cavalry saber, and looked anxiously down upon his well formed line of dragoons in the valley below. His eyes snapped more vigorously than usual; and muttered words

escaped from under the old Dragoon's mustache that did not sound like prayers; his squadron looked beautiful, but alas, they could render us no assistance. I sat down on a log close to old Chief Joe, and having a sharp hunting knife under my hunting shirt, kept one hand near its handle, determined that there would be one Indian made "good" about the time the firing commenced."

"In a few moments General Lane stood up and commenced to speak slowly but very distinctly. He said: 'Owens who has violated the armistice and killed Jim Taylor, is a bad man. He is not one of my soldiers. When I catch him he shall be punished. I promised in good faith to come into your camp, with other unarmed men to secure peace. Myself and men are placed in your power; I do not believe that you are such cowardly dogs as to take advantage of our unarmed condition. I know that you have the power to murder us, and you can do so as quickly as you please, but what good will our blood do you? Our murder will exasperate our friends and your tribe will be hunted from the face of the earth. Let us proceed with the treaty, and in place of war, have a lasting peace.' Much more was said in this strain by the General, all rather defiant, and nothing of a begging character. The excitement gradually subsided, after Lane promised to give a fair compensation for the defunct Jim Taylor in shirts and blankets."

"The treaty of the 10th of September 1853 was completed and signed and peace restored for the next two years. Our party wended their way among the rocks down to where our horses were tied, and mounted. Old A.J. Smith galloped up to his squadron and gave a brief order. The bugle sounded a note or two and the squadron wheeled and trotted off to camp. As General Lane and party rode back across the valley, we looked up and saw the rays of the setting sun gilding the summit of Table Rock. I drew a long breath and remarked to the old General that the next time he wanted to go unarmed into a hostile camp he must hunt up some one besides myself to act as interpreter. With a benignant smile he responded, "*God bless you, luck is better than science.*"

"I never hear the fate of General Canby at the Modoc camp, referred to, that I do not think of our narrow escape of a similar fate at Table Rock." Rickreall, April 20, 1879."

Nesmith himself, and his supporters, present him as a fearless Indian fighter. Perhaps he was, but the tone of his writing and his reference to "*one Indian made good*" was all too typical of his contemporary's observations:

T.W. Davenport:³ "*Of all the several superintendents of Indian affairs for Oregon with whom I became acquainted and had some knowledge of their work, only two of them, Joel Palmer and Anson B. Meachem, claimed to have any faith in the Indian as a progressive being. The others, Nesmith, Geary, Rector and Huntington, were competent to superintend the machinery of the several agencies in their department, but without any intent, begotten either of Christian*

³ T.W. Davenport, "Recollections of an Indian Agent," Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol. 8, pg. 234.

duty, scientific curiosity or altruistic feeling, of trying the effect of civilizing stimulus upon him. They were content to perform their official duties satisfactorily to the Washington authorities, to their own fellow citizens, and keep the Indians off the warpath.”

One Malcolm Clark⁴ characterized him as among the most popular democrats as well as being “*a monumental gossip... slightly rowdy, a bit irregular in his habits, possessed of a robust wit not always wisely used ...*” Nesmith also spent some time in the state hospital, although to be fair, that was in his later years.

The following is another account as to when Nesmith and Kautz arrived on the scene. “*At some time during the battle, the Indians learned that Lane, whom they much admired, was on the field. Although the Rogues were well fortified and had plenty of weapons and ammunition, Lane’s presence apparently prompted them to sue for peace. Lane went to the Indians’ camp, where they were burning the bodies of the dead so the whites could not desecrate them, and went into council with Chiefs Joe, Sam, and Jim. The Chiefs assured Lane that they were ready to remove to a reservation, and they agreed to hold a treaty council in early September. Lane wrote Palmer at Yoncalla on 31st of August to inform him that his presence was expected at the council. An unusual truce prevailed. The combatants pastured their horses together; Indian women brought water to the wounded whites while their men helped carry the litters of the wounded twenty-five miles through the mountains to Jacksonville. I find no mention of humane or Christian conduct on the part of the superior race,”* wrote Bancroft.

In fact, not far away, members of the “*superior race*” were behaving in a manner far from humane. A miner named Bates lured some Grave Creek Indians into his cabin with a promise of food and then shot them all, an act severely condemned in the pages of the *Spectator*. Also, a band of volunteers from Crescent City arrived in Jacksonville bearing a banner lettered with one word: **EXTERMINATION**. Now, too, Lieutenant Kautz arrived with the howitzer and James W. Nesmith and valley volunteers cantered into camp, described by an observer as General Sam Houston had described the Texas Rangers: “*Anything but gentlemen and cowards;*” brave ruffians, in other words.

A volunteer with Nesmith seems to refute Nesmith’s characterization of the Indians. As for the Indians whom this volunteer came to fight, he found them full of “*firmness, determination and chivalry... even their daughters acted with a heroism which would have done honor to a more enlightened race.*”... He then stated the Indian side of the conflict about as well as the Indians might have done themselves: “*A few years since the whole valley was theirs alone. No white man’s foot had ever trod it. They believed it theirs forever. But the gold digger come, with his pan and pick and shovel and hundreds followed. And they saw in astonishment their streams muddied, towns built, their valley fenced and taken.*

⁴Terrence O’Donnell, *An Arrow in the Earth*, p. 66.

*And where their squaws dug Camus, their winter food, and their children were wont to gambol, they saw dug and plowed, and their own food sown by the hand of nature, rooted out forever, and the ground it occupied appropriated to the rearing of vegetables for the white man. Perhaps no malice yet entered the Indian breast. But when he was weary of hunting in the mountains without success, and was hungry, and approached the white man's tent for bread; where instead of bread he received curses and kicks, ye treaty kicking men-ye Indian exterminators think of these."*⁵

⁵ibid. pp. 150-151

C. H. MOTT LETTER BEGGING FOR TREATY RATIFICATION - 1859

Don Whereat (October, 1993)

"The earth was created by the assistance of the sun, and it should be left as it was ... The country was made without lines of demarcation, and it is no man's business to divide it ... I see the whites all over the country gaining wealth, and see their desire to give us lands which are worthless ... The earth and myself are of one mind The measure of the land and the measure of our bodies are the same. Say to us if you can say it that you were sent by the Creative Power to talk to us. Perhaps you think the Creator sent you here to dispose of us as you see fit. If I thought you were sent by the Creator I might be induced to think you had a right to dispose of me. Do not misunderstand me, but understand me fully with reference to my affection for the land. I never said the land was mine to do with it as I chose. The one who has the right to dispose of it is the one who has created it; I claim a right to live on my land, and accord you the privilege to live on yours.

Chief Joseph

M-234 R-611F-1094-1123

The following is a letter from C. H. Mott, Commissioner: (Italics quotations are not used.)

Washington City
February 11th, 1859

Honorable J. W. Denver
Commissioner of Indian Affairs

Sir:

I was instructed to visit the Territories of Oregon and Washington, for the purpose of making proper enquiries as to the general character and merits of the treaties made with the Indian tribes therein, now before the Senate with the view of reporting upon the necessity or expediency of their ratification.

Also to institute such a course of enquiries as would elicit the most reliable information, as regards the efficiency of the policy that has been pursued for the Indian Service in those territories, since the treaties were made; and whether or not a change of that policy, which would necessarily ensue, in the event of their ratification, would be advantageous to the true interests of the Indians and the Department.

The limited time occupied in the prosecution of these enquiries, embracing subjects with which I had but little acquaintance, induced me to address a circular letter, (copy herewith marked A) to the various Agents within those territories, and one of like import, to a number of other gentlemen, whose long residence in the Indian country, and general intelligence, led me to suppose,

would be able and willing to furnish the information necessary to a satisfactory discharge of the duties enjoined.

The absence of mail facilities, and my very hurried departure from, the country, prevented me from obtaining responses from several of those gentlemen, yet it is hoped that the accompanying communications, marked B.C.D. E. F. G. H., will authorize the suggestions I may submit, and, sustain the conclusions I shall reach.

Of the treaties made with the Indian tribes in Oregon, the following have been confirmed viz., with the Rogue Rivers of Sept. 10th 1853 and Sept. 15th, 1854. Cow Creeks of Umpqua Valley Sept. 19th, 1853. Chastas Scotons, Grave Creek, etc. Nov. 18th 1854. Umpquas and Calapooias Nov. 29th 1854, and the Willamette confederated bands January 4th 1855. Of those made in Washington, but one, that of Medicine Creek, with Nisqually, Puyallup etc. has been ratified.

The treaties now before the Senate, were all framed up on the same basis, and are identical in their general features with those confirmed.

The end sought to be attained, by them, is, the extinguishment of the Indian title to the lands, upon which they live, and to remove them within localities of circumscribed limits, called Reservations, where they might be guarded and protected against the contaminating influences of bad white men; provided with farming implements, seed, schools, trained workmen and subsistence, until such time as it is believed they can be induced to abandon their roving, thriftless habits, for the pursuits of agriculture, and to surrender their barbarous customs, for the faith and practices of civilized life. This is the "general character and merits" of those treaties. In order to a proper understanding of "the necessity or expediency of their ratification" it is well first to enquire into the success of the Reservation policy, as manifested by its workings with those tribes whose treaties have been confirmed and to see "whether or not a change of that policy would be advantageous to the true interest of the Indians and Department."

From all I have seen and learned from trustworthy sources, the success of this Reservation system has not been commensurate with the heavy expenditures of money or equal to the expectations of those who inaugurated it, yet I am thoroughly convinced that no better system for the elevation and welfare of the Indian race, for the protection of our own people, and the interests of the Government, can be devised; and that in all those places where it has been pronounced a failure, the fault can be shown to be, not in the system itself, but in the manner in which it has been organized, or in the persons commissioned to administer it.

Whilst it is true that this system has not produced the good results anticipated in its inception, or kept pace with the extravagant promises of those appointed to execute it, the experiences of the past few years, with some of these tribes show a vast improvement from their former degradation, and affords ample grounds for encouragement to the friends of the system.

The difficulty of suggesting a substitute would seem to admonish us against its abandonment, and require a thorough scrutiny into its workings, with a view to a full and accurate understanding of all its merits and demerits, in order that the last may be corrected if possible, and the system fairly tested.

The rapid settlement of all parts of the country, by our people, renders it impossible for the poor Savage to find room in which to continue his roving and wild existence.

The result of an uncontrolled and indiscriminate intermingling of the races has ever been and will continue to be most disastrous to one or the other.

Whilst the Indian is slow to adapt himself to the pursuits of agriculture, and the habits of civilized life, he is apt in the acquirement of such vices as tend to demoralize, debase, and destroy him.

Their numbers are constantly and rapidly decreasing from disease, the result of prostitution and drunkenness propagated among them by the whites.

History establishes no fact more clearly, than that wherever a superior and inferior race come in immediate contact, the latter must become demoralized and perish, unless brought into a state of legalized subordination to the former, and its most manifest that some uniform vigorous system must be adopted for the elevation of the Indian race from their present miserable physical and mental condition, or the time is not far distant when they will be forever blotted out from the face of the earth.

Then, if the welfare of the Indians is to be taken into the account, if his elevation is contemplated, if indeed the debasement and ultimate destruction of the entire race in these territories be not a "consummation devoutly to be wished," something must be done to restrain or control the intercourse between them and the whites. How can this be accomplished, unless it is by collecting the Indians within the narrow compass of Reservations, and compelling them to remain where white men are not permitted to go, except in the employment of the Indians service?

I am not one of those who believe the Indian capable of attaining a high state of civilized culture, ore deserving to be placed on an equality with our people by endowing them with the rights and privileges of American citizens. They are averse to all kinds of labor, either physical or intellectual, and some change from the manner in which the Reservation system is at present administered, is absolutely necessary.

The practice of employing the Indians and paying them for any service they may feel inclined to perform towards procuring their own subsistence is absurd, and should be abandoned; They should be left without choice, be made to understand their subordinate position, and tutelage, be obliged to remain within the prescribed limits, and coerced to perform all the labor required for the

raising of supplies, and without any compensation, other than is obtained in the products of that labor.

This is in my judgment, the only way in which anything of an enduring character can be done towards the improvement of the Indian. He must be compelled to acquire the habits and capacity for production, construction and self support. Constraint should be legalized, and for years made the basis of our policy under the Reservation system.

The response to my enquiries from Capt. Thomas Jordan, U.S.A., who is a most intelligent gentleman and of large experience among the Indians on our Western Coast, confirms these views and adds: "*That under such a system the Indians may be trained into an ability to support themselves in abundance and comfort, will be denied or doubted by no one acquainted with the notable results attained in former years at the great missionary Ranches of California. There, a few Jesuit and Franciscan Priests, backed by a handful of soldiers, with the scantiest means, and the rudest tools and implements, were able to collect large bodies of Indians at suitable points, where thousands of acres, were quickly made by Indian labor, to teem with grain and vegetables. By the same labor too, were constructed grand works of irrigation, by which arid wastes were converted into rich fields, broad vineyards, olive groves and gardens of tropical verdure, fecund with fruit of every variety.*"

"By Indian hands, too, were built those great masses of buildings-churches, warehouses, and dwellings for Priests and the Indian of no mean order of architecture; the ruins of which now stand monuments of a noble and sagacious effort for the civilization of the Indian, and of his capacity for an efficient culture. At the same time, too, under the wise but coercive administration of these Priests, the valleys and hills, adjoining their Ranchos, were covered with countless herds of horses, horned cattle and sheep, and the ware houses built by Indians becoming filled with the surplus products of Indian industry, their grew up a considerable traffic and commerce, in which the Priests were the Factors for their Neophytes".

"These Priests, seem from the plastic nature of their creed, and the great use made by them of sensuous symbols, to make the most successful missionaries, whether in India, Africa, or with the Indians of America; they, far better than our iconoclastic protestant missionaries seem to have reached the level of the Indian, or uncultured mind; and by their symbols have opened to them a glimpse at least of the light. All that the Priests accomplished could be reproduced with a yet higher degree of success in our day."

The treaties made by Governor Stevens and General Palmer, as I understand their terms, have been framed under a just sense of our national obligations to the Aborigines, and are equitable for the Government. By their provisions for locating the Indians within circumscribed limits, providing them with mills, schools, farmers, and agricultural implements, all the material means are furnished necessary for their instruction in the ways of a life, in which alone they

can long exist, and I am therefore of the opinion that all of these treaties should be ratified.

It will be observed that I have reached this conclusion from considerations touching the Indian and his welfare alone. There are other potent reasons to which I shall but briefly allude, as they are forcibly presented, in the accompanying papers, and have been often times urged through official reports.

By the ordinance of 1787, we solemnly resolved; *“That the utmost good faith shall always be observed towards the Indians, their lands and property shall never be taken from them without their consent; and in their property, rights, and liberty, they shall never be disturbed, unless in just and lawful wars, authorized by Congress; but laws founded in justice and humanity, shall from time to time, be made for preventing wrongs being done to them, and for preserving peace with them.”*

We have enacted laws to prevent encroachments upon the Indian’s land, prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits among them, forbidding a purchase of their lands by individuals or by a State, unless affected under the supervision and with the approbation of the Federal Government.

Had the policy here indicated, and which was pursued with the Indians in the earlier days of our intercourse with them, been practiced towards the tribes in Oregon and Washington would the millions of money required to prosecute the various wars with those Indians have been expended. Let the report of J. Ross Browne, who was appointed especially to investigate the subject, and the history of all our “Indian difficulties” respond. By the Donation Law of Congress, passed Sept. 27th, 1850, Government abandoned its former wise and humane policy of recognizing the rights of the Indian to the possession of his land, until extinguished by purchase and mutual agreement. The country was opened up to settlement. The whites were not only invited, but encouraged by the offer of so many acres in fee simple, to occupy the same, regardless of the rights of the Indians. It is true that about the same time Congress by law, did authorize a commission to negotiate for these lands, by treaty, but the treaties under that Commission were rejected and those made since, have been permitted to slumber on the table of the Senate, whilst the lands of the poor savages are almost entirely occupied by our people, and as a consequence, their means of living by the chase becoming day by day more and more precarious. We have seen the deleterious effects to the Indians, when occupying the lands in common with the whites, and it is but little less unfortunate for the one race than the other, whilst the war debt now before Congress, and the heavy expenditures of the military Department in suppressing disturbances, growing out of this joint occupancy, shows that the National Treasury is not exempt from serious losses and depletions.

What has been said is applicable to the unratified treaties as a whole, yet each one of them is entitled to the benefit of a special consideration, on account of some peculiar feature which would seem to justify, if not demand, its

ratification; For instance, there are at the Siletz Reservation about 2040 Indians, 487 of those have been noted for their blood thirstiness and hostility to the whites, it was they, who precipitated Southern Oregon into the war of 1855, by the perpetration of unprovoked and most diabolical butcheries in Rogue River Valley. The treaty made with these people has been ratified, and they are annually receiving annuities from the Government, whilst that with the remaining 1553, located upon the same Reservation, controlled by the same Agents, and many of them, always the friends of the white man, has been left unratified, and they are deprived of the promised annuities. Each year when goods are distributed to the Rogue River Indians, those of the "Confederated Coast Tribes" very naturally enquire for the goods that were promised them, and it has been impossible to explain the matter in such a way as to relieve their minds from a suspicion of unfairness, and gross partiality on the part of the Government.

Whilst at the Siletz (6th Nov. last), I held a council with the chief men of the Coast Tribes, with a view to ascertain their wishes and expectations concerning the treaty. I explained the object of my mission and requested them to speak their minds freely; that I would take down what they had to say, and show it to the President, who he might know, as from their own mouths, what their wishes were, and how their hearts were inclined.

Ty-gon-ee-shee (Port Orford Chief) spoke as follows:

"I am tired of talking. More than twelve moons ago; we had a talk with a white chief, who came here with General Lane, (J. Ross Browne). He represented himself as you do, promised to carry our hearts to the President, and send us his in return. He has not done so and how do we know that you won't lie as he did? My heart is not bad, but we are shamed because the whites have taken our lands. I have always given my ear to the talk of white chiefs. General Palmer promised that if we would sell our lands, and come here we should have houses and live like white people. We came and have been very poor ever since. I am not the chief I was, but more like an old woman. There is no blood of the white man on my hands. My heart has always good. When i see some of the Indians getting goods, and none are given to me or my people, my heart is sick, and I want to back to my native country. We won't work, and can't stay here."

Here I explained to them, that they could not go back to their former homes, for their lands were now occupied by the whites, and they would be killed if they attempted it. That the President intended they should remain upon the Reservation; that his heart was kind towards his red children, and he was willing to furnish assistance (as he had done) to enable them to live comfortably and happily. He too was tired, tired of feeding a people who would not work. They must work or starve, for our great Chief was unwilling to feed them always. Their land was good; they had farming implements, and persons to instruct them, and if they would but work, as the whites do, they could soon have good houses, farms, cattle and everything necessary to their comfort and happiness.

The game was fast disappearing from the neighboring hills, and no longer afforded a reliable means of support-whilst by cultivating the soil, they could soon have an abundant supply, at all seasons of the year, and become as healthy and prosperous as the whites in Kings Valley. That if there were no more Indian difficulties, and the President was satisfied fork there talk, that their hearts were good, that they were inclined to work, and contented to remain where they were, he would build them mills, and continue to assist them. That he did not intend to keep their lands without paying for them etc, etc.

The next Chief who spoke was Ah-chess-ee of the Euchre Creek band:

"I am glad to see you and hear you talk. I want to talk good for it makes me feel better, and I will not say anything about returning to my native land. I have been to Kings Valley and seen how rich the whites were. I know that by working we can have everything like they do. When we get mills we will be white people. if I only had a good house now, I and a horse to ride, I would be content. I will keep your talk and not laugh it off I have as it were forgotten my native land, and thrown away my bad heart. I want all my people to be good and will endeavor to make them so We will never fight the whites anymore; If any Indian kills a white man, I will tell who did it, and will always shut my ears to bad counsel. I don't want the President to get tired. My talk is done."

Jackson (Coquille Chief):

"My heart is just like Ah-chessee, his talk is mine. Palmer asked us to sell our land, and we did so. I am willing to give it up, but am tired waiting for the pay he promised. My heart is good though my clothes are bad. Some get more clothes than we do, although my people were friends to the white man, when we lived in our native country and our hearts are all right yet. The land is good here and I am satisfied with it. I am a Chief and don't work myself, but will make my people work. Old Indians don't know how to work and can't learn. The young ones will work, and will soon be like the whites. Tell the President we will always be friendly towards the whites, and we hope he will make Palmers talk good by building us a mill, and giving us houses to live in. My talk is ended."

The Agent, (R.B. Metcalf) has had much trouble in the management of the Indians upon this Reservation, and it is to be attributed in part, to the fact that some receive annuities and others do not; If these Indians are to be kept together it is absolutely essential for their proper control and the success of the Agency, that the treaty with the coast tribes should be ratified and they put upon an equal footing with the Rogue Rivers.

As I did not visit the Indians in charge of Sub-Agent A. P. Drew, at the Umpqua Sub-Agency, I have special facts to mention in connection with a ratification of their treaty. It is submitted that accompanying report (marked C) indicates a necessity for the prompt action of the President and Senate.

The few objections urged in the accompanying papers, against particular treaties, or particular features in some of the treaties, have not been discussed in this report, because they are all deemed immaterial or insignificant compared with the great public necessity for locating these Indians within bounds, where they may be prevented from depredating upon the whites and made to acquire such habits of civilized life, as will enable them to support themselves.

Whilst it is true that a ratification of these treaties may increase the expenditure of the Indian service for a time, it is perfectly apparent to my mind, that it will obviate a further necessity for the large appropriations required for the army service and war debts, in subduing a people, made hostile by a "penny wise and pound foolish policy," and that it will in the end prove to be the most economical course we could adopt.

The course hitherto pursued by Congress of voting appropriations utterly inadequate to discharge our national obligations to the Aborigines, followed by the heavy expenditures there by necessarily entailed on the War Department, besides being amenable to many other objections, has, with the usual fate of a parsimonious policy proved to be the most expensive in the end.

We have taken from these people a country-some of which is as fine as ever the sun shone on; we have made millions of money by the bargains, yet refuse to comply with our portion of the contract. Justice, Humanity, and every principle of fair dealing, imperiously demand the ratification of these treaties.

Very Respectfully,
Your Ob't. Serv't.
C. H. Mott
Commissioner

JOHN BEESON: DEFENDER OF INDIANS' SOVEREIGNTY

Excerpts are from: "A Plea for the Indians" by John Beeson.
Don Whereat (June, 1991)

Indians are tolerated these days as long as they don't assert any rights, by that I mean, claims to stolen aboriginal land or the right to hunt and fish on traditional hunting and fishing grounds. It was only a generation or so ago that it was not safe to be an Indian, or perhaps just as bad, to be an Indian sympathizer.

Such a person was John Beeson. He immigrated to the Rogue Valley in 1853. John and Ann Welborn Beeson came from England about 1828-30 and settled briefly in Ithaca, New York. In 1834 or 1835 he moved his family to La Salle County, Illinois, to try farming. A son, Welborn, was born soon after their arrival.

Tiring of the wind and lack of trees in Illinois, the family decided in 1853 to move to Oregon where they hoped the environment would be more like their native England.

It was during this journey that Beeson first became aware of the plight of the Indians, for he writes; *"I left Illinois in March 1853, in route, across the plains, for Oregon; and like many others, anticipated the pleasure of seeing Humanity in its various phases of savage, barbaric, and semi-civilized life"*.

"We encamped at Havensville, on the Missouri, and waited several days, in order that grass might afford sufficient feed before we ventured beyond the possibility of purchase. It was here that we had our first sight of the Indians; and truly our hearts sickened at the view. There were men and women, with naturally fine forms, and minds capable of development, yet evidently besotted, and sunk below their original barbarism. Tobacco and whiskey and the accumulation of civilized vices, had done their work. Some of them were begging for bread, apparently in great destitution; and surely it would be put a poor return for the lands of which we have deprived them, to devise, and put into operation, some means by which these poor outcasts may be saved from beggary and utter starvation."

Passing through Sioux territory Beeson remarked on their *"cleanliness and fine bearing"* and how well fed their ponies appeared. The party passed by several other tribes with no trouble, but then he writes, *"a disastrous occurrence took place."*

"A company of emigrants having a sick cow, which was unable to travel further abandoned the poor-animal, and left her-by the wayside. The Indians, seeing she was given up, killed her-for-their" own use.

The emigrants, hearing of this, reported at Fort Laramie that the Indians had stolen and killed some of their cattle, upon which, an officer, with a detachment of thirty men, was sent to demand the thief. The Indians, knowing the certainty and severity of impending punishment, for there was the hide, and even the beef, in visible possession, refused or hesitated to give up any of their number as the criminal; for they well knew that nothing which they could plead would have the least weight with the accusers.

The military order was peremptorily insisted on; and to enforce obedience, a volley was fired over their camp; either-by design or accident, the chief fell dead in the midst. Nothing was more natural than that the Indians should, in their-turn, attack the assailants. Every principle of right or honor recognized among them demanded this; and twenty eight of the white men fell dead beneath the force of their justly-excited resentment.”

In consequence of this the Indians were charged with massacre, as well as robbery. War was declared, or supposed to exist; and the following year hundreds of thousands were expended in a campaign against them, although they had, in the interim, done all they could to express their desire for peace and friendship. General Harney, with a glittering array of armed men, both horses and foot, marched onto the Plains, and was met by the Chief, who nobly came forward in advance, and plead with the officer for peace and justice, in behalf of this people.

The General held him in parley, while, in accordance with a pre-concerted arrangement, the Dragoons, by a circuitous route, got in the rear of the Indians, and, at the word of command, opened a promiscuous slaughter of these comparatively defenseless people. Is not such a procedure as this an outrage against every principle of humanity and justice? Is there anything, in all the usages and laws of war, recognized among civilized nations that could save that officer? And all who willingly assisted in the work, from the charge, and from the guilt, of wholesale murder? And yet, acts like this, involving a greater or less amount of wrong, are of almost daily occurrence. And yet, how easily all this horrible waste of life and treasure might have been avoided, if the representatives of our people and government had pursued a different course. If the emigrants had considered the destruction which is continually being made of the Buffalo and other game and the scarcity and often suffering to which the Indians are often subject for want of food, they would have felt no reason for complaint which came with a very ill grace under the circumstances. The cow was made capital only when it was to be turned against the outlawed race, which we are steadily seeking to supplant and destroy. Or, if the officer, instead of demanding an unconditional surrender, had gone in the spirit of kindness to invite an impartial investigation, there would have been no injustice and no bloodshed.

Can we, who claim the rights of Habeas Corpus and trial by our peers, set aside with impunity, observances which are sacred among the rudest tribes, and with a false plea of martial justice, which we have no right to assume, actually

commit nameless atrocities in direct violation of a flag of truce, or of an accepted parley? Shall we ever be able to lead our neighbors out of their barbaric conditions by sinking ourselves below the pale of ordinary savagism? No; we can never extend civilization but by making it attractive, and worthy of acceptance. We must exhibit a character worthy of respect, before we can so far gain the confidence of the red man, as to be able to do him good.

Our military can never win honorable laurels in any contest with the Indians, for the world regards such warfare as they would a deadly strife between a giant and a dwarf. The strength is all on one side. But in the case mentioned, our action could not be justified by even the pretense of war. It was a deliberate massacre of supplicating dependents. Murder in its most revolting and aggravated form."

The Beesons arrived in southern Oregon on August 30th, 1853. Welborn, who had been keeping a diary, described the area. *"The valley (here) is about 3 miles wide. It is not the main Rogue River Valley, but a branch of it called Bear Creek runs through the center."* The first news they heard after arriving was alarming. There was Indian trouble." On August 31 Welborn wrote, *"Weds. We moved a few rods further across the creek near the fort. I like the country very much but it is dangerous to go out very far on account of the Indians, but they are trying to make a treaty with them."*

John Beeson soon bought a farm with a two-room log cabin on it. Father and son had their work cut out for them as only part of the land was farmable. The bulk of the work fell to Welborn because the elder Beeson, being a *"kind man"* was usually off somewhere giving his neighbors a helping hand. His popularity soon waned after he started defending the Indians. *"Squatter Sovereignty"* is what he termed the white man's taking the land without payment to the aboriginal owners. Feelings began to run high against John and on May 22, 1856, Welborn wrote in his diary, *"There was an indignation meeting at the schoolhouse against father on account of his being opposed and writing and talking against the present Indian war. I am afraid father will have to leave this country. Public opinion is so strong against him some would as leave kill him as an Indian just because he has spoken the truth out bold against the rascality of this Indian war, or rather, butchery of the Indians."*

The following day Welborn went to Jacksonville on farm business. When he returned he wrote, *"I heard a great deal about what the volunteers would do to father. When I got home (and reported on what I had learned) he began to prepare to start to the Willamette Valley this evening. (He also wrote his will.) May 25, Sunday, father started for the Willamette at 11 o'clock last night. I went as far as Fort Lane with him. We arrived there this morning at half past seven. I parted with Father at the Lieutenant's headquarters at Fort Lane about nine o'clock perhaps for the last time -oh, I hope not. I came home. It rained all the way. I got home at two o'clock. Oh, how lonesome it seems without dear, dear Father. There is nobody but Mother and I at home. I have the whole*

management of the farm resting on my shoulders. Nobody around here knows that Father is gone yet. It still rains."

Welborn, now farm manager and keeper of the family's property, was just nineteen years old. In the ensuing years John traveled throughout the United States trying in vain to get justice for the Indians. He returned home several times, but tragically his wife died of cancer in 1866, never getting to see her husband again before she died.

John Beeson spent the greater part of his life away from his family lobbying for Indian causes. He returned to the Rogue Valley sometime around 1883. He died in 1889 and was laid to rest, alongside his wife, in Stevens Cemetery on a hill overlooking his farm, about one mile west of Talent.

CROW DOG

Don Whereat (January, 1994)

“We are not your slaves, that you should punish us for executing our own Laws. We did kill a doctor, and our tribe paid for him, and that is the end of it. Why do you meddle with our business?” Crow Dog

Wm. H. Rector, Superintendent for Indian Affairs for Oregon, included this bewildered question in his Annual report for 1862. He reported, *“Attempts have been made to suppress these barbarous customs, and the murderers have been severely punished by the Agents. For this they complain to me.”*¹

Whether Rector knew it or not, or even cared to interfere in Indian sovereignty, was a violation of Federal Law. In the Cherokee Nation Cases (1832), Chief Justice Marshall ruled, *“Tribes are under the protection of the federal government and in this condition lack sufficient sovereignty to claim political independence: tribes possess, however, sufficient powers of sovereignty to shield themselves from any intrusions by the states and it is the federal government’s responsibility to ensure that this sovereignty is preserved.”*² Next comes the Crow Dog decision.

Ex Parte Crow Dog³

In the 1800’s there was a broad national movement to “assimilate” Indians into the dominant culture. Feeling that criminal jurisdiction was the first step in gaining control over Indian tribes because of its coercive effects, the Bureau of Indian Affairs had been looking for a test case. On August 1, 1881, they had their opportunity when a Brule Sioux, Crow Dog,⁴ killed his chief, Spotted Tail (Sin-ta-ge-le-Scka). No ordinary chief, he was a BIA appointed chief.

Spotted Tail, regarded as a friendly chief, acted as a buffer between the United States and more war-like Sioux Chiefs such as Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, and Sitting Bull. He had been amply rewarded, receiving a nice two-story house at the agency named after him, on the Rosebud Creek in present mid-western South Dakota. His favoritism greatly angered the traditional Sioux, and with his other transgressions was no doubt a marked man.

Crow Dog, a sub-chief whom Spotted Tail had appointed a captain of the Indian police on the Rosebud Reservation, was a political rival of Spotted Tail.

¹ Annual report of S.H. Rector, Supt. Of Indian Affairs for Oregon, 1862

² Worcester v Georgia, 1832.

³ Ex Parte means “from a one sided or partisan point of view.” Unless otherwise noted, the bulk of this article comes from the American Law Review, Vol.XIV, Number 2.

⁴ Mary Crow Dog, “Lakota Woman,” pp177-8. Kangi-Shunka, the founder of the clan, had six names before he called himself Crow Dog. Kangi-Shunka was born in 1834, and died in 1911. He took his seventh name as Crow Dog. Actually, it should have been Crow Coyote, because it was a Coyote who once warned him of danger, and two Coyotes who saved his life.

Crow Dog was rumored to be jealous of the power of his chief, and had used his position of police chief to stir up trouble. He had also tried and failed to elect as chief a member of his faction, Yellow Hair, who was defeated two-to one in a council election. Also, Spotted Tail had twice removed Crow Dog from his powerful position as captain of police. Further, Spotted Tail had taken a second wife, Light-in-the Lodge, though she was already the wife of the crippled Medicine Bear. Crow Dog took up Medicine Bear's cause, trying to portray himself as a champion of the ordinary Brule's against the arbitrary power of Spotted Tail. Besides, one of the unwilling women that the white man's chief appropriated was a member of the Crow Dog family. The Agency tried to belittle the whole episode as a quarrel over a woman. The foundation for the killing, however, lay several years earlier in the Sioux wars.

At one time, Red Cloud, the great Oglala Sioux, had been an ally. Crazy Horse, a young Oglala warrior, had also ridden with Spotted Tail. Later, after the Treaty of 1869 (which awarded the Black Hills to the Sioux "in perpetuity"), Red Cloud and Spotted Tail made several trips to the East. On the first trip the sheer number of whites dismayed them. The two leaders perceived that the eventual defeat of their people was inevitable. They even allowed themselves to be photographed, and it was said of these leaders that *they "let their spirit be captured in a box."*⁵ Crazy Horse refused throughout his life to let this happen.

After several battles (the Custer "massacre" was one of them), the Sioux were forced on September 1876 to sign a document abrogating the treaty of Fort Laramie, and awarded the "Sacred Black Hills" to the white man. "*Which God is our pious brother praying to now,*" asked Red Cloud after the invocation. "Is it the same god whom they twice deceived, when they made treaties with us which they afterward broke?" Spotted Tail, along with other chiefs of the southern band, signed the document. Sitting Bull, realizing that the Reservation Chiefs had deserted him and Crazy Horse, retreated into Canada with another Oglala war chief, Gall. This left Crazy Horse as the last leader of the resistance.

Spotted Tail was sent to plead with Crazy Horse, who refused the terms of General Crook. Eventually, in May of 1877, in order to spare his people another winter of misery and privation, he gave himself up. Once Crazy Horse was in captivity, the Government forgot its offer. Crazy Horse could never be prevailed upon to go to Washington to hear the Great White Father. "*My father is with me, and there is no father between me and the Great Spirit.*" In 1877 he was summoned to Fort Robinson, where he was fatally stabbed. Four years after the murder of Crazy Horse, his cousin, Crow Dog, shot down Spotted Tail⁶.

⁵Peter Mathiessen, *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse*, p. 8.

⁶ Ibid., Henry Crow Dog, Grandson of Crow Dog, persevered in the traditional religion. Because of this, his family was resented by the Catholic missionaries, who in the early nineteen thirties, with the aid of the BIA police, drove the Crow Dog's out of the settlement of St. Francis during a blizzard. An infant son did not survive. Henry's son, Leonard, was active in the AIM in the nineteen seventies. He lost a sister, Delphine, who was beaten by the BIA police and left out in a

The official version was that on August 5, 1881, Crow Dog brought a load of wood down to the agency from his camp nine miles away. Selling the wood, he headed for home in mid-afternoon, just after the tribal council had broken up. Crow Dog may have known that Spotted Tail would be traveling the same road to his newly built government house. As Spotted Tail came riding down the road toward him, Crow Dog got off his buckboard and kneeled down as if to repair a wheel. When Spotted Tail got to within fifteen feet Crow Dog jumped up with his rifle, firing a shot that struck Spotted Tail in the chest. He fell from his horse, got up, took a step toward Crow Dog, attempting to draw his pistol, but then fell dead. Crow Dog then leaped onto his buckboard and drove off at high speed to his camp.

Following the killing, acting Indian agent John Lelar called a tribal council meeting. This tribal council meeting followed Brule Law and ordered an end to the trouble. As was the Sioux custom, Crow Dog's family met with the family of Spotted Tail to settle the matter. They agreed to accept payment of \$600, eight horses, and one blanket, which were promptly paid to Spotted Tail's people. Normally that would have been the end of it.

According to the "*official*" accounts, "*word*" got out that Spotted Tail's killer had not been executed, indeed, had not even appeared before a court of law for his crime. It was said that Eagle Hawk, the current head of the Indian police did not "*dare arrest Crow Dog.*" Still following the official account, there was a "*popular outcry*" and a demand for "*justice.*" When the Indian agent John Cook, returned to the Rosebud, he was apparently satisfied with the settlement because of the public "*outcry*" and a demand for "*justice.*" When the Indian agent John Cook returned to the Rosebud, he was apparently satisfied with the settlement. Because of the public "*outcry*" and the officials in Washington demanded action, Cook was forced to "*get the council to act again.*" On August 8, the Black Hills Daily Times a factual account of the event, titled, "*Spotted Tail Shot.*" That was the only public outcry.

Although it was five days after the killing that Cook returned and ordered the council to act again, acting Agent Lelar had ordered the arrest of Crow Dog and Black Crow the day after Spotted Tail was killed. He thus intervened in Brule law, contradicting long standing federal policy. Apparently the Bureau of Indian Affairs wanted to use this case as a test case to change a hundred years of treaty law. Further proof is provided by a telegram on August 15, from Hugh Campbell, United States Attorney in Deadwood: "*Is it the desire of the Indian Department that Crow Dog should be prosecuted criminally for murder of Spotted Tail? If so, where are witnesses, and where is Crow Dog?*" Campbell had wired

field where she died of exposure. His nephew, Andrew Stewart, aged eighteen, had been killed in a "shooting" accident while in the company of a goon named Robert Beck. p. 224. It seems the Crow Dog family have been actively hounded for their traditionalist views.

Washington for instructions three days earlier and expressed doubts as to jurisdiction.

His telegram had been forwarded to the Interior Department on August 13. Responding on August 22 with a letter to the Attorney General expressing the opinion "...that it is perfectly competent for the United States courts for that territory to take cognizance of the alleged murder,"⁷ and further requested the Attorney General to "examine the law on the subject." Concurring with the Interior Department, the Attorney General made his interpretation on a clause in the first section of the 1868 Treaty with the different tribes of the Sioux Indians. This clause read that "if bad men among the Indians shall commit a wrong or depredation upon the person or property of anyone, white, black, or Indian, subject to the authority of the United States, and a peace therewith, the Indians herein named solemnly agree that they will, upon proof made to their agent and notice by him, deliver up the wrongdoer to the United States to be tried and punished according to the law."⁸ That "bad men" actually meant "bad whites" was totally ignored.

Black Crow, a son-in-law of Spotted Tail, thought to be mixed up in the conspiracy, had been arrested along with Crow Dog. They were then sent to Fort Niobara, Nebraska, to be held for trial,

The trial was held in Deadwood, South Dakota, but only Crow Dog was held on the murder charge. Only six years after the 1876 war over sacred Sioux land, the trial was held in an anti-Sioux atmosphere, and had something of the character of a frame-up. However, the local newspaper was quite fair to Crow Dog. He was described as forty-eight years old, the father of eight children, and monogamous, having been married for twenty-one years to his wife, Pretty Camp. The paper accurately described the change in Federal policy in charging Crow Dog with a crime. It also gave him credit for settling the killing in accordance with Brule law.

The same paper quoted an account by Major A.D. Burt of the U.S. Army who allegedly knew Spotted Tail well.

"He was a great Chief and statesman among his people. He was strikingly handsome and manly, and a great friend of peace, but given to absolute authority over his minor chiefs. He was never timid, but was polite in his course toward the whites. He brooked no opposition to his commands and the fight probably arose from Old Spot's aggressiveness. He wanted no opposition from any of his people. General Crook selected Spotted Tail (to be sergeant in his famous corralling of Crazy Horse) because of the determination of his character and power to control this vicious element among his people."

⁷ Vine Deloria Jr., American Indians, American Justice, p. 168.

⁸Article I, paragraph 3.

A fair trial probably could not be had in Dakota Territory. One juror asked whether he could let the testimony of an Indian outweigh the testimony of a white, gave an honest answer. *"I could not. The testimony of one white man would go further with me than that of a hundred Indians."* Another stated he had never killed an Indian, but had been *"badly scared by them."*

The prosecution's case only took a day and a half, pretty much following the "official" version. Crow Dog testified in his own defense. A reporter took the following notes.

"I shot and killed Spotted Tail. Arrived at the scene of the tragedy on a wagon in company with my wife and child. There was no box on the wagon - two loose boards spanning the space between the bolsters. One of these had worked forward and dropped to the ground. Had got off to fix it. Had gone to horses to unwind a line when a person approached at a gallop from the direction of the council lodge whom I recognized as Spotted Tail. He checked his horse into a walk. As he approached, seemed to search for weapon in the vicinity of his hip. My wife said something that I did not understand. Saw from the facial expression of Spotted Tail that trouble was on hand. Deceased halted - drew his pistol - leveled it at me, when I fired and killed him. I ran around the wagon and was putting another cartridge - thinking I had missed him - when Iron Wing caught hold of me; I shot him without taking aim from a distance of fifteen feet. I was standing on the ground, my heart beating violently, as I was sure from demeanor of deceased that the time had come."

Pretty Camp corroborated his testimony, only to have it ruled inadmissible. The judge decreed in the case that according to Territorial Law, a wife could not testify for or against her husband. Crow Dog's attorney, A.D. Plowman, called several other witnesses who characterized Spotted Tail as a violent man. He got one of the prosecution witnesses to admit to perjury, and that ended the case for the defense. Finally, Plowman got around to the most important issue; that the court had no jurisdiction over the Brule. He lost his jurisdictional argument.

Crow Dog was convicted by the jury for the murder of Spotted Tail. Crow Dog convinced the federal marshal that he should be released to go home and prepare his death song, also the white buckskin suit he wished to die in.

It was snowing the day Crow Dog was to report back to the federal marshal at Deadwood, and everyone wagered that the Sioux medicine man would not appear. But he walked into the federal marshal's office and gave himself up at the appointed time, Newspapers chronicled this remarkable feat - no white man, placed in a similar situation, would conceivably have done the same thing. Suddenly Crow Dog was a hero in the newspapers and attorneys volunteered to take a writ of habeas corpus on his behalf to the Supreme Court. Congress eventually paid the expenses of this suit. The country, still puzzled over the nature of Sioux justice and the extraordinary behavior of the condemned Crow Dog, awaited the Courts decision.

The Supreme Court in 1883 faced the question of whether a federal court could exercise jurisdiction over an Indian who murdered another Indian of the same tribe. To resolve this issue, the Court analyzed whether an 1877 agreement and an 1868 treaty with the Sioux Indians effectively repealed an earlier statute that indicated that crimes of one Indian against another were not subject to federal law. Construing the treaty narrowly, the Court held that the treaty was not meant to permit or require “*delivering up*” Indian wrongdoers of the same tribe as the victim. Crow Dog represented an effort by the Court to maintain tribal sovereignty.⁹ Parting from Justice Marshall’s legal theories with a deep respect for tribal sovereignty, the language of the court had a racial overtone, and reflected the assimilation’s ideology of the day. Using such language as “*a dependent community who were in a state of pupilage, advancing from the condition of a savage tribe to that of a people who, through the discipline of labor and by education, it is hoped might become a self-supporting society.*” And, “*it tries them not by their peers, nor by the custom of their people, nor the law of their land, but by superiors of a different race, according to the law of a social state of which they have an imperfect history, to the habits of their lives, to the strongest prejudices of their savage nature; one which measures the red man’s revenge by the axiom of the white man’s morality.*” The writ of habeas corpus was issued and Crow Dog was set free.

An ironic twist to the case took place five months later. Spotted Tail’s son, also known as Spotted Tail, killed White Thunder over a dispute of stolen horses. The BIA, refusing to learn from the Supreme Court’s earlier decision upholding tribal sovereignty, ordered, through the Indian Agent, Spotted Tail and his accomplice, Thunder Hawk, to Fort Niobara and put themselves in custody of the military. Then there occurred an extended exchange of letters between the Agency and Washington over what to do about the matter. In the meantime, the Sioux held a trial and decided in favor of letting Spotted Tail and Thunder Hawk back on the reservation, agreeing to take responsibility for their conduct. Eventually, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, citing the Crow Dog decision, requested the release of the prisoners. They had been held in the guardhouse for four months because of the BIA’s reluctance to come to grips with the Supreme Court’s ruling.

The Major Crimes Act

The popular notion is that the Crow dog decision caused an outcry of protest in Congress. We only have to go back to the BIA to see where the real “*outcry*” lay. Beginning in the late 1870’s, virtually every annual report of the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs had recommended a Major Crimes Act. Interior Secretary Carl Shurz report for 1879 said, “*If the Indians are to be advanced in civilized habits it is essential that they be accustomed to the government of law ...*” Annual report of Samuel Kirkwood in 1881: “*Further legislation is, in my judgment, necessary for the definition and*

⁹American Law Review, Vol. XVII.

punishment for crime committed on reservations, whether by Indians with their dealings with each other, by Indians on white men, or by white men on Indians ...” Kirkwood also linked the destruction of Indian law with the necessity of destroying the tribal relation because it meant **communism**. The 1882 and 1883 reports repeated the same line. In 1884 Commissioner L.O.C. Lamar referred to the Crow Dog case. “If offenses of this character cannot be tried in the courts of the United States, there is no tribunal in which the crime of murder can be punished....”

Although the BIA had been trying for some time to get a test case, it was not until a friendly chief (to the government) had been murdered, that Congress was moved to act, and then, it was with astounding ease, with virtually no debate.

In 1885, as part of the general appropriation act for that year, Congress attached a short paragraph dealing with seven major crimes. There was neither hearing nor expressions of Indian opinion, or even Congressional opinion. The rider did not seem important at the time, but it since has become known as the Major Crimes Act. The result was to divest Indian Tribes of their jurisdiction over major criminal offenses. Initially, the act only included seven major crimes, but it has since been amended and judicially interpreted so that today fourteen felonies fall *within its scope*. *The major portion of the amendment now reads as follows.*

“Any Indian who commits against the person or property of another Indian or person any of the following offenses, namely murder, manslaughter, kidnapping, rape, carnal knowledge of any female, not his wife, who has not attained the age of sixteen years, assault with intent to commit rape, incest, assault with intent to commit murder, assault with a dangerous weapon, assault resulting in serious bodily injury, arson, burglary, robbery, and larceny within the Indian country, shall be subject to the same laws and penalties as all other persons committing any of the above offenses, within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States.”

Since the Crow Dog decision, Tribal Sovereignty has eroded to the point, that today for all practical purposes non-existent. Tribes need to tread lightly when trying to assert their “*sovereignty*”.

“There is a time appointed for all things,” Spotted Tail had said, not long before his death. *“Think for a moment how many multitudes of the animal tribes we ourselves have destroyed; look upon the snow that appears today - tomorrow it is water! Listen to the dirge of the dry leaves, that were vigorous and green but a few moons before! We are a part of that life and it seems our time has come.”*¹⁰

¹⁰Mathiessen, p .16

CHRONOLOGICAL OVERVIEW (PART I)

Guest Author

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February 1, 1983

(Reprinted for the November, 1991 Newsletter)

PREFACE

The following material is organized chronologically to present basic data on the identity and relationships of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians with non-Indians and the government of the United States. Every quotation and reference to historical documentation can be fully cited. These materials have been gleaned from voluminous notes made over the past 20 years from the National Archives and Records Service, Smithsonian Institution, state archives, and local records depositories. The data on the Confederated Tribes is extensive and varied.

These Indians began regular contact with non-Indians in the 1820's. By 1853 they were assigned an Indian Agent and from 1856 to 1875 were placed on the southern section of the Siletz Reservation. Their experiences in getting to that reservation, attempting to live upon it, and leaving it in 1875 are lifted up in this chronological account. These Indians have retained their tribal government, secured public domain allotments and Indian homesteads, enrolled their children at Chemawa and Carlisle Indian schools, and pioneered in the State of Oregon as an Indian tribe seeking a jurisdictional act for the hearing and litigation of their land claims case.

Throughout their history these Indians have repeatedly sought to work peacefully within the system and to follow the instructions of the United States government. Their history shows considerable justification for disillusionment: Their 1855 treaty was ignored by the Senate; their efforts to flee starvation and return home-even though they had never gone to war-resulted in military roundups; their ardent efforts to keep the lands they had cleared and improved at Yachats were for naught; their lengthy commitment to gaining jurisdictional act and pursuing their land claims case resulted in a court order which said they had no claim or title to any part of the Oregon coast whatsoever; their tribal hall on trust property was abused by non-Indians and neglected by the city governments charged to care for it.

These materials are focused upon the efforts of the Confederated Tribes to secure an Act of Congress to overturn their termination in 1956. They speak only briefly to the extensive level of public activities of the tribes over the past dozen years. Additional documentation will be submitted to cover the range of civic involvements.

1826

Hudson's Bay Company trappers under Alexander Roderick McLeod in July reached the Siuslaw River. McLeod wrote: *"We erected our camp at the entrance of the River Saestecau it is about three hundred yards wide at ebb tide and apparently very deep current strong, several Indians collected our out camp in the evening, it is with difficulty that We can converse with them for none of the Tribe are acquainted with the Cheenook dialect. .. "*

Hudson's Bay Company trappers returned to southwest Oregon in October under McLeod. They descended the Umpqua River to the coast to trap and trade among the Lower Umpqua and Coos. While on the Umpqua estuary in October, 1826, McLeod wrote: *"After dusk 2 canoes with two Indian families hove in sight and our followers had to go out to them, before they would venture to come nigh us; they had a cargo of berries with which they were going forward to exchange the same for salmon ..."*

1828

The American fur trapper Jedediah Smith and his party came into the lands of the Coos and Lower Umpqua on an arduous journey along the coast after having descended the Klamath River in northern California. Harrison Rogers of this party kept a diary and at Coos bay on July 8 wrote: *"We made 2 miles and struck the river and encamped. The river at its mouth is about 1 mile wide, the Indians very numerous they call themselves Kakoosh."*

Three days later Smith's party reached the Umpqua estuary. Rogers again wrote: *"Today we encamped where there was some Indians living a number of them speak Chinook. 70 or 80 in camp: they bring us fish and berries and appear friendly, we buy those articles from them at a dear rate. Those Indians call themselves the Ompqua."*

1840

Rev. Jason Lee and Rev. Gustavus Hines descended the Umpqua River to preach to the Lower Umpqua Indians on the estuary and check out the prospects for establishing a Methodist Mission among them. Hines wrote on August 25: *"On arriving at the coast we found the Indians living in three small villages, the larger being on the south, and the other two on the north side of the river. The whole number, as near as we could ascertain, amounted to about two hundred men, women, and children, about one-third of whom were absent in the mountains, for the purpose of gathering berries."*

1850

The Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw were identified in Robert Gordon Latham's *The Natural History of the Varieties of Man* (London: John Van Voorst), p, 325. Latham's identification listed both the tribes and their locations: Saintscla

[Siuslaw) "*South of the Yakon [Yaquina]" between the Umkwa and the sea. Killiwashat [Kalawatset] Mouth of the Umkwa or Lower Umpqua; Kaus [Coos] between the river Umkwa and the river Clamet [Rogue River]."*

In August the Klamath Exploring Expedition headed by Captain Heman Winchester and staffed by nearly a 100 investors in a joint stock company crossed into the Umpqua to explore, layout town sites, and settle. Nathan Scholfield, a member of this party, wrote on August 4, about Lower Umpqua Indians: "*On the 2nd seven Indians came off in a canoe, to these we distributed some presents two of these acted as pilots, in taking one of the boat belonging to the vessel, for the purpose of sounding the bar and examining the harbor .. , The Indians parted freely with their bows and arrows in exchange for some rifles which were given them, their bows were made of yew with sinew artfully cemented to the back to give them elasticity and spring."*

These explorers laid out Umpqua City, Gardiner, and Scottsburg in the territory of the Lower Umpqua or Kalawatset. These communities soon drew settlers and by that fall the U.S. established the Umpqua as a "port of entry" and a custom's house opened in Gardiner.

1851

Amos Emerson Rogers filed his Donation Land Claim on the North Spit of the Umpqua River. His 320 acre claim included the large village of the Lower Umpqua Indians. In a letter of January 1, Rogers wrote: "*We are in an entirely new country among the savages and wild beasts of the wilderness, yet I am enjoying myself very much... There are already 11 houses in Umpqua City, where three months ago nothing could be seen but Indian huts."*

1852

On April 17 American residents at the mouth of the Umpqua River petitioned the Oregon Superintendent of Indian Affairs to come to make treaties with the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians. Nathan Scholfield, the author of the "*memorial*" wrote:

"Sir, the undersigned residents of Umpqua City beg leave to call your attention to the necessity of treating with the Indians of this place and vicinity and negotiating with them for their claim to the land or for certain privileges connected therewith.

We would respectfully state that the Umpqua Indians or those living near the mouth of the Umpqua river, comprising about fifty, have for the two years of our residence in this place appeared friendly and peaceable, for the most part. There is also a tribe residing North of this place about the mouth of the Siuslaw river whose demeanor has for the most part been proper towards us. They number some one hundred, but there is one or two tribes south on and about the

Kowes River who sometimes make predatory excursions to this committing serious depredations and plundering us of valuable property. "

At the time of Scholfield's letter, the first Americans to reside for any time at Coos Bay were huddled in tents at Camp Castaway on sand spit on the north side of the harbor's mouth. These were the survivors of the Captain Lincoln, a vessel carrying soldiers and supplies to Fort Orford, which wrecked at Coos Bay on January 3.

1853

In May a joint stock company, the Coos Bay Commercial Co., formed in the Rogue River Valley to cross the Coast Range to explore, stake claims, and settle Coos Bay. Following initial explorations, settlement commenced in the summer and fall among the Coos Indians. William H. Harris, one of these explorers, wrote: *"The pioneers found that, physically, the natives were a robust, and healthy looking people. The salmon season was at hand, which accounted for the many villages along the banks of the bay. The natives were nearly nude, the females only wearing a rude apron ingeniously woven from sea weeds and cedar roots."*

On September 21 the Oregon Superintendency of Indian Affairs began actions to deal with these Indians on the Siuslaw, the lower Umpqua, and Coos Bay. Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, wrote to William J. Martin: *"As you have been appointed special Agent for the Indian tribes residing in the country drained by the Umpqua and Coose Rivers, I desire that you will direct the various bands and tribes at an early day as practicable. Ascertain as far as you can their conditions, numbers, and feelings toward the whites, the extent of country to which they lay claim to as also their means of subsistence, and whether any portion of them have adopted the manners and customs of the Whites ...*

I desire that you will visit the Indians on Coose River and around Coose Bay immediately and endeavor to peaceably incline them and if necessary to preserve peace make them a few presents."

On October 14, 1853, William J. Martin reported to Superintendent Palmer about his work among the Coos and Lower Umpqua: *"On my arrival at Coose Bay I proceeded to ascertain the disposition of the Coose Indians. I found them friendly to the whites.*

They claim all of the country commencing at Ten Mile Creek ten miles south of the mouth of the Umpqua, down the coast to near the Coquille River, then back to the Summit of the Coast Range of mountains which will include all of the Coose Bay country.

On my way from Coose I saw the lower Umpqua Indians, those at the mouth of the Umpqua River and some at the great fishery near Scottsburg... "

1854

In a lengthy report to John W. Davis, Governor of Oregon Territory, Supt. Joel Palmer on January 25, 1854, wrote: *"Coose Indians. These Indians occupy a country watered by a river of the same name and around Coose Bay at its mouth, which opens into the ocean twenty five miles south of the Umpqua. They are friendly to the whites and number some two hundred. It is said they are anxious to sell their country but desire to reside in it. "*

In April, Agent William J. Martin reported to Palmer about the Coos Indians: *"The Coose Bay Indians subsist entirely by fishing. They have no idea of hunting and in fact hardly ever leave the Bay and they are entire strangers to hunger. They are even anxious to sell their land. They claim all of the lands south of the mouth of the Umpqua River. Thence running back to the summit of the Coast Range of Mountains which will make their country about thirty five miles square including all Coose Bay, which is by far the finest Bay In all southern Oregon."*

On July 26, 1854, Supt. Palmer noted the following: *"The Si-u-slau band resides on & about 2 or 4 miles above the mouth of the river of that name which empties into the ocean about 25 miles north of Umpqua and they number 26 men, 36 women & 26 children. The next band north is the Alceas residing at the mouth of Alcea River ..."*

On September 30, 1854, Supt. Palmer named Edwin P. Drew the Indian Agent for the region from the Siuslaw to the mouth of the Coquille. In his letter of instructions to Drew, Palmer mentioned the following: *"The coast from the mouth of Coquille northward so far as to include the Siuslaw Band of Indians; thence eastward to the summit of the Coast Range of Mountains; thence southward so as to include all the Band of Indians below the Umpqua Valley proper; thence to the Headwaters of the Coquille; thence to the Coast so as to include all the Bands residing on the waters of Coquille.*

The bands within this district are the Siuslaw, Lower Umpqua, Coose Bay Indians and Coquilles."

1855

In August, 1855, Superintendent Palmer journeyed south along the Oregon Coast to negotiate one omnibus treaty with all of the various Indian bands of that region. In August he secured agreement to this treaty with the Siuslaw, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw. The treaty provided for cession of lands and the creation of a reservation. The full text of this treaty and the lists of its many signatories from these three Indian bands appear in T -494, the microcopy of unratified treaties issued by the National Archives, Washington, D.C.

The contemporary press noted this treaty conference. The Umpqua Gazette (Scottsburg, Ore.), carried a story on August 22: *"Gen. Palmer,*

Superintendent of Indian Affairs, held a Treaty with the coast Indians at the mouth of the Umpqua last week. We have not learned any of the particulars, but presume the Gen. will give us the result of his labors through some of the Willamette papers when he returns home."

Socrates Scolfield attended these treaty talks and after the Coos Indians signed it he wrote on August 23, 1855: "*The treaty has been concluded with the Indians in this vicinity [Empire City], they receive for their lands ninety thousand dollars in annuities besides some other appropriations. The reserve is to begin at Cape Perpetua running east to the summit of the Coast range thence north to a point east of Cape Lookout thence west to the beach. The Indians to have the Siuslau country as far south as the pari lei run by Gordon for the span of twenty years."*

With the outbreak of the Rogue River Indian War in the Rogue Valley in October, 1855, tension mounted throughout southwestern Oregon. On November 14 Agent E.P. Drew began collecting the Indians in his district on temporary reservations. Drew went to Coos Bay and found Taylor's band and a party of Tye Jim's band encamped, as he wrote: "*At the mouth of the north fork of Kowes River, about two miles above the mouth of what is termed the Isthmus Slough, connecting with the waters of the Coquille. The remainder of Jim's band were encamped at the head of a slough [North Slough] leading towards the Umpqua."*

Drew placed these Coos Indians on a temporary reservation at Empire City, the seat of government on Coos Bay. He named Socrates Scholfield as temporary agent.

1856

On February 20 Scholfield wrote to his father about his role as an Indian agent: "*I am here [Empire City] acting as Local sub Indian Agent under Drew and have charge of the Coose Bay Indians 250 in all. They are on a temporary reservation about 3 miles below town. I receive 3 dollars per day for my services. They are all to be removed to the reserve on the Siusclau this summer. I expect to stop here until they are removed. I have not heard from you for about four months."*

On February 26 Supt. Palmer wrote to Drew to chide him for seeking subsistence supplies for the Coos and Lower Umpqua Indians who were confined on the temporary reservations he had created. Palmer said: "*I am unable to see the necessity for the purchase of so great amount of subsistence for these Indians when it is taken into consideration that they have from time immemorial resided around the bays of Umpqua and Coose subsisting themselves upon fish and since the settlement of the Country by whites supplying themselves with an abundance of the same in nearly all the known varieties, seldom having to go beyond the Margin of those bays."*

As conditions worsened in southwestern Oregon and the Rogue River Indian war spread to the Curry County coast in February, 1856, Supt. Palmer became increasingly anxious to isolate the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians--who had remained at peace. His decision on April 13, 1856, was to remove them to the Coast Reservation he was busily seeking to create. He wrote on that date to Agent E.P. Drew: *"The Superintendent directs. that you take immediate steps to remove the Indians of lower Umpqua and Coose Bay, now in your charge, upon the Coast Reservation, gathering them all together at an encampment preliminary to the measure you will locate them, somewhere upon the Siuslaw, or should they prefer it, they may proceed North of Cape Perpetua.*

In consequence of the disturbed condition of the entire Country, it will be necessary to furnish the Indians, with subsistence sufficient for their support which you are authorized to do, the amount of Flour will not however exceed one pound per day to each adult; to half grown children, the issue will be made proportionate."

In the spring of 1856 the Coos Indians were removed under armed guard to Umpqua City, the site of Drew's office and a town on the sand spit at the north side of the mouth of the Umpqua River. The stark conditions among the Coos and Lower Umpqua became even worse when the new Superintendent of Indian Affairs, A. F. Hedges, told Drew on November 5, 1856, to cut off subsistence assistance: *"The Treaties with those tribes have not been confirmed or. If they have, we have not been informed of it. Consequently, I do not think we are authorized to make any disbursements as under those Treaties - No remittances have been made to this office of any funds for 'Presents &c for Indians' "*

1857

On July 1, 1857, Agent Drew wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs about the Indians under his jurisdiction: *"The Indians immediately under my charge at present are all of the Kal-la-wot-sett tribe; divided into several bands. viz: the Siuslaw and Alsea bands located on the Siuslaw river numbering about two hundred and forty; the Scottsburg, Lower Umpqua and Kowes Bay bands located on the Umpqua river near this agency numbering about four hundred and fifty; making an aggregate of six hundred and ninety."*

1858

Three years after signing their treaty with the U.S. government, the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw began to become restive in their confinement at Umpqua City under the guard of the U.S. Army forces at nearby Fort Umpqua. On June 30, 1858, Agent Drew wrote: *"Until quite recently they have appeared satisfied and confident that all promises made them would be realized; yet so long has been the delay, their faith appears shaken, many of them now doubting even the existence of a general government.*

They fail to see or appreciate the reason why those Indians who have from time to time become hostile to the whites, sealing their property, burning their dwellings, and murdering men, women, and children in the war of 1855 and 1856, would at this time be receiving annuities, whilst they who have ever been friendly to the white man and hostile to the hostile savages, invariably reporting their approach and warning the white man of danger, complying with every request made of them by government, and redeeming every promise, reap no such advantages."

Drew had in 1858 correctly ascertained the disillusionment of the peaceful Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw. Their reward for peace was imprisonment and starvation at Fort Umpqua. The hostile Indians to the south, however, had been taken to Siletz to receive clothing, annuities, teachers, and other 'benefits' of the BIA's "civilization" program.

The population of the three tribes was still substantial. In his letter of June 30, Drew reported: *"The Indians now residing within this district number about seven hundred. viz: the Kowes, Scottsburg, and Umpqua bands, numbering four hundred and fifty, which were collected and temporarily located near this agency in the spring and summer of 1856, and the Alsea and Siuslaw [six] bands, numbering two hundred and fifty on the Siuslaw river. They are all fishing tribes, accustomed to the net and line, with but few good hunters among them."*

1859

Acting on orders from the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Agent J.B. Sykes on September, 3, 1859, began the removal of the Coos and Lower Umpqua Indians to Yachats Prairie to the north of Cape Perpetua. The Siuslaw were left on the Siuslaw estuary where they had always lived.

1864

After five years at Yachats and suffering terribly from exposure to the storms on the open seacoast and attempting to survive by tearing shellfish from the rocks among the waves, the population of the Coos had dropped to 186 persons. An additional 64 Lower Umpqua were still alive. The population of these two tribes had dropped 50 % in five years at Yachats. George W. Collins, the Indian agent at Yachats, wrote in July, 1864, and explained in part that the setting contributed to the problems: *"It [Yawhick prairie] extends north of the Yawhick River two miles, and is about one hundred and twenty rods wide from the hills to the Pacific Ocean. Between there and the Alsea bay, a distance of eight or ten miles, there is some good pasture land, but none fit for cultivation. On the south side of the hundred and fifty acres of rich land suitable for cultivation, and from there to Cape Perpetua, and around it, there are a few hundred acres of rough pasture land, but balance of the way along the coast is either barren sand-hills, or rough mountains covered with heavy timber, mostly spruce, with a thick undergrowth of salal berry bushes. "*

CHRONOLOGICAL OVERVIEW (PART II)

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Some of the Coos and Lower Umpqua found conditions so terrible at Yachats that they fled the reservation and returned to their old homes on Coos Bay. The Indian agents and the U.S. Army responded quickly and rounded them up annually and drove them back to Yachats. The diary of Royal A. Bensell, a corporal in Company D, Fourth California Infantry, gives a chilling chronicle of the 1864 expedition to Coos Bay—a venture which resulted in the capture of 32 Indians. Among those was an aged and blind Indian woman called "Amanda". Bensell described her plight as the party worked its way along the trail at the Sea Lion Caves and Heceta Head:

"Amanda who is blind tore her feet horribly over these ragged rocks, leaving blood sufficient to track her by. One of the boys led her around the dangerous places. I cursed Indians Agents generally, Amos Harvey particularly. By 12 we reached the Agency. The great gate swung open, and I counted the Indians as they filed in, turned them over to the Agent and, God knows, we all felt relieved. "

Conditions among the Coos and Lower Umpqua worsened. Agent Collins reported that cutworms had eaten the potatoes and turnips the Indians were attempting to grow in the coastal meadows at Yachats. On August 12, 1865, he noted: *"The Coose and Umpqua tribes of Indians, numbering about two hundred and fifty souls, must undoubtedly suffer the coming winter unless some provision can be made to furnish subsistence for them at such times as heavy storms and gales render it impossible for them to gather muscles from the rocks and fish from the ocean, which is frequently the case for weeks at a time during the winter."*

Agent George Collins wrote at Yachats on July 25, 1868: *"The Coos and Umpquas are very intelligent Indians, and take pride in trying to improve their condition. They are obedient and dutiful, always ready and willing to perform duties assigned them by the farmer. "*

Testifying in 1931 in the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw land claims case, Frank Drew, a Coos man, recalled the following of Agent Collins: *"My people were compelled to go out and work, both in pleasant or the severest kind of weather for the Government and in return they received nothing for their labor. There was an Indian agent by the name of George Collins who was very cruel to*

the Indians. He would compel the Indians to work for him without allowing them any rations to live on while they were working for him. "

Annie Miner Peterson, another who lived through the years at Yachats, likewise testified in 1931 and told about the punishments that the agents gave to the Indians in the 1870's. She said: *"They have posts and to these posts they would tie them and flog them. They may seem unreasonable but that is just what they did.*

I don't remember but there was many of them who the agent would gather together to see the performance carried on. The object of the spectators at this place is to teach the lesson to the other Indians that they may not run away again from the agency without consent of the agent. "

Mrs. Peterson said that people from the villages of Milokwitch, Hansitch, and Intesedge on Coos Bay were among those beaten at Yachats.

Annual reports filed by the agent at Yachats document the situation of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw. Also available are annual census compilations which show the inexorable population decline of these tribes and the wretched conditions under which these people were held imprisoned. On June 27, 1875, an Alsea headman called John addressed representatives of the United States government in a conference at Yachats. John said: *"I said I did not want to be like the Coos and Umpqua. They live here now. Many years they have been dying off. Their women have suffered from exposure gathering mussels on the rocks. Palmer did not tell them they must live on mussels when they were brought here. They were told they would get sugar, coffee, and flour. For that reason I do not want to take any more of the white men's promises."*

1875

In 1875 Congress diminished the size of the Siletz or Coast Reservation (18 Stat. 446). This act provided that a conference be held and that Indian assent be secured before the closing of the reservation would be carried out. The plan was to throw open to white settlement the entire southern part of the Siletz Reservation, including the Yachats or Alsea Sub Agency where the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw had been held since 1856 and 1859.

Extensive minutes survive of the conference of June 27, 1875, at Yachats. The minutes show that the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw vigorously opposed the action of Congress to close the agency and permit whites to settle upon the lands they had so laboriously cleared. The Indians had labored for 16 years to fence the fields, grow crops, and build houses and barns at that site.

Siuslaw George, a headman of his people, said: *"What makes the whites think our people are no better than dogs. Let them talk so much as they please. How can the whites believe in a just God and try and drive the Indians off their land. It would be better if they would make our country better by helping us here.*

Long ago when I was a boy I heard of this driving Indians. That is the way they did and now the Indians are nearly gone."

Jim Buchanan, a Coos leader who lived until 1933 and was a very important linguistic and ethnographic informant for twentieth century anthropologists, said: *"I think the Coos are as good as any Indians. The first time our father saw the whites they regarded them as friend. I was a boy then. They drove us here. We gave a large and valuable country to the whites. There is coal there. We have never received a dollar for our land. We have made this a good country ourselves."*

Sopeny, a headman of the Lower Umpqua, also spoke: *"I am growing old here. Why do these people all have heavy hearts? Because they fear being driven away. They have long feared this. All these young men when they grow up will talk the same. We will not give up our land, I know the whites have much money, but I want none of it, though I am poor. Many have died here every winter. All the Agents say, 'this is your land'. My father lived always at Siuslaw. We don't want anybody to say any more."*

In spite of the vigorous opposition to the Act of Congress to throw open to white settlement the Yachats Sub-Agency and the entire southern part of the Siletz Reservation by these Indians, the decision of the government stood. Thus in 1875 Coos and Lower Umpqua at Yachats saw the whites move in and literally shove them off the lands at the mouth of the Yachats River. Without a treaty these Indians had no protection. They began drifting back to their old homelands. Many of the Coos settled among the Siuslaw on the North Fork of the Siuslaw River east of Florence, Oregon. Many more of the Coos and Lower Umpqua returned to the estuaries where they had been born and where they had lived until 1856 and 1859.

1870's

The newspapers published in Coos Bay in the late 1870's clearly show that the Coos Indians had returned to their old homeland:

Coos Bay News. 29 Dec. 1875. "Indian Lane is in jail again, this time for biting a squaw's finger so severely that Dr. Mackey found it necessary to amputate it."

This same issue also carried the news note: *"The Indians had a celebration a la white man, at their rancherie below town on Christmas Eve. Some white men were present and furnished the necessary whiskey. The first thing they know Hill will have them in charge."*

Coos Bay News. 8 March 1876. *"The Marshall of the town of Marshfield destroyed the Siwash rancherie back of the town of Marshfield, and our contemporary's junior refuseth to be comforted."*

In a news story about the 4th of July picnic below Empire on Coos Bay was the account of the local Indians providing a dance entertainment. Coos Bay News, 12 July 1876. *"The children present have been practicing Indian dancing ever since, "concluded the reporter.*

Coos Bay News, 7 May 1879. *"Indian Jack, Chief of the Coos Bay Indians, died at Empire City last week, the funeral was preached by Rev. J. McCormac and was well attended. Jack was about 35 years old and not a bad man, but he is certainly a "good" Indian now. "*

1880's

Mention of the local Indian population continued in the newspaper. Coos Bay News, 25 June 1884. *"The Indian shanties, near the old Luse mill, at Empire City were pulled down last week by the Southern Oregon Improvement Company, to make room for their log landing."*

Coos Bay News, 20 Aug. 1884. *"We noticed some squaws on our streets selling whortleberries, last week. The aborigines on Coos Bay are not yet extinct..."*

Coos Bay News, 18 Feb. 1885. This issue contained a rejoinder to an article in the rival Coast Mail (Marshfield, Ore.) that said that if the government stopped its harbor improvement the only impact would be on the "squaw men and hoodlums" who lived at Rocky Point and South Slough on lower Coos Bay. An angered correspondent wrote: *"I guess Mr. Sengstacken's books will show that the squaw-men pay their bills as promptly as Church does. I know there are squaw-men in this county who could buy Church out and pay his whiskey bills besides, and not mortgage their places either. I would not be afraid of a comparison between the squaw-men of Coos County and the old blatherskite that runs the Mail in intellect, honesty, truthfulness, sobriety, good taste, or decency."*

Coos Bay News, 21 Oct. 1885. *"The Indians are catching large numbers of trout on Coos River, using salmon eggs for bait."*

Coos Bay News, 18 Nov. 1885. *"A party of Indians are camped at the mouth of Labriere creek [South Coos River], where they make it lively for the hook-bill salmon."*

Coos Bay News, 25 Aug. 1886. *"Three Indians lately carved out a canoe in the lower bay, and went on a fishing trip Thursday. They returned next day with a number of cod and red fish and an immense halibut, which they disposed of at 50 cents a chunk."*

1890's

In the 1890's the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw yet lived in their old homelands. By this decade many had found jobs as wood choppers or domestic laborers. A number had, in essence, become "pet Indians". Virtually enslaved, these people worked without wage but received room and board from the white families for whom they labored.

Coos Bay News, 7 May 1890. *"Settlers on Tenmile [a creek north of Coos Bay draining the Ten Mile Lake into the Pacific Ocean] complain the Indians have obstructed the creek with traps, so that salmon and trout cannot get to the lake to spawn. The traps run from bank to bank, and are kept set day and night."*

Coos Bay News, 16 July 1890. *"Some Indians are encamped near the sand hill lakes, and our informant says are killing numbers of ducks. The duck season does not open till September 1st, and the game law should be enforced."*

In anticipation of putting the Dawes Severalty Act of 1887 into action in coastal Oregon, the Bureau of Indian Affairs in 1892 began gathering data on Indians both on and off the Siletz Reservation. On March 29, 1892, William M. Jenkins of the BIA reported to T. J. Morgan on the following members of the "Coose Tribe" who lived at Coos Bay:

Name of Indian	Age
Old Man Jackson	70
Fanny Jackson, wife	45
Lottie Jackson, dau	24
Ida Jackson, dau	6
Charley Baker	19
Ione Baker, mother	48
Marshfield Tom	60
Mrs. Marshfield Tom	60
Fred Tom	55
Mary Tom, wife	45
Anna Miner	35
Agnes Miner	13
Emma Taylor	24
Susie Matson	50
Caroline Evans	55
Susie Caroline	16
Allick Evans	23
Sallie Johnson	45
Jasper Louis [Luse]	24
Sallie Dockey	55
Mike Hancy	23
Mary Hancey, wife	45

Coose Bob
Mrs. Coose Bob and 2 children

45

This list did not include Coos women married to part Indian or white men living on South Slough on lower Coos Bay nor did it enumerate the Coos who resided on the Siuslaw near Florence, Oregon.

Commencing in 1892, however, Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians actively participated in the allotment program made possible by the agreement of October, 1892, at Siletz. None of the minutes of the Siletz Allotment Conference indicate that any representative of the three tribes took part in the conference, but Indians off the reservation were given a chance to receive "4th Section" or "public domain" allotments.

Some Indians of the Confederated tribes had also taken advantage of the Indian Homestead Act. Coose Bob was one who by 1892 had taken a homestead in his old homeland under this act.

Coos Bay News, 10 Nov. 1893. *"About sixty aborigines are at work at C.D. McFarlin's cranberry farm gathering in the fruit. Mr. McFarlin has provided cottages for them, together with a large and fashionable ball room, where they gather in the evening and trip the elite fantastic big toe to music rendered by the Deerhide and Panther gut string band. It is said the way the dusky wild-eyed maidens and the great warriors of the Umpquas and Tar Heels [Coos village at Tar Heel Point south of Empire on Coos Bay] Point whoop-er up lively until the small hours of the morning is beyond description."*

1893

On Jan. 9, 1893 the U.S. Senate by Resolution (Sen. Exec. Doc. No. 34, 52 Cong., 3 Sess.) sought information on the treaty of 1855 with the Coos, Lower Umpqua, Siuslaw, and other Indians of the Oregon Coast. On Jan. 25, 1893, this matter was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs. The Resolution read:

"Resolved: That the Secretary of the Interior be, and he is hereby, directed to transmit to the Senate a copy of a treaty negotiated by Joel Palmer, then superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory of Oregon, on or about the eleventh day of Aug., eighteen hundred and fifty-five, with the various Indian tribes inhabiting the coast of Oregon from the Columbia River to the California line, consisting of Tillamook, Coos Bay, Coquille, Too-too-oney, Chetco, Siuslaw, Clatsop, and Lower Umpqua Indians, and whereby they, it is alleged, ceded all the various country claimed by them between the country theretofore ceded by various other treaties and the Pacific Ocean, estimated to contain five million acres of land, and by the terms of which, it is alleged, there was a reservation of a tract of country on the coast within the limits of the Coast Reservation established by the President, estimated to contain seven hundred and fifty thousand acres, and that the Secretary of the interior be further directed

to advise the Senate whether such treaty was ever transmitted to the Senate for ratification; also whether the United States, if said treaty was not ratified, has acted upon the terms stipulated, and, if so, whether said Indians were ever paid the amounts stipulated in such treaty to be paid to them for and on account of the land so ceded, and if so, when such payments were made; and further, that he advise the Senate fully whether such treaty became operative and whether the terms thereof, or any of them, have been enforced against the Indians or the stipulations therein compiled with by the United States. "

Commissioner of Indian Affairs, T. J. Morgan, wrote on Jan. 21, 1893, regarding this treaty:

"In reply I have to say, with reference to the request of the Senate for a copy of the treaty negotiated by Superintendent Palmer of the Oregon Superintendency, of August 11, 1855, with the Indian tribes inhabiting the coast of Oregon from the Columbia River to the California line, that in March and April, 1888, diligent and persistent search was made in this office for the treaty referred to, but no trace of it could be found in this office, other than a wrapper containing a brief showing when it was received in this office, and a memoranda dated Feb. 15, 1869, which indicated that it had been removed from the wrapper prior to that date. Since that time, however, it has been ascertained that said treaty was transmitted to the Department Feb. 5, 1857, no copy thereof being retained in this office. From the Department it was forwarded through the President to the Senate, and is printed in a Senate document marked 'Confidential Executive No.9, Thirty-Fourth Congress, Third Session,' which is now on file in one of the offices of the Senate. "

Commissioner Morgan pointed out that an Executive Order setting aside the Coast or Siletz Reservation was made on November 9, 1855, *five days prior to the receipt of the Palmer treaty with the coastal Indians of Oregon. "I do not think the reservation upon which many of the Indian tribes of the Coast of Oregon have been collected can be said to have been set aside in accordance with the stipulations of this treaty,"* he concluded.

After reviewing various reports relating to the terms of the 1855 treaty, Commissioner Morgan wrote:

"From these reports and records I think it is fair to presume that the Government has never paid the Indians the amounts stipulated for in the treaty of 1855, which failed to be ratified by the Senate, but the provisions of which appear to have been faithfully adhered to by the Indians themselves, except those who appear never to have gone upon the reservation ... The United States has not fulfilled any of the stipulations agreed to therein on its behalf, unless the appropriations for the support and assistance of Indians in Oregon generally can be said to discharge the Government from its obligation to the Indians there under, if indeed an unratified treaty can impose obligations on either party, a

question which of course must be answered in the negative. The Senate resolution is herewith returned to the files of the Department.

Coos Bay News, 27 Oct. 1893. *"C. D. McFarlin, the cranberry man, was in town, Monday. He commences Monday to pick his crop which he says is about a large as last year. He employees in the neighborhood of 100 Indians while harvesting his crop."*

1900's

Through the 1890's and early 1900's the Coos acknowledged Doloose, or Jackson, the father of Lottie (Jackson) Evanoff, as their chief. Following his death in January, 1906, the tribe selected Bobbie Burns as the next chief. These events were documented in the local newspapers in Coos Bay.

1910

This year the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw were placed under the jurisdiction of the Roseburg Superintendency of Indian Affairs, Horace G. Wilson, Superintendent. In 1918 they along with other "4th Section Allottees" were transferred to the jurisdiction of the Greenville School at Greenville, California. In 1925 they were transferred to the Senior Clerk at Chemawa Indian School in Salem, Oregon.

1916

Marshfield, Sun. 25 May 1916. *"George Wasson leaves in a few days for Washington, D. C., to take up the claims of local Indians before the Indian agency. It seems that a treaty was made with the Coos Bay Indians back in the '50's and Mr. Wasson claims that two years ago Congress voted \$700,000 to pay off the obligations of this treaty. No one calling for the money it reverted to the Government, and Mr. Wasson with a special agent will have it subscribed. Many of the Indians are dead but South Slough and surrounding country contains many descendants of the noble red man, who, Mr. Wasson figures, would be benefitted at the rate of about \$45,000 a piece should he be successful. We predict a hiyu skookum time on Rascal creek should the 'bonds carry '"*

Wasson, a part Coos-Upper Coquille, had attended Chemawa Indian School and Carlisle Institute, BIA schools in Salem, Oregon, and completing his BIA education he returned to Coos Bay and for the next 31 years fought for the rights and claims of Indians in western Oregon. The Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Tribes played a key role in these efforts, raising funds, attending meetings, securing legal assistance, and testifying in 1931 in their Court of Claims case.

Clipping in Oregon Historical Society Scrapbook, No. 73; Clipping dated May 5, 1917:

On the same spot where the Treaty of Empire was signed and sealed August 30, 1855, between the United States Government and the Coast Indians, including the Coos, Umpqua, and Siuslaw tribes, the remnants of those aborigines met at Empire in the old Pioneer Hotel, a relic of better days, last Monday night and sat in council to consider affairs of vital interest to the large gatherings of surviving full-blood and mixed-blood descendants.

The council last Monday was called to provide a chief for the Indians of the tribes mentioned, the last recognized chief, Bob Burns, who was a Coos, having died five or six years ago. Until the attempt by George Wasson, a Coos descendant and a graduate of Carlisle to secure for the coastal tribes a settlement of their claims, there had been no apparent reason for a chief, for the tribes were scattered, dead and without concentration. When the treaty of Empire was dug from the dusty tomes of the Congressional Library and Department of the Interior, Congressmen who were fair-minded toward Indian claims, recognized the justness of the appeal and ordered an investigation, which, to be presented in legal form, demanded the election of a chief and credentials from the three tribes who were signatories to the treaty.

The attendance at the council was about 75, and they came from nearby and isolated districts, where, under the necessity of making a living, the men and women without a country had drifted. The gathering was fully representative and members from the three tribes were at the council. Although the main point at issue was the question of providing funds for continuing the quest in Congress, the Indians, though poor and hard pressed, showed the spirit of their forefathers when the Government after 20 years of neglect of the tribes, sent a special agent to their last Government 'corral' at Yachats to sign another treaty and again stood for what they believed was right. They guaranteed money for the work and for the best Indian claim attorney to be procured.

The organization was completed at the council of this week by the selection of Jimmy Johnson, of Reedsport, a Coos and Umpqua as chief of the tribesmen. George Wasson was requested to become the leader, but, being only a half-blood descendant, declined believing a true Indian should hold the honor.

A committee was appointed for the purpose of drafting a contract with Mr. Wasson, however proclaiming him attorney in fact of the tribes and giving him full power to represent the descendants at Washington. The committee who conferred the powers are of full blood save one exception--Thomas Wasson of Marshfield. The others are Charles Macey, Reedsport, an Umpqua; Frank Drew of Florence, a Coos; William Dick, of Florence, a Siuslaw; Peter Jordan of Lakeside, a Coos.

Among the pure-blood representatives at the council were Jimmy Johnson, Reedsport; Lottie Jackson, North Bend; Charles Macey, Reedsport; Lottie Miller, Reedsport; Richard John, North Bend; William Dick, Florence; Alice

Johnson, North Bend; Harry Reed, Florence; Annie Baker, Jim Bums, George Bums, Empire; William Moody, Haynes Inlet; Jim Buchanan, Siuslaw River.

Among the most influential Indians who is interested in seeing his relatives and old-time neighbors obtain their rights is Jeff Harney, of the Siuslaw district, a man with means and a true hope for success of the attempt to fain the Indians' rights. He was ill and unable to attend the council, but sent assurances of his approval of the proceedings."

On August 6, 1917, attorneys Sinclair and Blatchley of Coquille, Oregon, wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs on behalf of the claims of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians (letter in RG 75, national Archives, Washington, D.C.)

1918

On March 6, Annie Emmett, a Coos Indian, wrote to E. B. Merritt, Assistant Commissioner of Indian Affairs, regarding the claims of her tribe. Emmett wrote back: *"It is probable that a number of Indians belonging to the Coos Bay band or tribe did not remove to the Siletz Reservation, although ample opportunity was given them by the Government of so doing and of being provided with homes thereon."* Merritt concluded: *'It is not seen how any relief can now be granted those Indians of the Coos bay band or tribe who failed to take advantage of the opportunity offered them by the Government of locating on the Siletz Reservation and receiving allotments thereon.'*

Merritt seemed unaware of the forced removals to Yachats, the beatings at the hands of agent Collins, the starvation and fifty percent population decline within a five year period, or the vocal efforts of the tribes in 1875 to retain the lands at Yachats (see reference to the 1875 conference minutes).

In this year H.R. 9047 was introduced to authorize the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw to submit their claims in the Court of Claims. The introduction of this legislation was the result of a concerted effort of the Confederated Tribes since 1916 to secure the passage of a jurisdictional act.

1920's

The efforts to secure a jurisdictional act were of long duration for the Confederated Tribes. They were rebuffed and ignored. Finally they gained such an act on Feb. 23, 1929: *"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That jurisdiction is hereby conferred on the Court of Claims to hear, examine, adjudicate, and render in a judgment in any and all legal and equitable claims of the Coos (or Kowes) Bay, Lower Umpqua (or Kalawatset), and Siuslaw Indians Tribes of the State of Oregon against the United States arising under or growing*

out of the original Indian title, claim, or rights of the said tribes (with whom no treaty has been made), in, to, or upon the whole or any pan of the lands and their appurtenances occupied by said tribes in 1848 and long prior thereto, and embraced within the following description, to wit ...

1929

The Oregonian, 24 Mar. 1929. The headlines in the Portland Oregonian read: "INDIANS TO PUSH CLAIMS, 3 TRIBES TO SEEK REDRESS FOR SEIZED LANDS, MEETING AT EMPIRE HEARS GEORGE WASSON DETAIL PLANS FOR RECOVERING INDEMNITY."

CHRONOLOGICAL OVERVIEW (PART III)

Guest Author

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February 1, 1983

(Reprinted for the February, 1992 Newsletter)

On March 23, 1929, over 100 descendants of the Confederated Tribes gathered in Empire, Oregon, to discuss the impact of the jurisdictional act which at last permitted them to sue for the taking of their lands in the mid-nineteenth century. The members decided to hold a mass meeting in the North Bend community Building, prepare petitions, and update the tribal roll or census. Daniel B. Henderson of Washington, D.C., had been secured as the tribal attorney in the land claims litigation.

Oregonian, 14 July 1929. Philip H. Parrish of the Oregonian staff wrote a feature article entitled: "*REMNANTS OF INDIAN TRIBES GATHER AT BIG POTLATCH TO HEAR OF CLAIMS FOR LOST LANDS.*" He reported that 150 tribal members ate, danced, told stories, and discussed the land claims effort. The meeting was held on June 23 "*near the mouth of Two Mile Creek which flows into Coos Bay a half a mile west of Empire.*"

"There was no one present but the Indians and a few of us who are friends of theirs, explained Herman Jordan to Ben Hur Lampman and myself the other day. ... Food was prepared Indian style, and Jasper [Luse] was the chief cook. A trench was dug five feet wide. It was partially filled with large rocks, which in turn were heated by burning several cords of wood in the trench. After six hours the ashes were removed from the heated rocks.

Then wet sea grass was placed on the rocks. Clams, chickens and salmon were placed on top of these, and over the food more sea grass, canvas and one foot of sand.

One group of the older men, made up of Jasper, John Wasson, Fred Johnson, Ira Metcalf and a few others that I do not recall by name, sat in the shade of a large spruce tree near the water's edge, not being of that age when all is vanity and vexation--the youngest being 63 • They related narratives told them by their grandfathers..."

The jurisdiction act of Feb. 23, 1929 (Public Law No. 798, 70 Congress) gave jurisdiction of the case to the Court of Claims. This act was amended on June 14, 1932 and again on August 26, 1935.

1931

As part of their claims litigation the Confederated Tribes participated in a session of depositions in North Bend, Oregon. By action of the tribal council on May 16, 1928, the tribes had secured the legal services of Daniel B. Henderson of Washington, D.C.

Local counsel was T. Hardy Todd. The council member participating in the attorney contract were Peter Jordan, James Siestrem, Grant Waters, Gus Macy, and Daisy Coddling.

Many of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw who testified in 1931 could do so only in their native language. Frank Drew, a bilingual Coos from Florence, Oregon, served as the interpreter. [His daughter, Marge (Drew) Severy, lives in 1983 on the family allotment on the North Fork of the Siuslaw River.] Among those tribal members giving testimony were the following:

George Jackson
Frank Drew
Lottie (Jackson) Evanoff
Annie (Miner) Peterson
George H. Barrett
Laura (Hotchkiss) Metcalf
Maggie (Hanson) Sacchi
Daisy (Wasson) Coddling
George Bundy Wasson
Ira B. Metcalf
Nellie (Wasson) Freeman
Andrew S. Charles
John Vierow
Peter Jordan
Mrs. William Waters
Frances (Talbot) Elliott

Several non-Indian pioneers also testified to the presence of the tribes in their aboriginal lands in the 1850's. These witnesses included: J. N. Hedden, S.B. Cathcart, and William R. Simpson.

1937

Throughout the 1930's the eager attention of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw focused upon the progress of their land claims case.

Marshfield, Sun, 29 April 1937 "Tribesmen to Gather. *Descendants of the Coos Bay, Umpqua, and Rogue River Indians are to meet Saturday, May 1st, at the Log Cabin Bakery in Bangor [North 'Bend, Ore.]. As important matters, relative to the Treaty made by the tribesmen's ancestors with the Government is to be discussed by competent speakers, it is expected that a large delegation will be on hand. George Bundy Wasson, who has been at Washington, D.C., in*

furtherance of the cause, has sent in some important information that will be disclosed, according to Ira Metcalf, Charleston."

In this year William G. Robertson of the Empire Development Company deeded to the U.S. government 6.1 acres of land as a site for a tribal hall and food-processing facility for the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indian tribes. This land parcel, now in west Coos Bay, Oregon, was described as follows:

"Lots 10 to 18, inclusive, Block 13, Empire Commercial Tracts (K-73 to K-81) Beginning at a point in the A.N. Foley Donation Land Claim No. 38 in section 20, Township 25 South, Range 13 West of the Willamette Meridian, from which point the iron pipe at the quarter section corner on the east boundary of the said section 20 bears S. 66 degree 33' East a distance of 1732.65 feet; and running thence South 42 degrees 51 ' West for a distance of 748.58 feet, thence North 1 degree 33' west for a distance of 954.64 feet; thence North 88 degrees 27' East for a distance of 95.7 feet; thence South 47 degrees 9' East for a distance of 600 feet to the point of beginning containing 6.12 acres, more or less, and being a portion of the A.N. Foley Donation Land Claim No. 38, in Section 20, Township 25 South Range 13 West of the Willamette Meridian."

This deed was recorded August 6, 1940, in the Coos County Courthouse, Coquille, Oregon. The land was given by Louis J. Simpson, Vice-President, and William G. Robertson, Secretary, of the Empire Development Company as a trust parcel for the tribes. The terms of the deed read:

"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same to the said the United States of America in trust for such Indians of the Coos Bay and neighboring Indian tribes in Western Oregon, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Interior, heirs and assigns forever."

1938

Under funding from the Bureau of Indian Affairs and to plans developed by BIA architects the tribal hall of the Confederated Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Tribes was constructed on their 6.1 acre reservation in Empire, Oregon (today part of west Coos Bay, Oregon). This hall is still in use by the tribes as a meeting place and location of their cultural museum.

On May 2, 1938, the Court of Claims issued its order in the case K-345, the land claims litigation of the Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw [Jurisdictional Act 45 stat. 1256, as amended by Act of June 14, 1932, 47 stat. 307]. The Court rejected the claims of the Confederated Tribes and stated:

"Plaintiffs rest their case in the essential particular to sustain it upon the oral testimony of twenty-one witnesses. If this testimony is to prevail in every way over documentary and historical evidence it is sufficient to observe that it does prove by hearsay that the plaintiffs did occupy the lands claimed from time immemorial. The oral testimony of numerous Indian witnesses, some of whom

were aged and other younger, details facts and traditions. In this case, at least seventeen of the twenty-one witnesses produced have a direct interest in the outcome of this case. To establish Indian title to a vast acreage of land by oral testimony, irrespective of the obstacles of establishing it by any other method, exacts a degree of proof sufficient to overcome contemporaneous documentary and historical evidence to the contrary [WHATEVER THIS EVIDENCE WAS IT WAS NOT CITED BY THE COURT OR SUBMITTED IN EVIDENCE!]. No doubt exists that the plaintiff Indians originally did reside upon the Coast Reservation with the other tribes thereon; how long they continued this residence and what particular portion thereof was concededly theirs are impossible of ascertainment.

An unratified Indian treaty is not evidence of government recognition of Indian title to lands described therein. Conley v. Ballinger, supra. Jurisdictional acts merely provide a forum for the presentation and adjudication of Indian cases. United States v. Mille Lac Indians, 299 U.S. 49B, 500. The fact that the United States did make treaties with other Indians in this same area falls short of establishing individual title to a described area in an unratified treaty. Blackfoot Indians v. United States, B1 C. cls. 101."

The Court of Claims thus rejected the contention that the Confederated Tribes possessed "any right, claim or title to any part of the coast of Oregon whatsoever."

The Claims Court declined to hear the appeal of the Confederated Tribes in their attempt to gain settlement for the taking of their aboriginal lands. Their case had been decided by the Court of Claims on May 2, 1938 (87 C. Cls. 143). The motion of the Confederated Tribes for a new trial was filed on June 28, 1938 and was denied on November 14, 1938.

The Confederated Tribes on February 7, 1939, petitioned the Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari. This petition was denied on March 27, 1939 (306 U.S. 653, 59 S. ct. 642, 83 L. Ed. 1052).

The Confederated Tribes nevertheless were determined to press ahead in their land claims effort.

1947

The Confederated Tribes focused their attention on the new Indian Claims Commission and its hearing of Indian claims. Oregonian, 23 Oct. 1947 An article in the Portland Oregonian along with a photograph of John G. Mullen and E. L. Crawford, possible attorneys for the Confederated Tribes, suggested that the ore claim for taking of their lands might go as high as \$78 million because of the Coos Bay coal fields and gold extracted in the area in the 1850' s. Dr. Warren O. Smith, a geologist WE from Oregon State College, estimated the extracted mineral values at \$1.9 million as of 1855.

On July 7, 1947, the Confederated Tribes met in Eugene, Oregon, to approve attorney contracts with Everett Sanders of Washington, O. C., and John G. Mullen, of North Bend, Oregon. The committee of the Tribal Council appointed to negotiate the contracts was made up of E. E. Morris, George B. Wasson, Clay Barrett, Ed Sprague, and George Thomas.

1948

At a meeting on 6 June 1948 at the Tribal Hall in Empire, Oregon, 65 tribal members listened to chairman Howard Barrett discuss efforts to continue the claims case before the Indian Claims Commission. Of those present 54 voted in favor of initiating litigation before the Commission. The motion to do so was made by Ed Sprague (Coos), Eddie Morris (Umpqua), and Clayton Barrett (Siuslaw).

Russell M. Kelley, Superintendent of the Chemawa Indian School, was present and certified the minutes of this meeting.

Oregonian, 13 June 1948: the Oregonian carried an article about the meeting of the Confederated Tribes and their hiring of John Mullen of North Bend and Everett Sanders of Washington, D. C., as attorneys.

1951

On August 7, 1951, John G. Mullen, attorney, filed the claim of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw with the Indian Claims Commission pursuant to the act of August 13, 1946 (60 Stat. 1049, 25 U.S.C. 70) creating the commission. This case became Docket No. 265.

1952

On July 11, 1952, the Indian Claims Commission dismissed the case of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw:

This cause came on to be heard before the Commission at the United States District Court at Seattle, Washington, on the 9th day of June, 1952, on the motion for summary judgment filed by the defendant on the 25th day of January, 1952, the plaintiffs being represented by their counsel, John G. Mullen, Esq. of North Bend, Oregon, and the defendant being represented by its counsel, Walter A. Rochow, Esq. of Washington, D.C., at which time and place defendant offered evidence Exhibits numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4, and the plaintiffs offered no evidence; after which, said motion was orally argued by the parties, at which argument counsel for plaintiffs stated he had no objection to the Commission's sustaining defendant's said motion (for summary judgment). Whereupon the Commission took said motion under advisement, and being now fully advised in the premises find that defendant's said motion (for summary judgment). Whereupon the Commission took said motion under advisement, and being now fully advised in the premises find that defendant's said motion should be sustained.

It is therefore ordered and adjudged by the Commission that the defendant's said motion for summary judgment be, and the same is hereby sustained, and that the petition herein is hereby dismissed."

Tragically the legal counsel for the tribes had secured no expert witnesses nor had counsel sought the abundant documentary evidence in the National Archives or the Hudson's Bay Company archives not available in the Court of Claims case in the 1930's.

When it appeared initially that the Indian Claims Commission would not hear the complaint of the Confederated Tribes, Oregon's congressional delegation introduced H.R. 4190 on May 22, 1951, and S. 1572 on May 31, 1951, to allow the plaintiff tribes to present their case. No action was taken on these bills.

1954

Greatly dissatisfied with the performance of attorney John G. Mullen, the Confederated Tribes secured new legal counsel, James M. Green of Florence, Oregon. James A. Langston of the Indian Claims Commission staff wrote to attorney Green that the case had been decided and was reported to Congress on Oct. 14, 1952, under section 21, Public Law 726, 79th Congress. Green's attorney contract, submitted to the Indian Claims Commission on November 12, 1954, was accompanied by an affidavit from Howard Barrett, Sr., of the Tribal Council of the Confederated Tribes.

In 1954 the Congress held joint hearings on S. 2746. This pending legislation clearly alarmed the Confederated Tribes which yet labored on their land claims case. On p. 147 of the hearings on this bill is the following observation: *"These Indians [Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw] are fearful lest their claim be denied by the Indian Claims Commission on the basis of res adjudicate. They fell that their claim is identical to the claim of the Alceas et al. so recently adjudicated in favor of the Alceas et al. Evidently there was faulty presentation of the Coos et al Indian case, it preceding the presentation of the Alcea case by several years. It is very evident that counsel for the Alcea and Rogue River Tribe, in trying those cases, profited from mistakes made by council in the Coos et al case and avoided such mistakes. It is believed that if the Coos et al case had been presented by using the type of evidence submitted in the Alcea case, the court would have rendered favorable judgment."*

With termination pending in 1954 the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw vigorously opposed this measure of Congress. Unlike the Coquille or Siletz Tribe who passed resolutions in favor of termination, the Confederated Tribes opposed Congress' actions and sent a large delegation to the hearings on the proposal at Grand Ronde Reservation. Those opposed to termination were barred from participation in the meeting.

1956

With termination imminent, the Confederated Tribes turned to the United Nations to seek assistance. Their effort was in vain but did attract attention in the statewide press.

The Oregonian, 17 August 1956. Howard Barrett, Sr., of Florence, Oregon, filed a petition as chairman of the Tribal Council seeking admission of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Tribes into the United Nations. The text of the petition read in part: *"It follows. . . that no rights of sovereignty over the Indian or their territory could have been acquired by Oregon."*

The tribes concluded their petition with the allegation that their lands had been taken by robbery and they had yet to receive any compensation.

1959

Oregonian, 30 June 1959

On June 28, 1959, 50 tribal members of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Tribes met to oppose the federal government's actions to create the Oregon Dunes National Seashore out of their aboriginal lands. Harry Johnson, a tribal member from Reedsport, said: *"I don't know whether this resolution will help our claims, but we have got to start somewhere. I think the land belongs to the tribes."*

1963

Although the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indian Tribes continued to meet in their Tribal Hall in Empire, Oregon, the Bureau of Indian Affairs at termination of the tribes in 1956 had turned the facility over to the City of Empire. A decision on September 26, 1954, held by the BIA explained that situation of the Tribal Hall in the 1960's.

On September 26, 1954, a community meeting was held and a question was presented on proper disposition of the property. No decision was reached and the Area Office was to explore further with the group and with the local non-Indian community the possibility of transferring the property to some community organization at Empire on condition that it be available for Indian meetings and other public purposes by the Indian people in the community.

On April 17, 1956, the Empire, Oregon, city Council adopted the following resolution: *"That the Council of the city of Empire hereby declares its willingness and intention to accept the Indian community building situation in the corporate limits of the City of Empire to be maintained by the City of Empire for the use of the Indian tribes in and around the Coos Bay Area, in Coos County, Oregon, and for general municipal and community purposes."*

On August 7, 1956, a wire approving execution of the deed was sent to the Area Director by the Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs: *"Reurlet July 3 authority is granted to execute deed in fee absolute conveying 6.12 acres of land to city of Empire Oregon as trustee in trust for Indians to be specifically named therein. This is property conveyed by Empire Development Company by deed dated May 28, 1.940 to United states in trust for such Indians of the Coos Bay and neighboring Indian tribes in western Oregon as may be designated by the Secretary of Interior. Property cannot be conveyed in fee, nor in trust for any other than these Indian beneficiaries."*

The Department of the Interior conveyed by deed on August 8, 1956, to the city of Empire, Oregon, as trustee for the Coos, Coquille, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Tribes the tribal property.

In 1963 the City of Empire in a letter written by Cameron C. Thom, attorney for the city, told the Portland Area Office that it had no funds to maintain or repair the Tribal Hall. Tribal members provided the only maintenance for the property.

Through the mid-1960's the Confederated Tribes repeatedly tried to get the City of Empire to use its rental fees from use of the Tribal Hall by non-Indian groups for maintenance. Such requests were in vain.

1965

In February, Empire, Oregon, Coos County's oldest city, was annexed by Coos Bay. The City of Coos Bay took over the Tribal Hall and began an active program of leasing it to non-Indian groups, including the U. S. Navy. This action resulted in considerable damage to the tribal property.

Finally in 1968 the Confederated Tribes secured legal assistance from the firm of McInturff, Thom & Collver in Coos Bay, Oregon.

1968

The city of Coos Bay refused to reimburse the tribes for the damages done to the property. (Letter of city Manager Harold A. Leedom, Dec. 17, 1968.) The Tribes nevertheless filed a deed to the 6.1 acre reservation with the Clerk of Coos County (recording fee paid May 6, 1968.)

1970's

The Confederated Tribes took over their hall once again and secured payment from the City of Coos Bay for damages to their property. In January, 1973, repairs to the hall were far enough along so that the Tribes could open their Office of Economic Opportunity programs in the building.

1972

The Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Tribes of western Oregon filed articles of incorporation with the corporation commissioner of the State of Oregon on December 8, 1972. Attached to the articles was a copy of the Confederated Tribes' governing document.

1974

The Confederated Tribes became affiliate members of the Small Tribes organization of Western Washington (STOWW) and initiated their first Title IV programs in local schools in southwestern Oregon.

1975

Senators Mark O. Hatfield and Robert Packwood introduced S. 945 (94 Cong., • 1 Sess.) to permit the land claims of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Tribes be heard in the U. S. District Court of Oregon. No action was taken on this bill, in part because of the then pending Joint Congressional Commission on the American Indian and its proposed hearings in western Oregon.

1976

In March, 1976, representatives of the Confederated Tribes gave more than two hours of detailed testimony before Task Force Ten on Non-federally Recognized and Terminated Indians of the Joint Congressional Commission on the American Indian in Salem, Oregon.

THE CHETCO'S

Don Whereat (March and June, 1994)

"Next in order are the Che-at-tee or Chitco band, whose villages are situated on each side of the mouth and about 6 miles up a small river bearing their name, but their villages were burned last February by the whites. They consisted of forty-two houses, which were all destroyed; a loss which the scarcity of timber in their country makes serious. The languages of these people extended from Whale's Head to the California line and back from the coast indefinitely. The forty-two houses destroyed by fire, at the lowest estimate, were worth \$100 each, for which I would here recommend that they receive a full indemnity." (Parrish Census, 1854.)

Shots rang out at dawn on the morning of February 20, 1853. Shortly after, six Chetco Indians were dead; four killed by gun fire, two burned to death. Thus was the beginning of the end of the Chetco Tribe, a once powerful and feared band of Indians living on the stream of that name.

The first recorded contact by white men with the Chetco Indians was by the Jedediah Smith party. Crossing into Oregon from California on June 23, 1828, and the following day camped on the south bank of the Chetco River. Smith wrote in his journal, *"Near my camp was a village of 10 or 12 lodges but the Indians had all run off Among the Indians of this country I have seen a small kind of Tobacco, which is pretty generally cultivated. These Indians catch Elk in Pits dug in places much frequented. They are 10 or 12 feet deep and much larger at the top."*

Twelve white men first settled the valley of the Chetco in the fall of 1850. One of them was Augustus F. Miller. He and several of his cronies first selected their claims about a quarter of a mile up the river, to which the Indians made no objection. Later, learning that the newly discovered mines would attract a large population, the partners formed an association and chose as their claims a site near the mouth of the river, disregarding that there was already a Chetco village occupying the spot. The village consisted of forty houses, situated on each bank of the river. Miller built his cabin in the village on the north bank. This village was called "Chusti-hoot-meh"¹ by neighboring Tu-tut-ne. It was known as "Che-tan-neh-neh," meaning on the north side of "Chekwoot," or "Chetco Creek" by the Coquilles. Chetco is a corruption of these names, and is an example of how tribes got their modern names; from what their neighbors called them. The Head of Coquilles called them also, "Ahoosdah," meaning "Southerners." The Chetco's themselves called this north side village "Gah-loo-kwut."²

¹"Lying-Down-Within."

²"Baby -Basket-Upon." Most important village in the Chetco area. Located on a cove, north side of the river.

For several years travelers along the coast had been paying the Chetco's to ferry them across. Miller informed them that they must no longer ferry white people, that he, Miller, would be the only one. However, they sometimes continued to do so, and Miller threatened them with destruction of their lodges.

Building his cabin in their midst against their wishes was not the only complaint the Indians had against Miller. They were understandably upset that he also kept a public house for miners and travelers, and that "*many of them were bad men,*" and that they gave them no rest at night. Indian women and girls were dragged out of their houses and raped by these men. If husbands or parents dared interfere, they were beaten up and often nearly killed. Remonstrating with Miller did no good. They were told if they "*did not keep quiet, he would drive them off.*"

Irritated at their constant complaints, Miller sent to Crescent City for a party of known Indian killers (better known as "Exterminators") to come to his aid. Their first order of business was to make certain the Indians could not fight back. This they accomplished by purchasing what few fire arms the Indians had, they not realizing what the real purpose was. Feeling all was well, most of the Indians moved up the river following the salmon and gathering acorns. After several weeks the mercenary's from Crescent City became restless and threatened to leave. They cursed Miller out and said he "*was worse than the Indians,*" and threatened to go back to Crescent City. Miller insisted the Indians be killed. An attack was planned for the morning of February 20. Only a few old men, women, and several children were left on Miller's side of the river.

Built in semi-subterranean style with puncheon walls and a plank roof, with only a small hole to go in and out, their houses were a trap. Quietly asleep in their houses, they were attacked at daybreak. Apparently Millers' thugs were poor marksman, for some of the Indians managed to escape. Three were killed outright. Three men remained in the lodges, returning the fire with bows and arrows. Not being able to get at them, they ordered two Indian women in the household of Miller to set fire to the structures. Two Indians were burned alive in the conflagration; the third was shot while raising his head up through the smoke for air. Intermittent firing from the Indians on the south bank continued throughout the day. That night the survivors fled to the mountains. The next day all the houses on the north bank were fired, those on the south bank the day after. The men Miller had brought up from Crescent City promptly left for home. Even the other settlers in the valley were sickened by Miller's deed, and told him he would have to stand alone for what he had done.

Two old men and a boy, fleeing from their burning houses, came upon Antoine Wort, a white man. Wort was by the roadside fixing his gun and was killed by the three. Hiding his body, they stole his gun and headed for the Rogue River.

Two weeks later, just as darkness was settling in, seventy-five Indians attacked three white men living at the mouth of Winchuck River, just five miles

south of the Chetco. The fight went on until after midnight when the Indians withdrew, leaving several dead and wounded. Unsuccessful in killing or burning out the three men, they proceeded up the valley, burning several houses. Later, asked why they had tried to kill the three men, they replied it was in retaliation for their people killed at Chetco. In this vein, Agent R. W. Thompson wrote to Joel Palmer in 1855: "... *I would mention that from time immemorial, it has been their custom to take vengeance on any of the nation, tribe, family, or caste, from whom they may have received injury. Their measure of justice being as fully satisfied as if punishment had been inflicted on the particular individual.*" Assured that Miller's deed was condemned by all the other settlers, there was little trouble from the Chetco's until the outbreak of the Rogue River war in February, 1856.

Twenty-three Indians were killed between the date of the massacre and the arrival on the scene May 8 by Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Joel Palmer. He observed that the place was now in the peaceable possession of Miller. Seeing a few Indians on a small island in the river, Palmer took a boat to that point, hoping to hold a talk. All fled at his approach except an old woman and a small boy. Conversing in signs, he gave the boy some presents and sent him to persuade the others to return. Only one Indian, another boy, returned with him. Giving each of them a shirt, Palmer sent them out to try again but with no better success. Leaving some shirts and tobacco for the Chiefs with a settler who could converse with the Chetco's, Palmer instructed him to tell the natives he would soon send an Agent to see them.

Agent J.L Parrish arrived on the Chetco June 5. Following instructions from Palmer, he had Miller arrested and put in the charge of Ben Wright (his guide), to be delivered to the military at Port Orford. Parrish also hired three white men to assist Wright, who was also to arrest the three Indians that had killed Wort. Arresting the Indians was more for their own protection than anything else. Two of the three were arrested at Chetco, the third was found up the Rogue River and brought to Port Orford for trial. Miller was soon turned loose by the justice of the peace, citing no evidence that a crime had been committed. Miller had brought witnesses from Crescent City who testified that a "*state of war*" had existed between the whites and Indians. These witnesses were of course the same ones who had helped in the murder of the Indians. The three Indians who had killed Wort were also acquitted, but their lives were in danger from some of the locals who were determined "*get them.*"

Referring to the Chetco Massacre as well as an earlier one on the Coquille, Palmer wrote to General Wool on May 12, 1854. He asked the General for troops, not to protect the whites, just the opposite. He says, "*I almost despair of being able to maintain peace without them. The whole system of Indian warfare seems to have been changed. How mortifying that we have so reckless a population as to demand the presence of troops, to protect the natives against the barbarities of our own citizens. Scenes have been enacted by whites in this district against the Indians that would disgrace the most barbarous nations of the*

world, and the perpetration of these terrible outrages, permitted to go unpunished. “

Relations between all the Indians and whites remained fairly peaceable between the Chetco massacre and the outbreak of the Rogue River War. Two exceptions were the attacks by miners on the Na-so-mah band at the mouth of the Coquille, and a minor incident at Euchre Creek. Both these events took place in January of 1854. The Euchre Creek incident was the result of a misunderstanding; tempers flared, guns drawn, and a shot fired at one of the Indians. The whites later admitted they were actually to blame for the whole affair. That would have ended the matter, but Captain Tichenor,³ a local gadfly, while on a political campaign trip to Ellensburg, spotted the Indian of the Euchre Creek incident and urged the assembled people to have him arrested. Tichenor acted as “counsel for the people” and the judgment of the meeting was “guilty” of an attempt to take a white man’s life. The sentence was death. Wiser counsel at length prevailed and the decision of the meeting was that the Indian should be tried by the local Indian Agent at Port Orford. It was determined that if the Agent refused to hang the accused, and then he should be returned to the mouth of the Rogue River (and presumably hanged there by the whites). The agent, F. M. Smith, took charge of the Indian to protect him against lawless violence. Captain Tichenor and his committee demanded that Smith put the Indian on trial. Again, wiser heads overruled the hot heads, and it was decided not to proceed with the extremity.

Sub-Indian Agent Ben Wright⁴ visited the Chetco Indians in January of 1855 and found them in a confused and fearful state. Earlier, those same Exterminators from Crescent City, who had earlier helped Miller in his dirty work, participated in a slaughter of 40 Indians on the Big Lagoon near Smith River. Bent on crossing the line because they had heard the Chetco’s were preparing for war and that they had not been going about the whites as usual. Therefore, they must be up to something. This time the Exterminators were stopped by the authorities in Crescent City. Wright continued on to Smith River and told the Exterminators they would be dealt, “*with fearful consequences*” if they crossed the line into his district.

Coming back to the Chetco, Wright cautioned the Indians not to cross the line on any occasion whatever. They promised faithfully not to do so. So far as is known, they kept their word.

Anyway, it was not the Indians who were causing the trouble, just the contrary. On November 4, 1855, Customs Agent R.W. Dunbar at Port Orford

³Captain Tichenor, founder in 1851 of Port Orford. On June 9, 1851, he landed 9 men at this site. Fearing the Indians, they made their camp on Battle Rock. Later the Indians did attack, the 9 men escaping under cover of darkness.

⁴Ben Wright was later killed at the outbreak of the Rogue River War, February, 1856.

wrote to General Palmer: "*Ben (sub Indian Agent Ben Wright) goes to Rogue River, and if the whites will let his business alone, he can maintain quiet on his widely extended district ... it is lamentable to see the uneasiness and fear of those Indians, they beg of Ben not to suffer the whites to kill them, that they will do anything rather than have the whites come and kill them, and drive them away from procuring food for the winter.*" The next day Wright wrote to Major Reynolds, U.S.A., requesting that the garrison remain at Port Orford to maintain the peace.

During the Rogue River war, Captain O. C. Ord⁵ played a major role in the fate of the Chetco's. Stationed at Crescent City at the outbreak of hostilities, he was ordered north to the mouth of Rogue River. Starting out on February 15, 1856, he and his company started up the coast. Passing through the "huge redwood trees, which appeared to have been growing since before the birth of our Savior,"⁶ he arrived the next day on the Chetco. The men were crossed on logs, while the mules forded the crossing. One mule carrying ammunition, drowned. Ord wrote in his journal: "*Camp at old ranch and burnt place one Miller-Miller had ford-was jealous because Indians underworked him and drove them off.*"

On the 17th he "*got up the drowned mule*" with its load of ammunition. He wrote in his diary that the crossing at the Chetco was a bad place "*where the stream and the waves meet-at low tide.*" On the 18th, he started north for the Rogue River.

Captain Ord's next visit to the Chetco River was not so tranquil. The following April 26th he was ordered from his camp at the mouth of Rogue River to proceed to the Chetco where he was to meet Captain Floyd Jones, bringing up a pack train from Crescent City. On the 29th, Ord, with his company, camped in a ravine two miles north of the Chetco. His campfires could not be seen from the river, where, he reasoned the Indians to be. Because of rain, the command got started late and the element of surprise was lost. Just as the company started out, 2 Indians were encountered who ran back to give the alarm. Ord promptly sent one of his men after them, while he and 42 others followed on the double quick. Reaching the mouth of the river with his men, they came upon 70 or 80 Indians waiting to attack the approaching pack train. Caught by surprise, they stampeded in disarray, 20 or so running for the hills. Ord had 40 dragoons follow these only to discover that the main body of Indians had escaped by using the overhanging river bank as concealment. They were now behind them. Belatedly, he and his Dragoons reversed course and headed back down the river. Coming upon a party of Indians about a mile above the mouth, attempting to cross the river in a whaleboat and canoes, the soldiers fired on them, killing 4, and wounding 3 or 4 others, Ord then decided to return to the mouth of the river and make camp. While camped there, Lt. Jones and the pack train were seen coming

⁵Ord was later a General in the civil war. Fort Ord in California was named after him. In his diary, Ord often complained of his commander, Lt. Colonel Buchanan, and his handling of the Rogue River War.

⁶ Letter to his father.

up the beach on the opposite side of the river. Switzer asked permission to take 15 men and see if they could recover the whaleboat. Thirty more men soon followed. About that time, 3 boatloads of Indian were spied paddling madly up the river, with many more following along the sand banks at a killing pace. Before long the whaleboat took to shore, the Indians knocking a hole in the bottom before taking off for the brush. Switzer's men, recovering the damaged boat, started downstream. About ¼ mile down, it sunk.

Sergeant Smith was ordered to take some men and sweep both sides of the river, 300 yards down to the mouth. No Indians were seen, but one of the Sergeants men stumbled out of the brush with an arrow in him. Smith was ordered back up the river again, and near the same place Smith got into a skirmish with an Indian. Both fired and missed. In the ensuing hand-to-hand fight, Smith was getting the worst of it when some of his men came to his aid and killed the Indian. Smith was badly wounded and lived only a few days. Bitterly, Ord wrote, "*... so much for this volunteer war for the abused whites, the beggars.*" Smith was buried at a point of hummock on a bluff 2/3 of a mile from Miller's place. Ord then returned to the mouth of the Rogue River. He had managed to kill and wound a few Indians. In turn, he lost Sergeant Smith, and one wounded. His report read, "*We captured one woman and one boy, four horses, a quantity of fish, potatoes and other food, and some ammunition. Killed and wounded Indians: four men, one woman, one boy child. Killed of my command: Sgt. Smith. Wounded slightly: Sgt. Quinn. Distance traveled, 85 miles.*"

At the conclusion of the Rogue River War, most of the warring tribes were shipped by steamer to Fort Yamhill. Those still remaining were the Chetco's, John's band,⁷ and some Pistol Rivers. Sam's and George's bands, (Rogue River bands) were guided to the Siuslaw by William Tichenor, where they were turned over to General Palmer.

Employed by the army as a scout during the war, Tichenor was discharged from the service at Oregon City, and then appointed by Superintendent of Indian Affairs, William Hedges, as Special Agent⁸ to go back

⁷ Chief John was a respected antagonist during the Rogue River War. He once addressed Col Buchanan. "*You are a great Chief ... so am I. This is my country; I was in it when those large trees were small, not higher than my head. My heart is sick with fighting, but I want to live in my country. If the white people are willing, I will go back to Deer Creek (Illinois Valley) and live among them as I used to do. They can visit my camp, and I will visit theirs; but I will not lay down my arms and go with you on the reserve. I will fight.*" Chief John later surrendered to Captain Ord and was sent to the Siletz Reservation. Apparently Old John and some of his people escaped because a letter dated April 23, 1858 from Nesmith to Captain Augur congratulated him on his "*capture of Old John*" and concurring that he should be sent to prison in California. He and his son Adam were arrested by Capt. Augur on April 26, 1858. Sent in irons to Vancouver, they were then transferred to Benecia, California for imprisonment. Heeding the pleas of John's three daughters, Supt. of Indian Affairs W.H. Rector wrote to Brig. General Wright, Commanding Dept. of the Pacific on May 7, 1862, to release Old John and his son and let them return to the Reservation. Old John and his son Adam were released that same month.

⁸ By letter dated September 25, 1856. Hedges succeeded Joel Palmer on June 21st of that year.

down south and round up the Chetco Indians. He managed to gather up 98 Indians at the mouth of Rogue River. Three of them were Indians that he had previously taken north, and who had promptly turned around and headed back home. Tichenor was to encounter this same vexing problem again and again before he was finished. Hedges ordered him to find a suitable location in the neighborhood of Port Orford, with a view of providing for them over winter and preventing any further collisions between them and the whites. On October 16, 1856, Tichenor⁹ wrote to Captain Stewart at Fort Umpqua for assistance. He stated that he had 55 Indians in custody and the local rabble was threatening to kill them before he could get them to the reservation. On the 22nd of October, 1856, Tichenor wrote of his difficulties in collecting the Indians, *“caused by unprincipled white men who kept the Indians in constant alarm by their threats and caused them to disperse once or twice”*, when he had succeeded in collecting them near Port Orford.

It is no wonder then that Tichenor requested to Hedges that he bring them to Portland by Steamer. Hedges being absent when the letter arrived, his secretary advised Tichenor that he had no authorization for doing so. Nevertheless, on the October 11, Tichenor arrived with 87¹⁰ Indians by steamer. Without a contract, the ship's Captain charged the Indian Department twenty dollars a head, double the previous rate. Hedges justified Tichenor's actions as reasonable under the circumstances.

The following year 1857, Tichenor was once more employed to go back down to the Chetco and round up Indians that had escaped the Reservation, or had never surrendered. Indian Agent for the area, E. P. Drew. Arriving at Port Orford on the July 1, Tichenor, with 4 men, prepared to start immediately into the mountains. They had with them 2 pack animals and 2 riding animals. His purpose in going into the mountains was to look for signs of Indian activity. Striking the Rogue River at the Big Bend, then crossing the Illinois River, ascending the dividing ridge between that River and Pistol River, thence towards the Chetco, or the “Chicatoo” as he called it, they finally arrived at the uppermost village of Misladan.¹¹ He then descended the river about 40 miles, making camp about 2 miles above the mouth. After all his efforts, it was here that he found the elusive signs he had been looking for. The party had traveled too far east of the Indians' established trails. Tichenor then had a “fort” and a blockhouse erected in preparation of gathering up the Indians. He soon learned it was not the easy task he had anticipated.

⁹ Stephen Dow Beckham, “Lonely Outpost: The Army's Fort Umpqua.”

¹⁰ Siletz census for December 1856 lists the Chetco's as follows. 26 men, 24 women, 10 boys, 11 girls, and 4 infants, making a total of 75.

¹¹ Also called Shis-kas-litun, (“Clay goes-up where”)

Tichenor also received some bad news from the newly appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs, James W. Nesmith¹². On August 11, he informed Tichenor not to put the government to any undue expense that the few Indians he had in his possession remain in place and subsist on their own. Nesmith also informed Tichenor that he had *"not one single dollar of public funds in my hands applicable to any purpose."* In other words, Tichenor was on-his-own, and risked not getting paid or reimbursed for expenses and supplies. He went ahead anyway.

The first few were gathered rather easily though. It was September by now and the salmon season was on. His charges promised him if they could go after the salmon, they would come back of their own accord. It was also the acorn season, a staple of the Chetcos' diet, and many were engaged in this endeavor. Some families had come into stay at the fort, and little by little they stole away into the mountains. Tichenor determined to go and bring them back, although it was December by now and weather conditions would be severe in the mountains.

Going back into the hills as far as the Illinois River, he discovered a band that he had never had in his possession before. He described them as *"the most desperate band of wretches that I have ever seen."* This band had been going through the valley murdering Chinese and had in their possession a large lot of Chinese hats and clothing of all descriptions. Tichenor said they were the Sobenda¹³ band, the whites calling them the *"Seven Devils"* band. Apparently they had been considerably reduced in numbers. As Tichenor noted, there were 7 *"bucks"* with their families in the band.

Finally deciding he needed help, Tichenor sent to Fort Umpqua for troops to aid him.¹⁴ Before they could get there, all the Indians that he had gathered scattered, except for a few families. Nine Indians came in to see if they could get their time extended. Tichenor, however, believed rightly that their real purpose was to murder him, and now he was more than ever on guard. That night he and 2 of his men were alone in the fort. The 9 Indians had a huge war dance outside the compound, and Tichenor concluded they would attack at dawn. When

¹² James W. Nesmith replaced Absalom F. Hedges on March 12, 1857.

¹³ There was a strange tribe on Coos Bay at one time, called Sa-kan-das. They were put on rafts and driven out of Coos Bay because of their treacherous nature. Some accounts say that some came ashore at the Chetco. See the Sa-gan-das People. Melville Jacobs, Coos Narrative and Ethnographic Texts, page 59.

¹⁴ On October 20, 1857, J.W. Nesmith, Supt. of Indian Affairs wrote to E.P. Drew, Indian Sub-Agent at Fort Umpqua. He was told to proceed to Chetco. Port Orford, and other points along the coast for the purpose of *"removing such Indians as may still be in that region ... you will confer with him (Tichenor) to assist you in the removal of the Indians ... in the event that circumstances should render military aid or protection necessary, you will call for such aid from the nearest military force."*

daylight came, Tichenor left the prisoners in charge of the other 2 and went to confront the Indians that had refused to come in. A brief skirmish followed. When Tichenor killed the leader of the group, they proceeded to scatter, firing arrows at him in their retreat. Returning to the little fort, Tichenor asked the 2 men why they had not come to his aid when they heard the firing. Their reply was, they were told to “*guard the fort*” so their prisoners couldn’t escape. “*Well,*” said Tichenor, “*You were guarding these Indians, where are your Indians?*” Except for a few old ones and children, they had all escaped.

Tichenor had an idea where they had gone, for he had heard some of them talking earlier. Several days later, Lieutenant Luraine¹⁵ showed up from Fort Umpqua with 16 soldiers. Tichenor led the party into the mountains, the snow being at this time about a foot deep. Leaving the main body in camp, Tichenor, Luraine, and an Indian named Jack proceeded to scout the opposite side of the river. Proceeding upriver, Tichenor discovered a “cabin” on the far side. Tichenor ordered Jack to swim the ice flecked river and secure a canoe beached there and bring it back over. Jack said they would kill him. Tichenor assured him they would not. How he knew that, he did not say. Soon Jack returned with the canoe; Tichenor jumped in and they paddled back across, Tichenor observing that Jack was “shivering on account of the water which was cold enough to have killed anyone else.”

Approaching the cabin with his rifle cocked, Tichenor ordered out 7 Indians that proved to be former prisoners of his. Turning over all the prisoners to the soldiers, except for one woman, Tichenor forced her to guide him to where some Indians were occupying what he termed “*stone houses*.” The other prisoners were taken across the river where the soldiers took charge of them. Tichenor then proceeded down the north bank of the river with, “*Luraine accompanying me with his saber and high heeled boots.*” Luraine, a novice at Indian fighting, and encumbered by his outfit, followed Tichenor with the utmost difficulty. Finally, Luraine, pulling out his watch, said, “*I will give you just twenty minutes to find those Indians.*” Tichenor’s reply, “*You can go back if you wish. I never hunted Indians by the watch yet.*” Suggesting that Luraine remain behind, Tichenor went on down the hill and discovered on the opposite side of the river what the “*stone houses*” really were. The stone houses were no more than caverns in the steep cliff, and where the Indians had hid their families during the war. Tichenor spotted an Indian across the river, one who had been a prisoner of his once before. There was a small canoe they had brought up for portage. Tichenor called out to the Indian to come ferry him across, which he promptly did. Landing on the other side, Tichenor was confronted by an old Indian that he had never seen before. Seeing he had a bow drawn and ready to shoot, Tichenor grabbed it just in time to avoid being shot.

Ordering the Indians out of the cavern, Tichenor disarmed 42 Indians as they crawled out the small entrance hole. One of his catches turned out to be one

¹⁵Lieutenant Lorenzo Lorain. While stationed at Fort Umpqua, Loraine took photographs of the fort.

of those who had killed John Giesle and his 4 sons at the outbreak of the war. His name was "Hightly." Tichenor knew he was "*destined to die before a great while.*" Not much impressed Tichenor, but what he saw next moved him to write in his journal, "*After I got them all out they ascended a place that beat everything I ever saw in my life for steepness. It must have been nearly 400 feet perpendicularly. Those women would have their baskets on their heads in which they carried the children, and they would climb up that place. It was the only place to get out unless they went away up to the head of the river where we came in. These high walls are frequently met with up that way, but that is the highest I ever saw.*"

Tichenor took them straight down to his fort. In all, he had captured 150 Indians in 3 days time. Learning from previous experience in rounding up Indians, Tichenor immediately started them up the coast. By the time they got to Euchre Creek, all the Indians were fatigued and suffering from being ill-clad and bleeding feet. Against the protestations of Lieutenant Luraine, Tichenor called a halt to let them recuperate a bit. Luraine and his soldiers left the group at this point. After several days the group proceeded uneventfully up the coast until they crossed the Rogue River.

According to an account by Orville Dodge¹⁶ in his Pioneer History of Coos and Curry Counties, when the party led by Tichenor passed near the site of the Giesel¹⁷ "*massacre*", local citizens lying in ambush poured a volley of shots into the Indians, killing 19. "*And thus was the Giesel massacre avenged,*" gloated Dodge.

Tichenor's version is silent about the ambush. His account is that when they reached the mouth of the Rogue River, Mrs. Giesel recognized Hightly and tried to stab him. He put her out of the camp, and soon a warrant was served on him to turn over the prisoner. Tichenor refused, saying he would deliver Hightly to the authorities at Port Orford, which he did. Later, Hightly was taken back down to Rogue River and hanged. Tichenor proceeded on with his remaining prisoners, crossed the Umpqua, and finally delivered them to the Agent at the mouth of the Yaquina. Although Tichenor thought he had gathered up all the remaining Indians, he learned when he reached Salem that some Indians had killed two white men near Rogue River soon after he had left.

The Superintendent of Indian Affairs requested Tichenor to go back down again and round up the strays. It was the last of May 1858, when he started.

¹⁶ Dodge wrote a pioneer history of Coos and Curry Counties. First published in 1898, again in 1969, it is a biased account in favor of the white settlers that occupied the Indian's land.

¹⁷ The John Giesel family lived just north of Gold Beach and was attacked by Rogue River Indians at the outbreak of the war. Giesel and 3 small sons were killed. His widow, Christina, 14 year old daughter Mary and the Baby Anne were taken prisoner. They were later released having suffered little harm at the hands of their captors.

Making headquarters at his old fort, he scouted the surrounding country to ascertain their location. Taking 3 men, he ascended the "*Chicattoo*." A settler in the valley told Tichenor that he had seen some Indians the day before in the area. Finding a canoe hidden under a bank, Tichenor had his men go up the river while he went along the bank. He soon discovered that the Indians had divided, part of them crossing the mountain to head for the coast, another track leading to "*Winchook*." Tichenor followed the tracks going towards the coast. Reaching the top of a high grassy ridge, he found it fogged in. Pressing on anyway, he soon came upon a group led by "Tautilagus," a leader that Tichenor had been on the lookout for. Tichenor immediately headed the group to his fort. Tichenor told "Tautilagus" that if he didn't bring in the balance of Indians in three days time, he, Tichenor, would hang his "*wife and children*." "Tautilagus" was back in the allotted time with the remainder of the Chetco band. Tichenor learned that this band had killed what was left of the "Sobenda" band.

Tichenor's men out scouting found and brought back to camp a young Indian boy, who Tichenor determined to be of the Honozont-tana tribe, later called by the whites, Winchook (Winchuck). The boy refused to answer any questions until Tichenor used his standard questioning tactic by threatening to hang him. Learning from the boy where the Winchucks' were hiding, Tichenor took two of his men, along with Luraine and 3 of his men and started out in the late evening. Reaching the Winchuck River, canoes were found where the boy said they would be. Although it was a foggy night, the party started up the river, the moon coming out around 1 a.m. to give them some light. After ascending the river some distance, a light was seen on a steep bluff on the right bank of the river. Tichenor estimated the bluff to be several hundred feet high. Climbing the bluff with some difficulty, the party reached the top where the light was. It proved to be a "wigwam" with 9 men, women, and their children inside. Leaving 3 soldiers to guard the prisoners, Tichenor, Luraine (aiding Tichenor again), and a soldier named Murphy, found a trail back down to the river. Discovering two canoes, they took one and started back up the river.

Spotting a glimmer of light in a spruce bottom, the 3 headed for it. Not seeing some canoes parked along the riverbank, they plowed right into them, making a terrible racket. Scrambling up the bank, Tichenor came upon a man and woman lying on a blanket. Reaching down, he happened to catch the man in the arm, jerking his bow from him. By this time, Luraine and Murphy came up. Discovering the light was coming from a fire behind a log, Luraine and Tichenor found a group of Indians. A shot was heard from Murphy's gun off to their left. It turned out he had fallen into a ravine, and after the shot Murphy cried out, "*I have killed an Indian, I have killed an Indian.*" Investigating, they found that he had shot at a noise in the brush, but had indeed killed the escaping Indian. Disarming the rest of them, Tichenor took 43 prisoners. With the 9 taken earlier in the night, Tichenor returned to camp before daybreak with 52 prisoners in all. Tichenor believed he had finally captured the last of the tribe.

A Lieutenant Ihrie arrived from Crescent City to help in gathering up any remaining Indians. While they were camped at Whales Head, Ihrie wanted Tichenor to send out some of his Indians to tell the others that they would be protected by the regular troops. Tichenor protested that, because of marriage ties, they would only come back, *“with a lie in their mouth.”* Finally relenting, he allowed Ihrie to send out two Indians that evening that had families remaining in custody. The two returned the next morning with an old woman and a mule, telling conflicting stories about the Indians they had contacted. Tichenor suspected something was up, and that they were not going to surrender at all. He and Ihrie took a party to the Pistol River, Tichenor camping on the north bank, Ihrie on the south. Ihrie wanted to send out Indians once more. Tichenor was once again opposed to the idea. He said it was a waste of time. *“If you want them killed, I will see that they are killed, though I can’t get them otherwise. They are never caught any other way.”*

Yielding once more to Ihrie, Tichenor gave 4 of his charges some bread and sent them off. Ihrie wanted to send to Crescent City for supplies. Objecting, Tichenor told the Lieutenant by no means to send a pack train over the mountains without an escort. Ihrie assured him he wouldn’t, but his escort turned out to be only two white men named Baker and Whitman. Approaching the summit of the mountain, the Indians attacked the train, shooting Baker off the pack mule. Whitman escaped and came down riding hard off the mountain. Another white man, John Walker, who was with the party, stayed to fight it out. Tichenor confronted Ihrie about sending the train out without an escort, and then started up the mountain, where he found all the Indians trying to cut off Walker, but having little success. Tichenor found all the animals hamstrung, and Baker shot and mutilated.

Ihrie begged Tichenor for some mules, he refusing, but giving the Lieutenant what hard bread he could spare. Pushing on to the Rogue River, he gathered up his prisoners, and the next day moved 5 miles further north where escape would be more difficult. At this point in *his “Life among the Indians in Southern Oregon”*, Tichenor related no more about his last assignment in southern Oregon to round up Indians. However, Major J.B. Scott, Commander at Fort Umpqua, reported on June 3D, 1857. *“A party of Chetco Indians –Fifty-three in number-consisting entirely of women and children-arrived here on the 16th inst. From Chetco River - southern Oregon, in charge of a citizen-W. Tichenor-on their way to the Siletz Reservation, some seventy miles north of the place, and where the Chetco Indians are located. They were in a sad condition, and almost destitute of food.”* Scott deemed it his duty to provide them with food, for which he hoped the Indian Department would reimburse him. He concluded with; *“These Indians were taken in charge by a chief of their own Tribe, and left in the 23rd inst.—it will take them about seven days to reach their final destination.”*¹⁸

¹⁸ Tichenor material from his “Life among the Indians,” Bancroft Library.

In July of 1864, the Chetco's were once more a matter of concern to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. A citizen of Ellensburg (Gold Beach) wrote a letter to Superintendent J .H. Perit Huntington complaining of marauding Indians. Huntington replied, "*The band of Indians which you mention as having escaped from the Reservation last year are probably of the Chetco Tribe..... If we can have the cooperation and assistance of the inhabitants, I have no doubt we can effectually clear you of the vagabonds.*"

On July 12, Huntington then wrote Ben Simpson, U.S. Indian Agent at Siletz, about complaints made to his office concerning a band of Indians that he "supposed" belonged to the Coast Reservation. This band had been for a year or more causing annoyance and trouble to the white settlers. A citizen, one George A. Scudden, complained that a "Captain Augur"¹⁹ and his band had lately arrived in the vicinity and he feared they would commit depredations. Huntington directed Simpson to go to Curry County without delay to collect the Indians there and take them to the Reservation. He also added he would probably need military assistance, which he could obtain from Captain Scott²⁰ at Fort Hoskins. He added that there was information there were still a number of Indians at Umpqua and Coos Bay. He suggested to Simpson that he picks them up on his return from Curry County and to, "*make this expedition a final one, if possible.*" However, it was not to be.

Telegram to Washington DC, dated September 9, 1867, from J.B. Perit Huntington: "*Subject: Collins pursued remaining Indians to Chetco. Captured eighty. On return Indians nearly killed Collins. Half escaped.*"

Not all the Indians referred to were Chetco. In his official report, Huntington wrote: "*On the 9th inst., I sent you a dispatch by telegraph, a copy of which I send herewith,.. A considerable number of Indians from the Siletz and Alsea, and those from the tract opened to settlement at Yaquina Bay, had run away from the Reservation, gone down the coast to their old haunts in the vicinity of Empire City, Port Orford, Crescent City, and other points along the coast. On the 30th of last July, I ordered Sub Agent Collins, and Messrs. Bensell and Copeland (employed at Siletz) and a party of friendly Indians from Siletz and Alsea, after the fugitives. They followed them down the coast to the California line, and with assistance of some settlers capture more than half of them and on the return they were by some accident divided into two parties, and Collins was attacked and left for dead. He has since returned to the agency but is unable from his wounds to write, and I have therefore no report from him, but I send you*

¹⁹Captain Augur played a major role in the Rogue River War. He was apparently respected enough that an Indian warrior adopted his name.

²⁰Captain Scott was transferred from Fort Umpqua to Fort Hoskins.

enclosed a copy of a letter from Mr. Bensell²¹ to Agent Simpson upon the matter....

The Indians are a source of terror to the whites along the coast all the way from Coos Bay to the California line. There have been many loud complaints made of them, and I have repeatedly been solicited to send for them. They are now emboldened by their successful raid on Sub Agent Collins, and their presence unrestrained, far away from any military force or agency ... I have dispatched Agent Simpson down the coast after them."

Corporal Royal Bensell gave a detailed report of the fiasco. He says, "Collins was given up for dead until 9 o'clock this morning Copeland and Collins started in the morning with thirty Indians. Nine. I am worn out; Copeland is almost dead with exhaustion, and Cobucks shackled, and two loose ones with Collins behind. Copeland was ahead with 31 squaws and small boys. Copeland took a long trail over the mountains, while Collins continued along the beach with the twelve prisoners. He was behind them and dismounted, was leading his horse up the hill. When he was about half way up the hill, on a small flat, the Indians had stopped while he was pulling off his coat; the whole pack coming around him, knocking him down, and before he could get his pistol leveled, they bound him hand and foot-took the shackle keys from him, unlocked themselves, took everything they could, and started after Copeland, saying they would kill him and return and finish Collins.

Before leaving him, they tied ropes above his elbows and above his knees, put his hands behind him with shackles on them. While they were away, Collins managed to work the thigh rope off, and then started up over the mountains, supposing they would kill Copeland, as they had his revolver. They came to Copeland and Old John threatened to shoot him. Copeland had no pistol. The squaws all ran off but five. They called Copeland all the names they could think of and ran into the woods. Old John came into this place (Port Orford), and I went back, meeting Copeland, who had the remainder of the party and pack train together, and had searched in vain for Collins. He nearly gave in. I went back to the place and searched for some clue, but failed. This morning I commenced again, and found a track leading over an awful mountain, which I followed into camp, where I found Collins as near dead as I want to see any man.

So twenty five Indians are gone. We had worked night and day to take these Indians, and were on guard every other night- and had taken every precaution to make them safe. I am sick at heart, after laboring so hard to make it a success, and to lose them."

²¹Bensell was formerly Corporal Bensell. Ordered from Fort Yamhill in the spring of 1864 to go with a company down the coast to Coos Bay and round up stray Indians, Bensell believed there were 60 Indians living about Coos Bay and the Coquille River. They managed to gather up 32 in all and march them back to Yachats. Bensell soon retired from the army and settled near Siletz to farm. He was employed in 1867 as a civilian to go down the coast to gather up Indians again.

An interesting tale told to Ethnologist John P. Harrington by Lucy Smith, concerned Humbug Mountain. Called Meepp'ush, literally, "cheek" from "Thok'eh-meepp'ush", salmon cheek. Lucy Smith stated about Simpson and Copeland, agt.: *"When the Indians were removed from Rogue River, they tied 20 or 30 together with rope and marched them up over the top of Humbug Mountain. They whispered among themselves: What are we going to do with those two white men. One of the Indians was the head leader. I guess we have to stop, to shit. (This same excuse is used in several accounts of escape). We untied them, on top of that Humbug Mountain. We'll divide into two bunches. They double teamed them, padlocked the two white men, they did not kill those two men."*

THE EPILOGUE

While working for the U.S. Coast Survey in 1873, A.W. Chase became intrigued by the numerous shell mounds along the coast. Although by no means an anthropologist or archaeologist, he dug into some of the mounds. Unlike the usual pot hunters, he did make observations and made notes and sketches. One of the mounds he investigated was a large one at the mouth of the Chetco River.

He recorded that the mound was on the northwest bank of the river. He judged the deposit to be twenty to twenty five feet in depth, and covered an area of several acres. Chase wrote that,

*"Unfortunately the spot is now occupied, and has been for twenty years by a farmer, A.F. Miller, who has built his house on the summit of the mound, and has the remainder under cultivation as a garden, which the luxuriant growth of vegetation attests to the abundance of phosphate of lime in the soil."*²²

Chase thought the tribe extinct except for one family and one old Indian he described as being on *"Miller's bounty."*

Artifacts abounded in the mounds and on the surface. Chase described in his notes the ones he found, and made guesses as to their uses. Why he did not ask some of the Indians still around, is a mystery. One Indian he mentioned as "Joe" spoke English quite well, and there is no doubt "Joe" could have explained their uses. If not, Chase could have found out when he visited the Siletz Reservation. His most accurate descriptions came from actual observation.

He saw Indians making cord from the inner bark of the cedar. A fallen tree lying in some damp portion of the forest was selected because of the woody portion of the bark being well ribbed. A long fiber of 20 or 30 feet was extracted and *"laid up"* by rolling on the knee. This cord was used to fasten the spear head to the handle of the shaft.

Chase reported finding a plant growing in Miller's garden that the Indians used for tobacco. He reported it resembled the Virginia weed, except it was

²² John Harrington, Field Notes, R026, F1224.

smaller. He obtained the botanical name from a Professor Asa Gray, the name being *Nicotiana quadrivalvis*, a native of Oregon and Washington Territory, and highly narcotic. Augustus Miller reported that on his arrival it was the only plant cultivated, which corresponds with what local informants said about the plant.

The leaves were parched, crushed in the hands, and then stuffed in the largest end of the pipe. The leaves of the Manzanita were also used, and prepared in the same manner. Locally, Kinickinick leaves were mixed with tobacco and smoked.

Chase watched mats being made while at the Chetco. In preparation, the leaf stalks of the flag or rush, a water plant was used. From one of the stalks two fibers were extracted and twisted into thread by rolling across the knee. The balance of the rush then formed the body of the mat. A needle of polished bone about 4 inches in length, curved at the point with an eye in the head for insertion of the thread was used for sewing. The reeds were laid out side by side on the ground. The needle and thread was passed in and out across the surface, passing through one rush then under the next. The procedure was then reversed, with the needle passing through the alternate rushes. These were sewed at the top and bottom only.

Chase also witnessed a burial while at the Chetco. The burial practice of the Chetco's was to place the body in a sitting position, hands clasped around the knees, and facing east. Over the grave, which was usually about two feet in depth, was place rough hewn planks held down with flat stones. On the planks was placed belongings of the deceased. Baskets were placed on the ground along side with long stakes driven through them to prevent blowing away.

His dwelling and sweathouse were then set ablaze. The practice was still carried on at Siletz, much to the chagrin of Ben Simpson, Agent at the reservation. The houses at Siletz were much more substantial and represented a loss of some proportion to the government. Because of the scarcity of Chetco's, the neighboring Winchuck tribe sent a delegation to conduct burial services. Mourning continued off and on for several months.

Fishing for salmon was done by spear in the deep holes. The spear was thrown at random into the hole where the salmon were ganged up waiting for the river to rise. The spear heads were fastened to a pole with gummed fiber, a cord being attached to the spear head. When a fish was struck, the spear head detached, the pole recovered, and the fish pulled in with the line. Fish dams (fences) were placed across the river at convenient places, forcing the salmon into narrow channels where they were speared or trapped.

Herring and other small fish were taken from the surf by the use of nets in the form of a long bag made with grass fiber, finely woven. The net was fastened to poles shaped in the form of the letter V, the mouth being at the top or widest part. The fisherman grabs the poles at the narrowest point, waits for the swell to

recede, and then wades in. Holding the net aloft, and then dropping it as the swell reaches him, the fish are swept into the net and dropped into the lower end which forms the bag. The fish are laid on the beach to dry, all the time watched by the women and children so that the gulls will not get them. The fish are then dried for winter use.

Salmon were also dried for winter use. Eaten fresh, they were usually roasted on a stake by the fire. The heads were considered the choicest portion and were roasted on smooth stones placed in front of the fire.

Acorn meal was another staple of the Chetco diet. Acorns were gathered in the fall of the year. Preparation was made by roasting them on flat stones before the fire, and then the hulls were removed. To grind the acorns, a basket without a bottom was placed tightly over a round stone, and then a pestle was used to pound and grind them into meal. To prepare acorn bread, a hole was excavated in the river sand about a foot deep and three in circumference. Around the outside of the hole, a little wall of wet sand is formed all around. This hole was then filled with the meal, then using her basket-hat, the woman filled it with water and poured it in a hole formed in the center of the meal. Mixing it well until all of the meal is moist; she then placed red hot stones into the center of the mixture, finishing off by placing hot coals all around the rim. In a short time the bread was completely baked. It was then taken out, the sand brushed off, the stones removed, then broken in pieces to be eaten or stored for future use.

Sea weed bread was another staple. At low tide women would go out on the rocks and gather sea weed. The leaves were woven together to form a small mat, it was then dried in the sun, becoming quite black. To eat, it was first heated before an open fire.

In 1921, T.T. Waterman visited the southern Oregon coast. He was able to get information on village sites, names, and geographical boundaries. Waterman noted on a map the names of 31 village sites and places on the Chetco, including Sish-kas-litun (clay goe-up where). This village is the Misladun (also Misletni)²³ of

²³ Misletni (Harrington), said to be the uppermost village of the Chetco's, and later known as the Tolman Ranch, was said to be the biggest tribe on the Chetco River. Misletni, later known as the Tolman Ranch, was said to be the uppermost village on the Chetco River, and was said to be the biggest tribe of the Chetcos. The story has it that the Chief was a tough man who had a rattlesnake for a pet. There was also a *tough Indian* that lived at Lake Earl (California). He took two men with him to Pt. St. George and dug and inserted 2 worms 2 1/2 Inches long in under his belt next to his hide. These worms bite and kill. The 3 got to Misletni and sat to eat supper, and the Chief's rattlesnake crawled up on the lap of the man with the poisonous worms. The worms bit the rattlesnake and killed it. That night the rattlesnake shaman went to the sweathouse and prayed for the rattlesnakes to come out. The Lake Earl's power was too strong and 3 more rattlesnakes were killed. His power was the strongest.

Tichenor's account. Another site of interest on the Chetco is Mt. Emily. A/n-mai²⁴ means earth undulating in the Chetco language.

John P. Harrington visited southwestern Oregon in the summer and fall of 1942. His linguistic informants were Lucy Smith, Johnny Lopes, Ada and Miller Collins, Wolverton Orton, and Coquille Thompson. Miller Collins was a Shaker preacher.

In his report to the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute in 1943, Harrington had this to say about the Chetco's.

"Bordering on the Tootootoneys to the south was the Chetco Band, so called from the Chetco River, which was among their holdings, and extending south to the Oregon - California line. The aged Thompson was the first one who straightened out the name Chetco for me. Chet is these Indians' own name for their tribe, but the -co had puzzled all who had intimated. Mr. Thompson stated that this -co is a corruption of the native -zut, meaning creek or river. The Chetco especially had a number of villages up the Chetco River which has its mouth between Brookings and harbor, Oregon. The Chetco Band also held the drainage of the Windchuck River, a stream south of the Chetco River, and like it running into the ocean. Both are north of California line. The Chetcos speak a language distantly related to that of the tootootoney."²⁵

In 1954 at the time of Termination, there were 674 Chetco descendents eligible for land claim payment. Some of *these* still live in their old ancestral homeland.

²⁴ A'n-mai, Mt. Emily, is a place where the Chetco's went for vision quests, or to become a shaman. One story says of the mountain that originally it was so tall one could touch the sky and stars with an eel gaff hook. The story goes on to say that the first of three tidal waves washed off the top of the mountain and it drifted away to Elk Valley in Tolowa territory, where it is still to be seen. When the billows rolled on this mountain top (A'n-mai,) they made the land "wavy."

²⁵ Harrington, R026, F0881.

MASSACRE ON THE COQUILLE

Don Whereat (November and December, 1995)

The massacre of the N-sou Tribe was perpetrated in the early morning hours of January 28 1854. F. M. Smith was the Indian sub-agent from Port Orford. The following report is in his own words.¹

I grieve to report to you that a most horrid massacre, or rather an out and out barbarous murder, was perpetrated upon a portion of the N-sou Tribe, residing at the mouth of the Coquille River, on the morning of the 28th of January last, by a party of forty miners. Before giving you the result of my examination, and my own conclusions, I will give you the reasons which that party assigns in justification of their acts.

They avow that for some time past the Indians at the mouth of the Coquille have been insolent and that they have been in the habit of riding the horses on white men without permission that of late they have committed many thefts, such as stealing paddles and many other articles, the property of white men—that one of their number recently discharged his gun at the Ferry House; and that but a few days prior to the attack upon the Indians, the Chief, on leaving the Ferry House, where he had just been fed, fired his gun at a party of four white men standing near the door of the house. They further state that on the 27th of January they sent for the Chief to come in for a talk - that he not only refused to come in, but sent back word that he would kill white men if they came to his house—that he meant to kill all the white men he could - that he was determined to drive the white men out of the country - that he would kill the men at the Ferry and burn their houses. This communication with the Chief, and his returning answer, was had through my Interpreter Chilliman, who happened to be there at that time on a visit. The afternoon of the 27th of January, immediately after this correspondence with the Chief, the white men at and near the Ferry House assembled and deliberated upon the necessity of an immediate attack upon the Indians. The result of this deliberation, with full proceedings of their meeting is herein enclosed. Read document No. 2. At the conclusion of the meeting a Courier was dispatched to the upper mines for assistance. A party of about twenty responded to the call, and arrived at the Ferry House in the evening preceding the morning of the massacre. On the arrival of this reinforcement the proceedings of the meeting first held were reconsidered and unanimously approved. The upper miners referred to above are on the sea beach, about seven miles north of the mouth of the Coquille. There are about 250 men at work there. At the dawn of day on the morning of the 28th of January, the party at the Ferry, joined twenty men from the upper mines, organized under command of George W. Abbott, with A.H. Soufa as 1st lieutenant, and William H. Packwood as 2nd Lieutenant, and three detachments marched upon the Indian Ranches and consummated a most inhuman slaughter. A full account of what they falsely

¹ M (National Archives)238, Roll 608, Frame 0570.

term "fight", you will find in the report which their Captain, George W. Abbott, forwarded to me on the day of the massacre. Said report is marked No. 3, and is herein enclosed. The Indians were aroused from sleep to meet their death - With but feeble show of resistance, they were shot down as they were attempting to escape from their houses-fifteen men and one squaw were killed - two men and two squaws badly wounded. On the part of the white men, not even the slightest wound was received. The houses of the Indians, with but one exception were fired and entirely destroyed. Thus was committed a massacre too inhuman to be readily believed. Now from my examination of the horrid affair, receiving information from Mr. Abbott in the evening of the 28th of January in letter from, bearing date January 27th, that the Indians at the mouth of the Coquille River were disposed to be hostile and that in consequence thereof the miners were arming. I immediately set about making preparations to start at an early hour the following day for the scene of difficulty. On the morning of the 29th of January, I left Port Orford for the Coquille, accompanied by Lieut. Kautz, Commanding Fort Orford. We arrived at the mouth of the Coquille at the Ferry House, early in the evening of that day. On my arrival Mr. Abbott handed me dispatch No.4, containing as you will find an account of the proceedings at the Ferry house during the day of the 28th of January. Early in the morning of the day after my arrival I sent for the Chief, who immediately came in, attended by about thirty of his people. The Chief, as well as those of his Tribe present, were so greatly alarmed, and apparently so apprehensive that the white men would kill them, even in my presence, that it was with good deal difficulty that I could induce the Chief to express his mind freely. He seemed only anxious to stipulate for peace, and the future safety of his people. And to procure this he was willing to accept any terms that I might dictate. The Chief was incidentally afraid to complain of, or in any manner to censure the slaughterers of his tribe, and for some time replied to the charges made against him with a good deal of hesitancy. After repeated assurance of my protection he finally answered to the point every interrogatory. I asked him, if he had at any time fired at the men at the Ferry House. No, was his prompt reply. At the time he was said to have fired upon the white men, he declared with great earnestness that he shot at a duck in the river, at a distance of some two hundred yards from the Ferry House, when on his way home, and that possibly the ball of his gun might have bounded from the water. My subsequent examination of the point from which he was said to have fired convinced me that his statement was entitled to the fullest credit. This statement of the Chief is somewhat confirmed by the doubt expressed by one of the party at whom he was said to have fired. The white men making this accusation against the Chief only heard the whizzing of a bullet. This was the only evidence adduced in proof of the Chief having fired at them.

I asked the Chief, if he, or if to his knowledge, any of his people had ever fired at the Ferry House. To this he answered no. The Chief most emphatically denied sending threatening language to the men at the Ferry, but admitted that some of his people had. He also admitted that some of his Tribe had stolen from white men, and that they had used their horses without permission. He did not deny that his heart had been bad toward white men, and that he had hoped they

would leave his country, but all grave charges, such as shooting at white people, or at their houses, he stoutly denied. The Chief promised to do all I required of him. If I desired, he said he would leave the home of his fathers and with his people would take to the mountains, but with my permission and the assurance of my protection, he would prefer remaining in the present home of his people. Everything I asked, or required of him, he readily assented to, promising most solemnly to maintain on his part permanent friendly relations with white men. My interview with the Tribe occupied about two hours. During the entire council they listened with most profound attention, evidently being determined to fasten upon their minds all that fell from my lips. At the conclusion of the council, I requested the Chief to send for all the guns and pistols in the possession of his men. You will be surprised when I tell you that all the guns and pistols in the hands of the Indians at their Ranches, at the time of the massacre, amounted to just five pieces, two of which were wholly unserviceable. As to powder and ball, I do not believe they had even five rounds. Does this look like being prepared for War? Can any sane man believe that these Indians, numbering not even seventy five men, women, and children, all told, with but three serviceable guns, had concocted a plan to expel from their country some 300 white men? Such a conclusion is too preposterous to be entertained even for a moment. Sir, there was no necessity of resorting to such extreme measures. I regard the murder of these Indians one of the most barbarous acts ever perpetrated by civilized men. But what can be done? The leaders of the party cannot be arrested, though Justice loudly demands their punishment. Here we have not even a Justice of the Peace, and as to the Military Force garrisoned at Fort Orford, it consists of but four men. If such murderous assaults are to be continued there will be no end of Indian War in Oregon. The proceeding of the meetings held at the mines above the Coquille, I herein enclosed. Those meetings were held subsequent to the massacre. The action of the citizens present at these meetings was based upon the statements of those engaged in the Affair at the mouth of the Coquille. I was assured by several gentlemen at the upper mines that word was sent up from the Ferry House that Mr. Abbott was acting upon my authority, specially deputed by a full Commission from my hands, and that the Government Interpreter was with him. Upon this and other kindred reports was based the proceedings of their meetings. The very first intimation of there being any difficulty, or any misunderstanding whatever between the Indians and white men at the mouth of the Coquille, I received by letter from Mr. Abbott on the 28th of January, late in the afternoon of that day. You will find by referring to the letter marked No. 1, that it bears date of January 27th.

The distance from Port Orford to the Coquille Ferry is about twenty-eight miles. I left Port Orford for the scene of difficulty, as before states, on the morning of the 29th of January, the earliest possible moment after receiving Abbot's communications. Now why could they not have awaited my arrival? I will tell you why, and it was so urged in the meeting at the Ferry house - they knew if they awaited the arrival of the Indian Agent - a treaty would be entered into, and friendly relations with the Indians would be established without the sacrifice of Indian life - In plainer words, and more in accordance with the spirit and acts of

these men, if they awaited my arrival they would lose the pleasure and opportunity of settling the alleged difficulty in their own peculiar way. On reading the proceedings of the meeting at the "Upper Mines" you will observe that it had been reported there that large quantity of firearms and powder was destroyed in the burning of the Indian Ranches. This report, of course was sent up by the party engaged in the massacre. I do not hesitate to pronounce the statement false, false in every particular – Bold, brave, courageous men! To attack a friendly and defenseless Tribe of Indians - to burn, roast and shoot sixteen of their numbers, and all on Suspicion that they were about to rise and drive from their country some 300 white men. In justice to Mr. Abbot, I must add, that he wholly denies having sent word to the "Upper Mines", that he was acting upon authority delegated to him by me; on the contrary, he asserts that he openly declared in the meeting at the Ferry house, the night preceding the attack upon the Indian Ranches, that he possessed no authority at my hands - that he acted, and should continue to act, upon his own responsibility, and such further authority as schooled be conferred to inform you that the Indians throughout my district are disposed to live on friendly relations with white men. They evince nor desire whatever to be hostile, nor do I believe that they will ever become so; unless forced by savage white men.

I am Sir, Your Obt. Servant, F.M. Smith Sub-Ind. Agent

A portion of Smith's report was quoted in Stephen Dow Beckham's The Indians of Western Oregon, This Land Was Theirs. In a recent letter from Dr. Dell Hymes of the University of Virginia, he mentions reading it and putting it to poetry. I quote from his letter.

". . . . Years ago, when I read Steve Beckham's book (The Indians of Western Oregon), I was moved by parts of it to write short poems, putting some things into lines. (I called the 'Oregon State Historical markers', with the idea of them being alternatives to the actual ones). One poem, in three short parts, had to do with Port Orford. The poem is mostly simply a way of putting actual words from a letter to Joel Palmer on the page in the shape of a poem. (What is called a 'found poem')."

Port Orford
(Found Poem)

Indian Agent F.M. Smith
to Superintendent Joel Palmer:

"I grieve
to report to you
That a most horrid massacre,
Or rather an out and out barbarous murder,
Was perpetrated upon a portion of the Na-son tribe
Residing at the mouth of the Coquille River,
On the morning of the 28th of January last,
By a party of forty miners."

They charged that Indians had fired a gun,
and stolen things,
And not obeyed the whites who ordered them around.

It is an understatement that Smith used extremely poor judgment in letting the California Chronicle publish part of his report. When the local miners found about it, the mildest of threats lashed out at him was that he be tied to a post and whipped like a dog. Using better judgment, he resigned his post and fled. One of the "brave volunteers," William H. Packwood, was great grandfather of our former Senator Bob Packwood.

THE PALMER TREATIES

Don Whereat (April, 1996)

“We the Chief’s, Head Men, and delegates of the Siuslaw, and Winchester Bay Bands of the Kal-a-wat- set, or Umpqua Tribe of Indians, and the several Bands of Kowes Bay Indians, after fully explained to us the above Treaty, do hereby accede to its provisions, and affix our Signatures, or Marks, this Seventeenth day of August, 1855.’

And with their “Marks” our Chiefs and Head Men signed over to the United States all rights to our homeland. We cannot hold them in blame however, for they literally had no choice in the matter. The three Tribes, never large, but now severely reduced in numbers by sickness and disease, had no choice but to except the white man’s Chief, the President of the United States. “*Known as the Coast Treaty,*” it was signed by all the Coastal Tribes, and was heavily weighted in favor of the United States.

According to plan, these Tribes were to be sent to the Coast Reservation. This tract of land originally stretched from Cape Lookout on the north, then south to the Tsiltcoos outlet, and eastward to the eighth range of townships, as much as twenty two miles inland.

Athapascan Tribes from south of the Coquille River were parties to this Treaty, but also to share in the Coast Reservation were the more warlike inland Rogue River Tribes, such as the Galice Creek, Applegate, and the Takelman Rogue River Tribes from the Table Rock area; and even some Shasta’s from northern California. With this mixture there was bound to be trouble on the Reservation, and the early Agents had their hands full trying to keep piece among the Tribes that had long been traditional enemies.

I have tried to find out exactly what Palmer (it was Joel Palmer who negotiated with the tribes) told our people when he counseled with them There is a reference in Harrington’s field notes as to a meeting held at Winchester Bay,¹ prior the signing at Empire, and also the testimony of James Buchanan in the Court of Claims of the United States held in North Bend, Oregon,² in the fall of 1931. Other than that my search has been fruitless as to what was said there, or at Empire. However, we can get some indication of the proceedings by what was said at two other Treaty Councils. These are printed below in their entirety. The first was with the Coquille’s at the mouth of the river on 23rd, August 1855. The second with the Too-to-ni’s a few days later on the 30th.

It may be well to point out that Palmer had definite instructions, and a guideline from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, George W. Mannypenny, as to the terms to be negotiated with the various Indian Tribes and Bands in Oregon.

¹ John Harrington, Field Notes, R23-F596.

² Ibid, R23-F590.

Palmer was not to expend more than \$68,000 in negotiations and presents. It was believed this sum would also cover the first installment of amounts stipulated in the Treaties. Mannypenny felt this would keep the Indians content until the treaty was ratified by the President and Senate of the United States. The Siletz and Grand Ronde Reservations were the result of Mannypenny's view on how the various Tribes and Bands should be settled; far enough away from the white settlers so there would be less friction. Unstated was the fact that the Reservations would be located on land the white settlers felt was worthless.

Mannypenny stated, "*... I take occasion to state that in my opinion it is of great importance, if not absolutely necessary, that entering into Articles of Convention with the Indian Tribes in Oregon, and designating temporary or permanent Reservations for their occupancy, the numerous small Bands or fragments of Tribes be united into Tribes, and concentrated upon Reservations as limited in number as possible. The formation of distinct relations with each of the 50 or 60 separate Bands there would not be as likely to promote the best interests of the white settlers, as if the latter could be all concentrated on a limited number of Reservations. Districts, or on Reservations contiguous to each other in a limited number of Districts of country, apart from the settlements of the whites. Unless this end can probably be affected, you will at present only conclude Treaties with those Tribes, or Bands immediately adjacent to the settlements of the whites, and between whom and the whites animosities prevail, and disturbances of the peace are reasonably apprehended...*"

Mannypenny gave Palmer examples of recently concluded Treaties with 3 Tribes residing on the Western Frontier of Iowa, "*from which you will gather some useful suggestions as to the policy of the Government in regard to the ultimate collimations of the Indian Tribes.*" Mannypenny also counseled Palmer that he could disregard the higher payments offered the Tribes in Nebraska (the Omaha Tribe being one of the 3) because "*these Indians had a definite location on lands made very valuable by reason of their proximity to the Marts of Commerce in the States, whilst the Tribes of Oregon to Title are based on occupation alone, and that occupancy of such a nature not very fixed and well defined by boundaries.*" Mannypenny was wrong on that score. All Tribes, even in Oregon, have well defined boundaries. He thought the Treaties Palmer had negotiated the previous year much more in line with his thinking.

Coquille Council Ground

Coquille River, August 28, 1855.

Council commenced at 3pm on 23rd of August

General Palmer says, "*I present you with the peace pipe. It is the pipe I take with me to all my Councils. I first smoke it, and then give it to your Chief, and then to the people, and every man that smokes is, it is expected will be a good man. If he has a bad heart he must put it away until he smokes it. I want none to smoke it who has a bad heart. He must put it away before he smokes it. I want*

none to smoke it who has a bad heart. From this day on, I want you to be at peace among your selves, as well as with the whites. I understand one Band is at war with other Bands, and keep killing one another. I want you to quit it. You are all Indians, and why do they want to keep killing one another. They must use one another well, use their women well, and quit stealing women etc. I come to talk like men, not like children. We have a great Chief who lives a great way from here. He is the Chief of the white man and of the Indians. I come here to speak for him. They have been told by the whites that by and by a Chief would come to buy their country. By direction of our great Chief, I have come to buy their country. I see this country. I call it a poor country, not worth buying, but our Chief has a good heart. He knows those people, and wants to do them some good. He knows how they live and how the white man lives. He knows when there are a great many white men and Indians; they cannot long live in peace. If there are but a few whites and few Indians, and they are all good, they might live in peace. But we have some bad men and they have some bad people. Sometimes an Indian steals from a white man and he punishes one for it, but not always the thief and the Indians get mad and retaliate. We sometimes have men who do wrong to the Indians, who are afraid to live with the whites, and go and live with the Indians. We have laws to punish bad men and they leave. Not all that leave are afraid, now and then one, when one bad man does wrong-the Indians do not hurt him, but the first he sees. When that wrong is done we do not know who it is. Sometimes they have hurt innocent Indians. We don't want it to be so. We want to punish those who do wrong, but we can't tell who does wrong when they are scattered over so much country, so it is with our people, some here, some there. Our Chief cannot see all and punish those who do wrong. If we have a bad man who shoots an Indian and the Indian goes and sees the Agent before he gets there, the bad man has gone and we cannot get him. Sometimes among the miners there are bad men. They steal their women one night, one woman another. If a man takes a woman and lives with her, I have nothing to say. They sometimes give their disease and it is spread among other of their people. It is bad-we know these things are so. We want to do them good and make them a people. It is for these reasons that our Chief thinks it is best for them to have a country of their own, where no whites will be allowed to live among them. I have written out a Treaty, a bargain for their country from the Columbia to the California line. No whites will be allowed to live on the Reserve but the Agents and employees." (Then the Treaty was read and explained section by section.)

Agent Drew Report at Fort Umpqua on the Treaty of 1855³

"The upper Coquille country abounds in the richest grazing lands of the Pacific Coast, with large and productive valleys for agricultural purposes. The stream is one of the finest in Oregon, its banks being low and susceptible of

³ Due to the following being reprinted from a report, only quotes that Drew's reports will be in italics.

cultivation from its mouth to its source, and this respect superior to other streams in the Coast Range of mountains”

Office of Supt. Indian Affairs, Dayton, O.T. Sept. 19th, 1855.

Editor of Oregon Weekly Times.

“Dear Sir

(First two lines are unreadable, the report starts).... Recent publication in some of the Papers of this Territory purporting to give a history of the recent difficulties near the mouth of Rogue River between whites and Indians, and between citizens of the United States troops, and erroneous impressions may be gathered from the version given in those statements, I have thought by proper to give the details for publication that all who read may draw their own conclusions.

On Friday the 24th August, an Indian stole a rifle from another Indian who resides near the mouth of Pistol River, and proceeded up the beach in the direction of Whalesburg, being situated on the beach, south side of Rogue River. On his way he was about being by Mr. James Beauford, who came riding up on horseback. Mr. Beauford had for some time been occasionally assisting the Special Sub Indian Agent, Wright, in settling difficulties between whites and Indians. The Indian as he afterwards stated, supposed Beauford was in pursuit of him to obtain the gun, and so soon as he saw him, started up the bluff. Beauford, seeing him, and supposed something was wrong, hailed him and enquired where he was going. The Indian paid no attention, but endeavored to escape. He was told by Beauford to stop, but no heed was given to it. Finally, Beauford, rushed after him with his horse. The Indian wheeled around raised his gun and fired, the ball taking effect and making a flesh wound in the shoulder of Beauford. The Indian then made his escape. Beauford came up to Whalesburg and remained there during Friday night. On Saturday morning Beauford, accompanied with three or four men, started back in search of the Indian, intending to shoot him as they alleged. Ben Wright, the Special Indian Agent, arrived at Whalesburg soon after Beauford and party left, and immediately followed, over taking them on the way Beauford was walking and Wright dismounted and turned his horse over to Beauford, and proceeded himself in advance on foot, taking an Indian to precede him in examining the Indian lodges him in search of the Indian who wounded Beauford. On Wrights reaching the village the lodge in which this Indian was sitting was pointed out to him, he entered and sprang upon the Indian before he had time to raise from the ground, calling on others to hand him a rope. He tied him. Beauford and his friends, on their arrival, were anxious to shoot the Indian, .but finally yielded the point and agreed to abide by the laws of the country. The Indian was then taken to Whalesburg where he remained until Sunday morning. During Saturday night, whilst Wright and the Indian were asleep in the same room, and two men on guard, a gun pistol was fired, the ball passing through the arm of the Indian below the elbow, making merely a flesh wound. Wright then dressed the wound and placed the Indian on the floor against the wall of the

house, and remained by him until morning. He then proceeded a short distance to the river, and placing the Indian in a boat, started up the river for the point selected for the Treaty Ground, , distance about three miles, and where the Treaty Goods were stored. In the mean time, the miners and others who had gathered in considerable numbers procured boats and started in pursuit. Wright, however, reached the point first, and carrying the Indian inside the store house took up his position, with Sub Agent Metcalf on guard outside the door, flanked on either side by bales of goods, leaving a passage about four feet wide in front. The pursuers, having halted about a half mile behind and organized, soon arrived to the number of about sixty, swearing vengeance and demanding the Indian for execution. Wright and Metcalf refused to give him up, arguing they had sworn to obey the laws of the country, and the Indian could not be had so long as they lived, unless by a legal process, unless by a legal process. Threats and persuavensness were alternately used, but to no purpose. The matter was argued until about mid-day, when Wright saw the arrival of a Sergeant fifteen soldiers on the opposite side of the river, who had been dispatched from Port Orford on Saturday morning at my request, to aid in preserving order during the time of the Council. The Sergeant and his men were on the ground in a few minutes, when the Indian was turned over to the Sergeant for safe keeping until a legal process could be obtained. The persons assembled, upon being explained by Mr. Wright that the Indian should be surrendered into the hands of the civil authorities upon legal process, and then dispersed. And the Sergeant with his men and prisoner re-crossed the river to their camp.

I arrived at the Council Ground about 6 P.M., (referring to the Myrtle Grove Council location.) All was quiet. On Monday about 10 AM., a Constable arrived with a warrant for the arrest of the Indian. He was interrogated as to whether he believed any effect would be made to inflict summary punishment by a mob upon the Indian. He replied he thought not if the troops would accompany him. He was again asked if he believed that violence might be offered and knowing the excited state of feeling among the Indians who had assembled at the Treaty Ground from the presence or so many armed and enraged men, and believing that the success of negotiating depended upon keeping matters quiet, I requested the Sergeant to send an escort with the Constable. He did so by directing his Corporal to take nine men and place himself under the direction of the Constable; and take nine men and place himself under the direction of the Constable or other or other proper officer, but to use discretion and commit no violence unless violence was first committed by others. They proceeded down the river in two canoes, employing two Indians of the Too-too-ta-na tribe, who reside immediately on the opposite side of the river from the Council Ground, as canoe men. One of who was a Chief of considerable influence. It may be remembered here that it was of considerable difficulty any Indians could be procured to assist in working the canoes. The party proceeded to the Justices office, situated in Whalesburg. The Indian was put upon examination and fully committed, and the officer directed to retain him in custody until the setting of the court. The constable then requested the corporal, as he had no means of securing him, to take charge of the prisoner and safely keep him until demanded by the proper

authority. The Indian was then marched in the direction of the boat, stopping by the way for supper at a public house, and whilst there, a crowd collected and a good deal of boisterous talk occurred. The Corporal was told that the Indian would never reach the camp alive and shot. If he did not march either before or behind the Indian, he would be shot himself, as they were determined to kill him, the Indian. Whilst eating their meal, the Corporal placed the Indian under the table, after which they marched to the canoes the Corporal telling the crowd they would be resisted in any attempt to shoot or otherwise injure the Indian, and that they first would have to shoot him before getting the Indian from him. A file of men was placed on each side of the prisoner. It was now dark. They reached their canoes, the Corporal placing the prisoner in the bottom of the canoe between his knees. The Chief was steering the canoe, and the other Indian was working a paddle. Five of the soldiers were in this canoe and four in the other. When about labor hard, but it came up with them, three men were in it. The Corporal hailed as to who came there, no reply was given. The second hail, where one replied, "we are going on an excursion." The men told them to keep off. To come no nearer several times, but no attention was paid to this. The canoe was pushed along side and about six feet off when one of the three men raised to a kneeling position and fired, killing the Indian prisoner who sat between the legs of the Corporal. The report of this shot was hardly (?)⁴ before another shot from the same canoe felled the Indian who was standing poling the canoe (for they had crossed the river and were in quiet shoal water) he tumbling into the river. The Corporal then raised his rifle and fired at the man who killed the Indian prisoner, the other soldiers fired. The man shot by the Corporal tumbled into the canoe, he proved to be Beauford. The one in the bow of the canoe fell into the river. This was Beauford's partner in business. The third man jumped out of the canoe and ran towards shore. Orders were then given to fish up the persons who had fallen into the river. The Chief had at the crash of the first gun jumped into the water and dived under. And after the two persons had been picked up they called for him and he soon came to them. They finally took from the canoe, in which the men had pursued them, a rifle and two revolvers; and leaving it with the dead man; they proceeded to our camp, bringing the two Indians and one white man which had been killed. Captain Tichenor being at our camp, I requested him to proceed with a party in search of the canoe containing the men, fearing that when the tide turned it might go to sea, as it was about one mile above the mouth of the river. He did so, and soon returned; the body was then recognized as Beaufords. By this time it was 2 o'clock AM. The bodies of the two men were placed in the storehouse and the two Indians were taken by their friends to the village on the opposite side of the river. No other persons having made their appearance from the town, I requested Tichenor to proceed with a party in search of the man who jumped and ran from the canoe, as it was presumed he was wounded. This party proceeded down the river, but was unable to find the missing man. About daylight they reached Whalesburg and called at the Justice's office, visited several prominent citizens and with the Justice, Constable, and a jury summoned to hold an inquest, and proceeded up

⁴ Where there are "?" in the text of this report, are unreadable from the original handwritten text.

the river. On their way they found the missing man, lying in the edge of the water, dead, having to all appearances, been shot at the first volley, as the ball had entered his breast. He was brought by this party to our camp, and the Justice, acting in absence of a Coroner, held an inquest over the bodies. Witnesses were sworn and the facts as here set forth so far as the killing was caused, elicited the Jury's verdict. As near as I can recollect, not having a copy, was that they had come to their deaths by shots fired by a party of United States troops, whilst in the discharge of their duty, having a prisoner in charge placed there by the civil authority, and at these men in an attempt to rescue him had lost their lives.

The bodies were then taken by the Justice and his party to Whalesburg and interred.

The report of the guns was distinctly heard at our camp, although about 1 and a half miles distant, there being a breeze blowing up the river. The hour I judged to have been between 8 and 9 in the evening.

The Corporal and his men stated on their arrival that the persons in the canoe were in disguise with their faces painted, and that they could not distinguish whether they were white men or Indians, but the remark of the men in the stern of the canoe, *"that they were going on an excursion,"* satisfied them that there was at least one white man. Beauford had a handkerchief tied round his head and in the dark his face indicated having been (?) with something black-but in the morning I could not discover any signs of paint on his face. The other two persons had fallen in the water and if painted, it had washed off. All of these men were shot in the breast, and I believe with Minnie balls.

The Indian prisoner was regarded as a worthless fellow, having been driven from place to place by the whites, and the act of wounding Beauford was regarded even by the Indians as a good reason for putting him to death-and the most influential men among the tribes in that vicinity had expressed a desire to take his life, as they regarded Beauford a friend of the Indians, but right behind his arrest and punishment in accordance with the laws of the country would have a more salutary influence and impress them with the justiceness of our laws. As might have been expected, the excitement among the whites and the Indians was intense. The death of the prisoner alone would have been regarded by the Indians who resided in the immediate vicinity as justly merited and caused no threat or alarm.

But the killing of the other Indian who had been employed to work the canoe induced them to believe that an (indiscriminate?) attack would be made on their camp. There were assembled at that time 800 souls, nearly three hundred of the distant bands were on their way to the Treaty Ground, and upon hearing of the difficulty, many of them fled to the mountains. Messengers were sent after them and they were finally induced to come in. The death of the three white men by the firing of the troops satisfied them that those who desired their presence in

council had no design against their lives, and they were thus persuaded to attend.

It appears that the citizens called a public meeting at the time of the burial of these men-and in the afternoon of the same day I was visited by a number of gentlemen purporting to be a committee appointed for that purpose, who stated verbally that they were authorized to enquire whether I would dispossess all the Indians in that district of their fire arms, and that in the event that I decided in the negative, that they, the citizens, would feel justified in taking measures to do it themselves, at all hazards, and to invite me to visit their town immediately and give explanations of the occurrences which had transpired and inform them how far I was justified in taking steps to relieve them from this present and prospective difficulties, and to explain the law regulating intercourse with the Indians. I replied that I had come there for the purpose of negotiating treaties with the Indians, and that I could not feel warranted in leaving the ground until my business should be consummated. That my business was to treat with Indians and not with whites; that I should be glad to cooperate with the citizens in the adoption of such measures as would end to preserve peace and secure the country from violence and bloodshed as far as I could do it in accordance with the laws of the country, and my duties as an officer in the public service. That if they could point out any Indian or number of Indians having fire arms, known to be dangerous persons, and from whom violence was to be apprehended-or that there was evidence of a (?) among any of the Indians for the purpose of doing harm, I would disarm such, but otherwise I did not feel warranted to do so. That they doubtless needed their arms to secure game for food and to incorporate a provision in the treaty by which they were to deliver up all their firearms would be to render negating all efforts to into a treaty. That greater expense had been incurred in transporting goods and collecting Indians and reaching that point-and I did not feel justified in hazarding the success of negotiations by incorporating such provisions, and if the citizens saw proper to make a possible demand upon the Indians for their fire arms without good evidence for such a step, they must suffer the consequences. Then much conversation took place not now recollected. The Committee finally departed, and at intervals I was enabled to get the Indians into council, but upon several occasions when they were assembled, persons would come into the camp and by their boisterous angry talk, would alarm the Indians so that all would leave the council, and upon one occasion they left in a run. It was not infrequent to see nearly entire bands taking to their heels and skulking in the tall grass of the adjacent prairie. But their fears were finally quieted and confidence restored so that a treaty was consummated. There were present the few last days of our council over one thousand men, women, and children. The entire number represented in the council is ten hundred and ninety eight.

They were confederated with the tribes (mostly along ?) the west as far as Neh-e-ches-ne on Salmon River and are to be located on the Coast Reservation, a notice which was recently published.”

Another, somewhat biased, version of this episode by Captain William Tichenor, is found in his "Life Among the Indians." His remark at the end about Indians' understanding of treaties is illuminating.

Excerpt From Captain William Tichenor's "Life Among Indians"

Tichenor says that he was chartered by Palmer to bring the Treaty goods down from Portland. As he remembered it, he arrived at the river (Rogue) the night before the incident in which James Beauford, Matt Hankton, and Michael O'Brien, were killed. His account is as follows⁵:

"An Indian boy, a young man, had shot a man named Beauford from a bluff. The ball passed right through the flesh, in the shoulder-a flesh wound, though it was a pretty good wound, and report was at once made, and Ben Wright went for the Indian, and got the Indian, got the boy, and I sent word up at once for the troops-under the command of Lieutenant Hodge. He was at Port Orford, and he didn't arrive there until the next day. Palmer sent these soldiers down. I think five-to bring the Indian up there to the treaty grounds, and some of the men, miners there, they went to the window at dark in the evening and shot through the window-shot the Indian through the window, and broke his wrist, instead of going and killing him as they should have done-that would be the best way to do. They then took him-the soldiers did-took him in a canoe-had an Indian to steer. The Corporal was in the boat, or canoe, and had the prisoner between his legs, and a white man told him to go and kill the Indian while he was taking him up, and the soldiers, I am induced to believe he had given the white man to understand that they were not going to defend any Indian.

That was what I got from good, reliable authority, at the time, and I think probably it was so. Anyway, one Makay said he would go. He was in one canoe with one or two other men. One white, who had escaped from the massacre at Booker Creek, he was one in Mackay's boat. It was a beautiful full moon, it was a lovely night, and the canoes had arrived at the head of the bar-well, it may be a bar, very nearly a mile below the treaty ground where the treaty was to be held. The canoe with Matt Hankton must have stood up and shot and killed the Indian-the Indian who was between the legs of the Corporal. Beauford, in all probability, killed the man that was steering, which was wrong, because he was an agent Indian, and shouldn't have been killed, one sent down by General Palmer for the express purpose of steering the canoe. Matt Hankton fell overboard and the soldiers took him up with the two dead Indians. I went over and told Charles Haley, the Secretary of General Palmer, that there was trouble there, and he said they were just firing off the guns, and General Palmer urged me to go down and

⁵ Due to the following being reprinted from a report, only quotes that Tichenor reports will be in italics.

see what was the matter. Just after I started, I met them with the dead bodies of Matt Hankton and two Indians in the soldiers' canoe. I then pulled down to the bar. There was the canoe floating. The water was as smooth as glass, and the canoe was floating there with the body of James Beauford. His body was literally floating in blood.

I took it up to where the other dead ones were. General Palmer then urged me to go at once to prevent an outbreak of the whites, which he imagined would be the result of it. I found that O'Brien had escaped. He jumped out of the canoe and ran. General Palmer imagined that O'Brien would give the alarm, and that they would come and make trouble with the Indians, and he told me to get a couple of men, and I did get a couple of men to accompany me. They wished to get arms to take with them. I told them they could not get in that boat with arms, that I was not going to kill white men, and was not afraid of being killed myself. They had to leave the arms behind them-but I think there was a six shooter smuggled on board. I pulled down to the north of the town, and I never saw them again, the men I had taken with me. The last I saw of them-I went into a place, and I went and told them, 'we must rouse up the people and suppress any outbreak.' I started back at dawn of day. I found the body laid down at the head of the bar. The tide had drifted him around to the head of the bar. He was also taken up to town, and an inquest was held on him. I was foreman of the jury, and the verdict was rendered as being justifiable, in view of the fact the Indians being in charge of troops. These men were the aggressors.

A treaty was held that day, and all the gewgaws and all such things were exhibited, and the Indians signed the treaty. We called it signing. They never calculated to abide by anything that was named there, and stated to me repeatedly they wanted the things that were exhibited, the pretty things-beads, and one thing and another. They were very fond of fancy articles. They didn't understand the purpose of it, and it was the grand air of the government to give the Indians knowledge of vested rights. They just believed that might was right. That was their only law.

Myrtle Grove Council⁶ (Remarks of the Chiefs)

(This Council was held several miles up the Rogue River near the village of Tu-tut-en-ay.)

Tagonecia: "We have one heart and one tongue and wish to go and live with you. Sixes Tribe also say before we saw the whites we had bad hearts, but now are willing to go with you."

⁶Due to the following being reprinted from a transcript of the Myrtle Grove Council italics will not be used.

Eukie Chief: "I have always been good heart. The first whites I saw, the steamer was down to Port Orford city. Looked bad and have.....since I am willing to go with you and do as you wish us to."

"When I first heard you, I thought you wanted us to leave immediately. I have learned better. I am willing to go. I am satisfied and pleased. The former Chief was giving us blankets and clothes and we do not have to lay by the fire of nights. We are willing to go."

Chetco Chief: "I have always been right. Sometime ago the whites fell on us, and Ben Wright came down and stopped them. I see the use of an Agent. We are willing to go with you."

Eukie Chief 2end: "I have always been a good man. I am willing to go with you and live on the Reserve."

Sixes Chief: "How many winters can we stay before we will have to leave? Perhaps two winters. We want three winters to live here, but we will go as soon as you say. How long before we have guns? (Answer.) "So, soon as you move on the Reservation you can have guns, but even now you can have guns enough to do your hunting." "Where on the Reserve can we have what powder we want?" (Answer.) "Yes, powder and ball."

Talancañista: "I have no gun. I am hungry and want to hunt. Will you give me one now? (Answer.) "No, when the Chiefs send in guns, you can have one. I have none with me now."

Mackanotin Chief: "I have never fought the white man nor let my men fight them. I have a good heart. Never shot or hunt a white man."

Joshua Chief: "I have never troubled the whites nor carried any guns or knives. When they want me to work, I have done it. There is one man living near me that I am afraid of. He has bothered me a great deal." (2end Chief says: "The Chief when he was here before told me to be a good man. I have done so.")

Joshua says: "I am not willing to say I will sign the treaty. I want to consult with my other Chiefs. I have been troubled a great deal by men taking our Squaws and not paying us. We pay a big price for our women."

Te-che-quit Chief (the first Chief): "My men have never troubled the whites. I live up the river, away from the whites. I do not beg for everything. I see that I am willing to sign the treaty and go with you."

Joshua Chief: "I am now willing to sign the treaty and go too."

Whist-to-no-tin: "I have a good heart, but I think the whites have two tongues. I have been fooled many times. I am willing to sign the treaty and go with you."

Cus-so-to-nef: "'I have always been good and served the whites well. I have a good heart. I am willing to go. We are all willing to go."

Nasomah Sixes Chief: "I have a squaw that I gave 20 otter skins for, and a white man took her away from me by the name of Jennie. I had her one winter. He did not buy her, he took her. He, however, gave me a horse and someone shot the horse. He slept with her one winter and turned her loose."

Mack-a-no-tin Chief 2end: "My wife has been taken from me, and I never received but four blankets for her. She is now living with a white man up a Big Bend, Morris Rogers."

Palmer says: "We don't believe in selling women, and if white men come and want your women, report them. They will live with them but in a little while they raise children and then leave them and we are going to stop it. Unless they take them and marry them, we can't control this matter when they live scattered about, white men buy their women for one night, they are great fools for letting them go, when you get on the Reserve we can take care of them, almost all complaints between the whites and Indians are about their women—we want you to stop it, many men get their women who are diseased and give it to their women, and it is given to them, it is right for white men to get white women, and Indian women to get Indian men. If Indians have difficulties among their women, settle it themselves, but if with white men, come to us and we will settle it for them." (Here the speech is made to whites.)

Too-too—to-ny Chief: "I do not trouble the white men any—they come to my house drunk, scare my women and raise a fuss. My neighbors tell me I am not a Chief. I told them I would tell our white Chief, and they told me we have no Chief—we have all one heart and are willing to treat, we are tired."

Chetko Chief: "I am an old man. I have always been good, the men around me have been bad, but Ben Wright came down and stopped it. Since then I have had no problem."

The end.

KA-MAS-DA-TUN

Reg Pullen, former Archaeologist for the BLM

Guest Author

(September, 1996)

One of the largest Indian villages on the lower Coquille River was located across from the present townsite of Bandon on the north side of the river. This village was occupied during the Late Prehistoric and Early Historic period by the Na-So-Mah people, and then abandoned under the pressure of Euro-American invasion. It was later reoccupied by remnants of the Na-So-Mah who survived the reservation era and returned to their homeland during the late 1800's. Much of the site was destroyed by a shift in the river channel, but Luther Cressman and a team of archaeologists from the University of Oregon excavated several housepits at the site, designated 35-CS-5, during the summer of 1952.

A recent examination of the field notes from this excavation, combined with some ethnographic data and interviews with Bandon residents, provides an interesting glimpse into the lives of the inhabitants of Ka-Mas-Da-Tun. I am indebted to Scott Byram and Mark Tveskov for providing me with the field notes and also showing me excavated materials from the site, which Mark is presently reanalyzing.

Ka-Mas-Da-Tun means "*people who live near a deep cove of water.*" This place name was told to anthropologist Owen Dorsey by Coquille Thompson and Solomen during an 1890 interview at the Siletz Reservation in northern Oregon. The deep cove of water was an original outlet of the Coquille River located one half mile north of the site, and drawn by naval officer James Alden on a U.S. Coastal Survey Map in 1861. Today, this cove has been filled in by shifting sand dunes, but the old river mouth is marked by one the best-preserved fish weirs on the river, confirming the accuracy of Alden's map.

Dr. Cressman worked at Ka-Mas-Da-Tun during the dawning of archaeological interest in the Oregon Coast. Most professionals at that time believed that the coast has been occupied for a very short time, less than a thousand years, and thus was much less interesting than Oregon's high desert country, where ten thousand year old sites were common. Also, much of the ethnographic data that we take for granted today, such as the notes of John Harrington and Melville Jacobs, were not available for researchers at that time. Thus, perhaps we should not judge Dr. Cressman too harshly for largely dismissing CS-5 as uninteresting, and for not ever publishing the results of his excavation, save for a two page article in an obscure eastern journal.

The conditions under which his team worked may have also worked against Cressman's concern for this site. There were no roads on the north spit of the Coquille at that time, only a dirt track that wound through the sand dunes and was impassable during most of the year. The crew camped at the Evans

family picnic grounds, near the present Bullards Boat Ramp, and traveled downriver to the site by skiff or across the dunes in a carryall. The crew usually received a thorough drenching on trips both down and back, and while beaching the boat. The wind howled unmercifully, it rained over half of the days during the project, and digging in the loose sand resulted in frequent cave-ins. Small wonder Cressman never worked again at Bandon.

Some important discoveries were made during the dig, though. Perhaps the most important was the presence of two distinctive styles of house construction. At least seven housepits were encountered, including those with vertical plank walls, horizontal plank walls, and frameworks of poles that probably represented a temporary structure covered with sword fern thatching. Since vertical walls are typical of houses from the Klamath region, and horizontal walls from the Northwest Coast, Cressman concluded that the Coquille River was the contact zone between two unique cultures.

It became apparent during the excavation that use of the site increased over time, until the arrival of Euro- Americans in the 1850's. Cressman felt that the site was probably on the south side of the mouth of the river when first occupied, but that the river mouth had shifted during the early historic era. Both the Coos and the Coquille Rivers emptied directly into the ocean in the recent past, and then the bends to the south occurred, probably as the result of a severe earthquake and tidal wave in the year 1700.

The site contained a large amount of faunal material, including the bones of sea and land mammals, birds, fish and shellfish. Sea mammal remains consisted of seal, sea lion, and whalebone. Several harpoons and large concave base projectile points used to arm harpoons were recovered as well. The large number of whalebones can perhaps be attributed to the site's proximity to the flat beaches at the mouth of the Coquille, where whales are often beached even today. A heavy reliance on sea mammals, fish, and shellfish is typical of sites along the Northwest Coast.

More surprising was the abundance of elk bone in the site. Cressman was at a loss explaining this phenomenon, considering the site's location adjacent to the ocean, the complete absence of any elk in southwest Oregon at the time of the excavation, and the prevailing model of coastal adaptation that held that Northwest Coast cultures depended primarily upon the sea and river for their livelihood. Historically, though, the north side of the Coquille was a vast prairie that extended for several miles and supported hundreds of elk. Early settlers slaughtered the elk and grazed cattle and sheep on the prairies. Descendents of the Hamblock family, which took out a donation land claim on the north side of the Coquille River in the 1850's, recalled seeing rows of elk pits near Ka-Mas-Da-Tun. We now know that land mammals were an important part of the diet at many villages along the southern Oregon coast.

Dense layers of fishbone were also discovered, as well as numerous net weights, composite fish hooks, bone net gauges, and a wooden net shuttle used

to weave nets, probably from iris or nettle fibers. The Coquille River was once one of the richest estuaries along the southern Oregon Coast, and supported vast quantities of salmon, herring, perch, and flounder. Excavations across the river at 35-CS-43 in Old Town Bandon during the 1980's support this interpretation: layers of fish bone and fish scales representing innumerable individuals were discovered throughout the site.

Shellfish remains were frequently encountered, including bay and ocean mussels, gaper and razor clams, and crabs. Some of the firepits contained thick deposits of crab shells and claws, suggesting that the residents of Ka-Mas-Da-Tun initiated the practice of capturing crabs from the estuary for crab feeds, a cultural tradition that continues today.

Bird bones were also found in large numbers. The tidal marshes of the lower Coquille River were once teeming with waterfowl and shorebirds that were captured through the use of nets, according to informant Annie Miner Peterson. Also, the Na-So-Mah hunted pelagic birds at rookeries on offshore rocks and even hosted an egg feast each spring when the sea gulls, murre, cormorants, and puffins were nesting.

One of the most unique discoveries during the summer was of a deposit of seeds within the site, probably from salmonberries or red elderberries. Both types of berries were mashed together with salmon eggs to create a delicacy that would have been served during communal feasts.

Caches of cedar bark were also encountered. This bark would have been used for a variety of purposes, including rope-making, basketry, and for removable netting panels that were draped over fish weirs to keep fish from swimming between the stakes. Preservation of organic materials in CS-5, including cedar bark and wooden artifacts, is very typical of sites located along the lower Coquille River.

The importance of woodworking to the residents of the site is indicated by the abundance of antler wedges and stone adze blades in the cultural deposits. A workshop containing cut pieces of antler was found as well. This ties in well with a Na-So-Mah legend that the people of Ka-Mas Da-Tun were great canoe makers, and that a quail had given his topknot as the first wedge used at this site. Ka-Mas-Da-Tun is also in an ideal location for cedar drift logs to wash ashore during winter floods, providing an abundance of raw materials for woodworking. Portions of two large cedar dugout canoes have recently been found at Ka-Mas-Da-Tun by archaeologists from the University of Oregon.

Several decorated bone artifacts were found, and interpreted as probable headscratchers or hide fleshing tools. Incised headscratchers have been found at sites in downtown Bandon, and relate to a belief that women could not scratch their heads with their fingernails during menstruation. A person's headscratcher was a highly personal item that was usually buried with the individual upon death.

Many from the Coquille River have intricate designs etched on their surface, and are superior in craftsmanship to those found elsewhere.

A large fragment of a whalebone club was another interesting discovery. Only one other whalebone club is known to have been found at the Coquille River, although they are frequently found in sites further north, from Yaquina Bay to the mouth of the Columbia River. Cultures along the lower Coquille River appear to have a mixture of traits from both the north and the south, making them more cosmopolitan than would be expected.

One burial was encountered, that of a young child that had been interred in a cedar coffin. The burial was surrounded with a large number of trade beads, and several dentalium shells were inserted in the child's mouth. Almost all of the Late Prehistoric / Early Historic burials found along the Coquille River have been found in cedar caskets with associated grave offerings. This raises the question of why none of the skeletons recovered at CS-43 across the river were buried in coffin or contained grave offerings. It seems likely that they are grim testimony to a series of tragic massacres that took place there between 1852-1856.

One copper pendent and several rolled copper beads were discovered, and dated to the period around 1775, according to Cressman. They may very well have come from a French vessel that cruised along the Oregon Coast in the 1770's, a ship named the "Coquille" and very likely the source of the current name for this river.

The upper portions of the site yielded a considerable amount of historic glass, metal, and ceramic artifacts, probably dating from the late 19th century. Based on interviews with early residents of Bandon, several Indian families lived intermittently at Ka-Mas-Da-Tun during the late 1800's. This was one of the few original Indian village sites along the lower Coquille River that was not occupied by a white settler. The tip of the north spit was not occupied by whites until 1896, when the Lighthouse was built.

The Neds, who had an allotment at Cut Creek, some five miles north of Ka-Mas-Da-Tun, were one of the families who sometimes camped there. Susan Ned was born at this village, while her husband Charlie was from a village on the south side of the river. Susan once amazed the passengers on the Telegraph, a paddlewheeler plying the river between Bandon and Coquille, by paddling her canoe after a deer swimming the river, throwing a rope over it, and dragging it to the bank where she clubbed it to death. Needless to say, she received a standing ovation.

Coquille Thompson, an Upper Coquille informant born at a village near Myrtle Point, provided John Harrington with a number of details relating to Ka-Mas-Da-Tun. Joe Lane was the last chief of this village. Most of his people had been massacred during an attack by whites, probably during the fall of 1854. There was constant warfare between the people of this village and the Tu-Tut-Nis to the south. The Ka-Mas-Da-Tun language was probably Miluk, according to

Thompson, not the Athapascan spoken on the upper river or to the south of Bandon. This is somewhat confusing since Tun is an Athapascan suffix for "people."

During September, the Ka-Mas-Da-Tun people would move upstream to fish for salmon, and only a few old people would be left at the village. A Na-So-Mah myth tells of a Miluk person visiting the abandoned village one fall night and observing ghosts dancing in one of the houses.

The Ka-Mas-Da-Tun also traveled upstream to Thompson's village in the fall to trade with the Upper Umpqua people. Dried fish and ocean products were traded for hazelnuts, tarweed seeds, obsidian, and other interior products.

Thompson said that his father bought two elk dogs from Ka-Mas-Da-Tun, where such dogs were raised. These pureblood dogs were trained to chase elk down and grab their back legs while hunters shot them with bows and arrows. The residents of this village may have specialized in the hunting of elk as well as in canoe making, judging from the abundance of elk remains within the site.

Through a combination of ethnographic, historical, and archaeological data, a fairly comprehensive picture of the residents of the village of Ka-Mas-Da-Tun begins to emerge. It is unfortunate that the site has been totally destroyed, but we should be grateful for the information that we have been able to collect.

Language and Ethnology



Indian name for Humbug Mountain was "*Salmon Cheek*." Chetco's were marched on a trail over Humbug Mountain on their way to the Siletz Reservation. (J.P. Harrington Field Notes. R26, F0404.)

LINGUISTS AND ETHNOLOGISTS

Don Whereat (September, 1994)

John J. Milhau

The first to record Coos and Lower Umpqua (Kalawetset) language was Dr. John J. Milhau. Stationed at Fort Umpqua in the fall of 1856 as U.S. Army Surgeon, he was asked by George Gibbs to collect what he could of the local Indian languages. Gibbs furnished him a list of 180 English words to find the

Native equivalent. Not being a trained linguist, he transcribed the strange sounding native words to English as best he could, sending along a key to the sounds. There are some sounds in northwest Indian languages impossible to write in the English alphabet, so in his list of words where there was a Klick, kck, chk, or chck, he listed these as "*peculiar guttural and unpronounceable sounds.*" For instance, the Hanis word for earth is A'ta or tl'ta in modern linguistic style. Milhau wrote it as Klick-tah, because tl' sometimes sounds click-like.

Milhau sent back to Gibbs what he had been able to collect: "*enclose herewith vocabularies of the Indian languages spoken between Cape Arago and Cape Foul weather viz the Coose Bay, Lower Umpqua, or Kallawatset, and the Aalseya, also the Umpquah proper,*" (which would have been the Upper Umpqua). He made a sketch of the coast showing the relative positions of the "Siusclau, Aalseya and Yakoner rivers," adding a few general remarks about the coast Indians.

In his Observations of the Coast Indians, Gibbs wrote: "*Dr. Milhau says of the Kallawatset, 'this language was spoken by all the Indians living on streams emptying between Umpqua Head and Cape Perpetua. It was spoken on the Umpquaa River for 20 miles above the mouth.' Their numbers at the date of his memoranda, November 1856, were: Umpquas 130, Siuslaus 100.*"

Of the Coos Bay vocabularies, Milhau said, "*The above vocabularies were obtained from two Indians of the Coose or Kowes tribe and appear to be different dialects of the same language. The Coos or Kowes language, with many dialects, was spoken by all the Indians inhabiting around Coose Bay and its immediate vicinity, and also by those on Kowes River. All these have been removed from their lands on to the reserve and the tribe now numbers 300 all told.*"

Gibbs was not certain if there really was a distinct language prevailing on the Lower Coquille. Lt. Kautz reported to him that the Tootootni differed from the Coquille (Miluk). Gibbs thought the names of two of the bands (at the mouth of the Coquille) indicated an affinity with the Tahkali (Upper Umpqua).¹ Indian Agent J.L. Parrish in his 1854 census of the Indians listed only one group at the mouth of the Coquille, Nasomah, known as Miluk speakers. Adding weight to Parrish' report, four bands of the Na-so-mahs signed the Coast Treaty on August 3, 1855. These were the Quas, Sake-nah' Klen-nah-hah, and Ke-ah-mas-e-ton. However, a later linguist, John P. Harrington, noted that the tribe known as Nasomah was also known as Dalmashi,² a term which is also used to designate the Klamath

¹ The Upper Coquille's were said to have come from the Upper Umpqua. Lt. August Valentine Kautz of the US Army was stationed early on in Rogue River country because of Indian troubles. He stayed there until the conclusion of the Rogue River war in 1856. Kautz and Gibbs were re-acquainted in the winter of 1862 when they both spent the winter at Fort Steilacoom, Washington Territory.

² Harrington got his information from Coquille Thomson, which is suspect. This is a Chinook

River Indians in northern California (See Dorsey further on). Unfortunately, there were no trained observers in the area at that early date, and confusion still exists as to the linguistic makeup at the mouth of the Coquille River.

John Wesley Powell (1834-1902)

Powell was born in Mt. Morris, New York. He is included here for his contribution to the field of linguistics. Powell served as a Major of artillery throughout the Civil War. After the war he was a professor at Illinois Wesleyan College (1856-57) and at Illinois Normal University in 1867. He was on the staff of the U.S. Geological Survey (1875-1894). Powell is best remembered as a pioneer explorer of the Green and Colorado rivers (1869-1875). Powell became interested in ethnological study, and was director of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution (1879-1902). His interest in Indian languages led him to develop a system of writing the strange sounds of native words, a system that has been streamlined over time, but one that owes its basis to Powell.

George R. Bissel

George R. Bissel was one of the first to use the new system. In September of 1881 he collected 56 partly filled pages of words and phrases of Lower Umpqua. Bissel did not identify his informant, except to say that she was a woman of about 50 years, living in a modern day house about "20 or 30 miles above the mouth of the Umpqua River." Bissel described her as "intelligent and painstaking," but reflecting the times, he also referred to her as "the siwash² woman," among other unflattering comments.

Sending his efforts to Powell, Bissel expressed his thoughts on the language. "So far as I can judge (the language) is smooth in sound as the English, save perhaps the aspirated sounds." Recognizing that his efforts might be lacking, he explained: "The mistakes which I have made in the sounds of vowels are more likely to have occurred in the different sounds of 'a' and writing 'a' for 'e' than elsewhere. But I was new to the practice. I could do better from now onward. ..." Adding a bit of mild criticism, "I regret that you confined me to your symbols, for I had invented an alphabet that at least I could have handled with much greater ease."

While at Gardiner, Bissel apparently worked with a local Indian who furnished him with some Hanis words, but things did not work out with this man, for Bissel wrote Powell: "Once more I apologize for being so dilatory in obtaining these words; but my excuse is that when I had time and went to the Indian who furnished me the list which I sent, he would not give me words, although I offered to pay him liberally. I suspect that he had found it irksome, so I had to look for

Jargon word that is a corruption of French Sauvage.

other sources of instruction. Meanwhile I was too busy for some months to attend to it. At last I found this woman who understands English very well, and is quite intelligent; but I had to go 25 miles to see her." As before, Bissel's description of his informant was scanty, saying only that she lived at Norfolk, in Douglas County. Norfolk was at the forks of Smith River. The word list he got from this informant has words that appear nowhere else and adds to the extensive list of Hanis vocabulary. On the negative side, Bissel did not name his informants, or get any ethno-history from them. From his notes to Powell it appears that he was busy with other projects, and was only doing the work as a favor to Powell.

James Owen Dorsey (1848-1895)

Two years later, the Reverend James Owen Dorsey visited the Siletz Reservation. Dorsey was an Episcopal Deacon, working for the Bureau of American Ethnology from its founding until his death in 1895, and was considered an expert in the Siouan languages.

In August of 1884 the Director of the Bureau of Ethnology sent Dorsey to the Siletz Reservation for the purpose of obtaining information respecting the tribes of that region. His findings resulted in linguistic and sociologic notes relating to twenty tribes or bands then living on the reservation, enabling him to identify 6 linguistic stocks on the reservation. Because of the multitude of languages, the main avenue of communication was Chinook Jargon or English, resulting in a rapid loss of tribal languages.

Dorsey was unable to find any Coos speakers, but managed to get Siuslaw-Lower Umpqua words and phrases from Louisa (Mrs. William) Smith. Louisa was of an Umpqua father and Siuslaw mother, her husband, William, was Alsea. Louisa spoke no English or Alsea, but her husband was able to understand Lower Umpqua. They mostly communicated in jargon. Louisa was able to give Dorsey list of 21 Lower Umpqua villages, only four of which the location is identifiable: TS'a-lil-a³, Mi-ku-litch, Tki-mi-ye and Suh-tah-wah'ss. Ts'a-lil-a was the village of Mrs. Smith's father, which she said was at the mouth of the Umpqua. Mi-ku-litch, she identified as, "*on the ocean, where the light house is.*" Several myth tales take place here. Tki-mi-ye, one of the other villages named by her is what we now call 'Umpqua Eden.' This site is on the south side of the river, just a little upstream from the mouth. Lottie Evanoff said that in the days when she and her father used to travel between Yachats and Coos Bay that they would hike over a trail from Winchester Bay to Tki-mi-ye, and from there be ferried across. This is the village where myth stories take place.⁴ Sah-tah-wah'ss

³ The location of Ts'a-lila is in error. Louisa lived near the mouth of the Umpqua with her son, Spencer Scott. True, Ts'a-lila was the village of her father, but other evidence suggests it is somewhere in the Scottsburg-Wells Creek area.

⁴Tki-mi-ye, John Harrington, Field Notes, Reel 023, Frame 0613

is identified by Louisa's son, Spencer Scott, as located on the sand spit at the north end of the Umpqua river bridge (Bolon Island).

Louisa was able to recall 34 Siuslaw villages for Dorsey, none of which can be identified on Dorsey's crude map. The thirty-fourth named was the village of her mother, and appears on Dorsey's map to be some distance up the river. Frank Drew and Clay Barrett identified several of them in 1942, as follows. Number 3, Wai-tus (White Mountain) identified as the sand hill just down river from the south end of the Florence Bridge. Numbers 5 & 6, Pa-au-wis (lots of sand) and Pi-lu-mus, (about 200 yards east of Munsell creek) between Florence and the North Fork. Number 9, Ts'a-tau-wis, upper end of Old Town Florence. Number 10, Kwus-k'we-mus, near the mouth of the North Fork on the left side going up.

Dorsey was able to collect about 150 words and 140 phrases of Milik (Muluk) from Coquelle Johnson, "*an old man*," from the mouth of the Coquelle River. Dorsey described the location as the "*North side of the Coquile R., at its mouth.*" He noted that the "Tutus" called them Tal-muc-i, (Dalmashi of Harrington).

From the Upper Coquelle, Dorsey obtained over 700 words and phrases of Athapascan from Old Solomon and Coquelle Thompson. Solomon would have been a rich source of ethnologic information, but unfortunately Dorsey was short on time, and probably was not interested in collecting any. Thompson, who later was the source of most of the ethnology, of not only the Coquelles, but down the coast as well, was only 5 or 6 years old when he and his parents were removed to Siletz. This has to cast some doubt as to the validity of names and places that he gave in later years. Also, he never once came back to his old home on the Coquille. Coos Bay was as close as he ever came to his ancestral homeland.

From Jake Rooney and Jake Stuart, Dorsey collected 22 note pages of Kwatami (Sixes River), and adding a few pages of Yukitc (Euchre creek) from Jasper Warner.

Frans Boas (1858-1942)

Frans Boas undoubtedly had more influence on American anthropology than any other one person. Born in Westphalia, Germany, he became a citizen of the U.S. His doctorate was in physics and geography, but he made his name in anthropology. Boas carried on investigations in North America, Mexico, and Puerto Rico between 1886-1931. In the summer of 1890, he visited the Siletz reservation obtaining linguistic and ethnologic material. He taught anthropology at Columbia University starting in 1896, making full professor in 1899. It was to Boas' students that we owe most of our linguistic and ethnological information.

Harry Hull St. Clair (1879-1953)

In March of 1901, Doctor Boas hired a "very good" linguistics student, who

had studied Sanskrit, Persian, and other Oriental languages, to work as his assistant on Northern Shosone. The following year St. Clair earned his MA in linguistics under Boas. He had been periodically helping Boas with his Chinook Dictionary throughout 1902, and was instrumental in the success of the work. Later that same year, St. Clair came west to do a linguistic survey of Indian languages. By the summer of 1903 he was on the Siletz Reservation where he was able to collect Coos. He obtained 45 pages of grammatical notes from Tom Hollis, and several short stories. One was about a big white man, tattooed all over, who carried a gun made from a leg bone. All he had to do was point it at someone and it would kill him or her without making a sound. George Barney and Ike Martin related a story about a Miluk man who, 4 or 5 years prior to 1903 went down to Humboldt California to attend some Indian games and met people speaking Miluk, or such language that he could understand it. (This story is reminiscent of the one about the Miluk who went to Japan and found a Miluk speaker there). Tom Hollis and Jim Buchanan furnished words in Hanis Coos, while Barney gave the equivalent in Miluk. The 13 myth stories, later included in Frachtenberg's Coos Texts, were from Jim Buchanan. These myths included the Takimiya narratives (Umpqua Eden.)

St. Clair did not pursue his career in linguistics any further, but instead, in 1904, joined the United Verde Copper Co. in New York. Later, he went into business for himself and died a wealthy man in 1953.

Leo Joachim Frachtenberg (1883-1930)

In June of 1909, Dr. Franz Boas, Professor of Linguistics, Columbia University, advised F.W. Hodge, Ethnologist in charge of Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian, that he was sending Frachtenberg to Siletz via San Francisco, to study the Coos Indians. He arrived at Siletz on July 2, 1909. Frachtenberg used principally the same informants as St. Clair, starting first with Tom Hollis, working with him until July 17 when he left for Florence via Eugene. His assessment of Hollis was: *"In reference to my work here, I only say that I have obtained a very extensive vocabulary and a complete knowledge of the pronominal system, both simple and combined. This is as far as my informant could go. Unfortunately he could not give me any information that would show me clearly the principles of the word-and word formation in Coos. He has not spoken Coos for almost 22 years and had forgotten a great many things."* This, the same Tommy Hollis (actually Tommy Miller) who, while living at Coos Bay in his younger years, held up the lighthouse keeper and was sent to the penitentiary. On his release he changed his name to Hollis, and later got an allotment on the Siletz Reservation.

On July 24, 1909, Frachtenberg wrote Boas again. *"I was fortunate in securing the services of a very intelligent informant. His name is Frank Drew. He is an Indian of about 45 years of age, and can read and write fluently. I will have no trouble in getting the necessary material for a good grammar."* Drew, however, was not able to furnish him with the kind of stories that Buchanan could.

"Of the seven Coos Indians that live here, only one is able to tell stories. He is Jim Buchanan, the same man from whom Sinclair received his material. I have made arrangements with him for the texts. Whether he will be able to give me additional texts besides those that he gave to Sinclair, I am not in a position to tell just now. I will have to employ the services of Drew as an Inter-Interpreter because Buchanan speaks a very poor English. Outside of Jim, none of them ever tried to tell any (myths)." But, there were minor difficulties ... "I have to use an interpreter and find that I lose a great deal of time, while my two informants (Drew and Buchanan) get into rows over certain expressions. But this cannot be helped. My informant and interpreter get each \$2.25 per day." Funds to live on and pay informants were constantly a hand to mouth affair. Hodge wrote to Boas on January 10, 1910 to the effect that Frachtenberg had accrued a certain indebtedness to James Buchanan that "you may desire to call Mr. Frachtenberg's attention to it, as I understand he has been more or less under your wing."

Frachtenberg went on to work on other Oregon Indian languages, including Lower Umpqua Siuslaw. As part of that work, he prepared for publication a Siuslaw-English and English Siuslaw vocabulary containing 90 typewritten pages. Along with the Umpqua Texts, he added some more information on his Coos work with short analyses of Hanis and Miluk. By using 104 Miluk nouns in Dorsey's vocabulary and comparing them with Hanis, he found only 29 showed any phonetic structure with their Hanis equivalents, while 13 showed some similarity. Only a few of the numerals had any resemblance.

Frachtenberg seems to have enjoyed his stay in Oregon, even though he had several bouts with sickness. He is reported to have loved to dance with the ladies, and it was at Siletz in 1913 that he married Claudia McDonald, an Indian of east coast ancestry who was an employee at Siletz. They had three children, but only one survived to adulthood. After World War I began, Frachtenberg served briefly as a translator for the War Department. Soon after this work was finished, unfounded charges were made against him for alleged derogatory statements against the government and President. The Bureau of Ethnology without a hearing summarily discharged him. The Justice Department subsequently absolved him of the charges, but the Bureau was still unyielding. Frachtenberg was never to face, or even learn, who his accuser was. He believed, and probably rightly so, that it was F.W. Hodge, Ethnologist in Charge of the Bureau. That the government believed in his loyalty is testified to by the fact that the War Department retained him in 1919 as Camp Recreation Officer. His status was that of an officer, although he didn't have to wear a uniform. Helping to heal his diminishing bank account was an annual salary of \$2400, with an additional allowance of \$65 per month for quarters, light and fuel. Frachtenberg later worked for several Jewish organizations. He died in Chicago at the age of 47.

Melville Jacobs (1902-1971)

Melville Jacobs was born in New York City July 3, 1902, the only child of

Alexander and Rose Blau Jacobs. His parents were second-generation Americans of Bavarian Jewish ancestry, but didn't have a strong religious identification. The young Melville attended public schools, going on to City College where he received his B.A. in history and philosophy in 1922. His principal teacher at the college was the philosopher Morris Raphael Cohen, whose influence led him into anthropology. Entering Columbia in July of 1922, he received his M.S. in history in 1923.

Melville Jacobs was a man of many interests and talents. Music was one of them, and he studied violin at the Institute of Musical Art (Julliard Conservatory) from 1917-20. From 1922-27, he was in graduate school and supported himself by teaching English to foreigners in a nearby elementary school. He also managed to find time for a pleasure trip to Europe in the summer of 1924. It was that same year that he entered the Department of Anthropology under Franz Boas, who was to influence him throughout his life. Boas thought highly of Jacobs, considering him one of his best students of the past several years. Jacobs' class was studded with talent. One of them was to be famous anthropologist Margaret Meade.

Traveling out west in a Model T Ford, Jacobs completed two summers of fieldwork recording the Sahaptin language. His plan was to document Sahaptin and prepare a grammar of the language. Jacobs wrote to Boas in July of 1926 that he had found an excellent Klickitat informant by the name of Joe Hunt, and that he was thoroughly enjoying his summer in Washington.

Jacobs completed his doctoral requirements in December of 1927. To receive the degree however, he was forced to wait for his dissertation to be published, a requirement at that time. There for, it was not until 1931 that his degree was formally awarded. In 1928 he was appointed as Associate of Anthropology at the University of Washington. Jacobs was out in the field again in the summer of 1930, directing field training on the Umatilla Reservation and teaching linguistic field methods. One of his students was Morris Swadesh, who much later in 1953, was to record Hanis Coos from Martha Harney Johnson.

Jacobs often had a disdain for his informants. While working on Molale he wrote to Boas that the *"work was disagreeable and difficult, due to the stupidity of my interpreter."* In his search for a Yamhill speaker, he ran across Louis Kenoy, *"a white man of Yakima and elsewhere,"* and that he was the last man to speak Yamhill and Tualitin. Jacobs described him as a vigorous, healthy man in his sixties, employed as shepherd in the Yakima region. *"However,"* Jacobs added, *"he is an occasional devotee of bootleg whiskey, and considering the nature of the beverage about Yakima, I fear for his longevity.... if you are willing to take chances on denatured alcohol around Yakima, I am willing to hunt him up."* But, on the positive side, Jacobs found another informant for his Molale. He described her as an elderly Molale lady that he was going to take her to Siletz where her senile older sister resided. There, he hoped, *"with the help of some dubious Molale interpreters about, I hope to get texts."* While he was in the

mood, Jacobs took a swipe at Frachtenberg, who had earlier done Molale, Jacobs said of Frachtenberg's phonetics, *"frightening, to say the least."*

Perhaps Jacobs was cursed with alcoholics. When working with the Kalapuya languages (he said there were three, mutually not intelligible), he worked with *"Louis, a hard drinker,"* on the northern language. At the same time he was also working with another speaker at Grande Ronde, believing that Louis probably would not live long. With hands full, he wrote to Boas for help, and he suggested that Jacobs contact DeAngelo (another linguist, from Berkeley) for help. Jacobs was working with his Kalapuya informant when DeAngelo arrived, drunk. De Angelo sat and listened to the work for a while, then came and put his arm around Jacobs, telling him it was marvelous. De Angelo drove north from there, got Louis and returned to Berkeley. Louis thoroughly enjoyed his stay, going frequently over to San Francisco. De Angelo wrote gushy letters saying the work was progressing finely. But when the manuscript eventually arrived, it was only ½ inch thick, and very poor. Jacobs brought Louis back up to Oregon and re-worked the whole thing, finally resulting in his Kalapuya Texts. Louis died soon after.

Jacobs' biographer, Laurence C. Thompson, wrote that Jacobs married Elizabeth Louise Derr, originally of Clarks Fork, Idaho, on 3 January, 1931. However, in a letter to Boas dated July 11, 1930, he mentioned that he would introduce "my wife" to him when they met in Chicago the coming September. Elizabeth joined him in his work and was to do work on her own. Among her efforts were linguistic and ethnologic data on the Coquille's through Coquelle Thompson. She collected these and Upper Umpqua in 1935, but they are considered as being not of high quality. Later, she became a psychiatric social worker.

In 1932 Jacobs started to work on Coos. His informants that year and the following were Frank Drew and Jim Buchanan. He informed Boas on July 14, 1933, that, *"Frachtenberg's Coos informant Jim Buchanan, whom I used in December for ethnology and music, died three weeks ago."* He found it almost fortunate, *"because it forced me to work with some women here in Coos Bay."* He added, *"I think they will be excellent, for this terribly disintegrated culture region; it is lucky to find them."* He was of course referring to Lottie Evanoff and Annie Miner Peterson. But he had another woman in mind as well, Pauline Wasson, for his work on Aleut. Jacobs described her as, *"a pleasant woman aged in the forties who went to Carlisle as a girl and later married a Coos man."*⁵ *Everyone knows her in Empire: she runs a slightly shabby hotel and seafood restaurant, where I had luncheon while doing my Coos work."* Several years later he found another Aleut informant, but had complaints about her too. She was a girl of about 25 with, *"a noisy child of four."* Because she hadn't spoken the language as a girl, Jacobs thought he would waste a lot of time while she racked her mind

⁵Tom Wasson, 1877-1932. Married Pauline Safaroff. Had one child, Libby.

for words and forms, adding that she was, *"something of a bother to work with because of her child"*

Back in Seattle Jacobs wrote to Boas of his remarkable success at Coos Bay, and that he would be able to add extensively to the ethnologic fragments of the Coos that he had obtained in November and December. Taking another swipe at Frachtenberg, he opined, *"I find that reading back of Frachtenberg's data is greeted with intense disgust, because of the very bad phonetic recording he was able to make with the help of the two men he employed (Drew and Buchanan); the articulation of the informant I am employing is immeasurably superior to his informants, which I determined for myself by working with all of them in succession. I feel strongly that the Hanis dialect of Coos which he (Frachtenberg) published is so poorly done that it needs reworking in every syllable."* The informant Jacobs was employing was the above named Annie Miner Peterson, a controversial person among her peers. However, Jacobs seems to have been charmed by her. His description of Annie Miner was: *"The best find of all that to my utter astonishment my informant admitted quietly and modestly that she uses the Miluk dialect with the same fluency and clarity that she employs the Hanis dialect."* She was the only Coos informant that he worked with from then on.

Besides his unflattering remarks about informants in his correspondence, Jacobs's field notes are interspersed with caustic remarks. In his Coos material, these were about Drew. Noting in asides such remarks as, *"Drew comments endlessly on how obedient children were."*⁶ Once while Frank was telling a story, which he thought to be funny, Jacobs wrote at the conclusion, *"Maggie (Frank's daughter Marge Severy) called out from the kitchen querulously, annoyed that her dad was howling with laughter at this (Umpqua) story, which seemed dumb to her."* Not so with Annie Miner Peterson; his remarks were usually worded as, *"quietly," "modestly,"* or, *"with humor."* Jacobs did not work with Lottie Evanoff, perhaps because she wasn't fluent in Miluk (for which Jacobs wanted to record because he thought there was ample material of Hanis), or because of his fastidious nature he didn't care for Lottie's lifestyle. After all, she lived in a float house, kept a dog, and was not a tidy housekeeper. Whether it was this, or because Annie's grandson drowned while in Lottie's care, there was a rift between the two after that period. Lottie was not a bit stingy with her gossip about Annie when Harrington came along in 1942.

Jacobs' two seasons with Annie produced his Coos Myth Texts and Coos Ethnologic Texts, both available in the Coos Bay library. Frachtenberg's are also located there. The two ethnographic notebooks of information from Drew and Buchanan were never published.

⁶Melville Jacobs, Notebook 92, p. 82.

Melville Jacobs life was cut short in 1971, a victim of cancer. He left as a legacy a large volume of work, all neatly catalogued and housed at the University of Washington Archives. Known as the Melville Jacobs Collection, it is available to scholars for research purposes.

John Peabody Harrington (1884-1961)

"...you've been a good friend if I ever had one, you just rushed at the work. You know how I look at this work; you and I are nothing; well both of us soon will be dust. If you can grab these dying languages before the old timers completely die off, you will be doing one of the FEW things valuable to the people of the REMOTE future. You know that. The time will come and SOON when there won't be an Indian language left in California, all the languages developed for thousands of years will be ASHES, the house is AFIRE; it is BURNING. That's why I said to go through the blinding rain, roads or no roads, that's why I thanked God when you tried to cross the Mattole River, haven't I gone back even two weeks later to find the DEAD and the language FOREVER DEAD?" Letter to his assistant, John (Jack) Marr, January 22, 1941.

Probably the most beloved anthropologist to work among the Indians (from the Indians point of view) was John Peabody Harrington, of the old Peabody and Harrington families of New England. Although his Native informants were fond of him, Harrington was a contradictory figure among his colleagues of the day. His penchant for not sharing his work with others in the field, but not above using theirs, was a constant irritant to other anthropologists. Even his employers at the Bureau of Ethnology were frustrated by his failure, not only to publish his work, but also even ignore their letters to him. Some of his paychecks were not cashed for months, a few even found in his field notes after his death. From the point of view of his peers, Leanne Hinton⁷ probably described Harrington best. *"Angry god, perfectionist, paranoid worrier, culture hero, obsessed genius, thorn-in-the-side, doggerel poet, ruthless slave driver, inattentive father, valued friend, skinflint, ascetic, academic outcast, great phonetician, indefatigable fieldworker, outrageous, laughable and endearing eccentric-these are all ways people view J. P. Harrington, one of the most important linguists in California history."*

Born in Waltham, Massachusetts, raised in California, Harrington attended Stanford University, receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1905. In January of the same year, Harrington went to Europe and spent 2 years of graduate studies at the Universities of Leipzig and Berlin. But it was at the undergraduate summer session in 1903 at the University of California at Berkeley, taught by A.L. Kroeber and Pliny E. Goddard, that Harrington caught the passion for dying languages, a passion that drove him throughout his life. He became so obsessed with saving languages that nothing else mattered, not money, not food, (in 1962 a desiccated half eaten sandwich was found among

⁷Leanne Hinton is an associate professor of Linguistics at UC Berkeley.

some his stored papers) nor housing or material necessities, and not even his marriage to Carobeth Laird. She once complained that he cared more about words than he did about people.⁸ On one occasion, a snowy night, Harrington, Carobeth and an old Indian were stranded and needed a place to sleep. Harrington went to a house where a light was burning and asked for shelter, explaining that he had an old Indian with him. He was refused. The man in the house looked out the window; saw them struggling to stay warm and called Harrington back: "*God almighty, why didn't you tell me you had a woman with you?*" Carobeth recalls Harrington missing the point and muttering, "*But I told him I had this old Indian with me.*"

Harrington started his career as a high school teacher in 1906, teaching modern languages at Santa Anna High School. During school vacations he spent his time studying the Chumash, the Yuma and the Mojave Indians. In 1909 he decided to spend full time (18 hours a day, rather than 10) to anthropological work. His first full time job was as ethnologist with the School of American Archaeological Institute of America at Santa Fe, going on to do monumental work with California and other Indian languages throughout the west. His writings start in 1909 and run in a steady stream through 1959, and this is just the published work. His vast unpublished field notes are more easily measured by the ton, with more field notes being found all the time and shipped to the Smithsonian.

According to biographer, Carolyn James: "*Besides the sheer volume, what sets Harrington's work apart from much of what was being done was the information he collected over and above the language itself. He let his informants ramble on, talk about things in general. As a result, he recorded religious myths and customs, local history, medical practices and genealogies. His data has proved invaluable to modern linguists, Indian historians, botanists, geographers, archaeologists, and to Native Americans reconstructing their heritage.*"

Harrington's young assistant, John (Jack) Marr, preceded him to southwestern Oregon, arriving in the summer of 1941. Marr had a list of words that he was to ask Coos informant Frank Drew. Marr contacted Drew at his home in Florence, Oregon and recorded him in a series of sessions. He then went on up the coast to Grande Ronde where he wrote Harrington of his success. "*Dear John: Enclosed is the list of recording, and work done with Frank Drew at Florence in Coos lingo is something I know you will be proud of. The Tillamook is also good, but I used my wits on Frank Drew and got the wisest bunch of records made yet. Am hurrying to catch Mose Hudson at Grand Ronde. I am in all haste possible.*" Signed Jack [June 17, 1941].⁹

Jack Marr started working part time for Harrington before he was 16 years

⁸Carolyn James, Science Magazine, 1984.

⁹Marr letters to Harrington, Reel 030.

old. Harrington was said to have the best ear for languages of any of the linguists, but Marr and his brother (they lived next door to Harrington) got the best of him once. While playing out in the yard one day where they were in earshot of Harrington, they started speaking Pig Latin. Harrington would from time to time come to the window, looking out with a puzzled look.

After young Marr got his driver's license, Harrington sent him up and down the coast with an unwieldy recording machine, state of the art for that time. Its parts filled 3 boxes, and weighed 100 pounds. Sometimes there were no roads where Harrington sent Marr, and he had to get his equipment in by packhorse over narrow trails. World War II ended Jack Marr's short career as an ethnologist. Marr said that he and Harrington arrived in Seattle shortly after the New Year in 1942. The two had just returned from working with the Aleuts in the Pribiloff Islands. Marr drove Harrington as far as Bakersfield, California, and left him there because he wanted to visit some Indians he knew around the Tejon Ranch area out of Bakersfield. *"The next thing I know," Marr said, "before I went in the Army, was that he was sending me letters from Oregon and Washington. He continued to do that up until July of that year. I am sure that his bosses in Washington at the Smithsonian were looking for him and he realized that once they got him back there he would have to discontinue his life's work until after the war."*¹⁰

Harrington arrived by bus in the Coos Bay area in August of 1942, where he was to work with Lottie Evanoff and Frank Drew as his principal Coos informants. Also furnishing information was Spencer Scott, Clay and May Elliott Barrett for Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw. Although Melville Jacobs contributed a good bit of ethnological information, it is to Harrington that we owe the most, for as Carolyn James said, he *"let his informants ramble on."* And this is true, for Harrington let his Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw informants *"ramble on,"* and from them came a good deal of what we know about our past. Harrington also did considerable work on the local Athapascan dialects of southwestern Oregon. His informant for the Coquille language was the aged Coquille Thompson. Marr too had worked with Thompson, in 1941. Harrington's letter to him once more sums up the man's philosophy:

"There is an old saying, 'He robbed the cradle.' Do you know what occurs to me, Jack? What you are doing with old Kokell (Coquille Thompson, of Siletz Reservation, who was over 90 at this time) is something for the ages; you are robbing the cemetery." (1941)¹¹.

It is fortunate for us that his Northwest work was among the first catalogued and put on microfilm by the Smithsonian Institution. Harrington's

¹⁰Letter to Don Whereat, March 14, 1994.

¹¹Harrington, Reel 030.

Northwest work appears on 11 rolls of film. Coos, Lower Umpqua/Siuslaw and Alsea appear on rolls 021-024, and Galice/Applegate and Takelma on 025-028. Miscellaneous material is contained on reels 029-030.

Morris Swadesh (1909-1967)

Morris Swadesh was a brilliant but controversial linguist in the latter days (post World War II era) of his career because of his alleged Communist beliefs. Labeled as a "Leftist" during the McCarthy Era, he could no longer find employment in this country. Swadesh left for Mexico in 1956, where he was Research Professor of Prehistoric Linguistics in the Instituto de Historia of the Universidad Nacional Autonoma de Mexico, and as Professor at the Escuela Nacional de Antropologia e Historia. Swadesh died there of a heart attack in 1967.

Our interest in Morris Swadesh was his visit to Oregon in 1953. He and his assistant, graduate student Robert Melton visited Florence, Oregon, in July of 1953. His informant for Hanis was Martha Harney Johnson. For Siuslaw and Lower Umpqua, his informants were Clay Barrett, May Elliot Barret, and a short segment with Billy Dick speaking Lower Umpqua words. Dick also sang a short song. Swadesh recorded over five hundred words and a few phrases from Martha, obtaining a shorter list from the Barret's and Billy Dick. Swadesh also visited Lolly Metcalf at her home in Charleston, Oregon. With the help of Lolly's sister, Daisy Coddling, he managed to get some Miluk words on tape. Lolly may have spoken the language when a girl, but was over ninety years of age, and with a faulty memory at the time of Swadesh' visit. The tape is of limited value.

Some mystery surrounds the Hanis tape with Martha Johnson because a voice can occasionally be heard coaching her on certain words. This voice has an accent, and was probably Indian, but so far has not been identified. Also, the written notes Swadesh must have used are nowhere to be found. In addition, Melton is reported to have interviewed Clay Barrett on Siuslaw and Chinook Jargon. Soon after, Melton dropped out of college and out of sight. At this date, the whereabouts of Melton and his work is unknown.

Dr. Dell Hymes

The following year, two young graduate students, Dell and Virginia Hymes, stopped in Florence and visited the Barrett family. This was no accident. Swadesh had visited Indiana University where Dell and Virginia were students at the time. Dell writes; *"He (Swadesh) was starting off on his 'Penutian Survey'. Being from Oregon, and an admirer of Morris' teacher, Edward Sapir, I took an interest and we drove out to Oregon the next summer, 1954...."* The visit resulted in Dells' publication, "Some Points of Siuslaw Phonology," published in the International Journal of Linguistics, Vol. 32, No.4, October, 1966. "Dell and Virginia visited at our home this past summer. While here, Dell helped me compose a story by Annie Miner Peterson, which I recited in Hanis at the City of

Coos Bay Boardwalk dedication. It is a belief of Dell that most, if not all, native stories were told in a poetic fashion. In putting together Annie's story, 'the Winged Walkers and Winged things fought,' he fashioned it in poetic form. Dell said of this story, "...is really the way it is a poem, I would say.' The parallels among the lines, and the way they go together in groups, show it to be a kind of poetry. That possibility had not been thought of when Jacobs was working. In my work with Wasco and other Chinookan languages, I found it to be true for them, and since that time, with a number of other languages as well. If one could have heard Annie Miner Peterson, or someone else, tell the story, almost certainly their voices would have shown that the story was made of lines. The intonation contours, the rise and fall of the voice, together with pauses, would have shown that. And the lines one could hear would turn out to go together in groups...." The concept is interesting, and should be further pursued.

Dell Hymes is a distinguished figure in the field of linguistics. He and his wife Virginia are currently teaching at the University of Virginia.

Jane Sokolow

A graduate student from the University of California at Berkeley, Jane Sokolow spent the summer of 1965 with Martha Harney Johnson in Florence. She writes in her forward: "*The following study is based on data I collected in the summer of 1965, from the (assuredly) last native speaker of the Hanis, indeed, of any dialect of Coos. Mrs. Martha Johnson, my informant, has lived all of her eighty years in Florence, Oregon, on a land claim her parents obtained after being allowed to leave the Yachats reservation.*"

Jane Sokolow recorded words and phrases, both written and taped, while working with Martha throughout the summer. 1965 was a busy one for Mrs. Johnson, for she was visited by two other linguists as well, Russel Ultan and Victor Golla. As it turned out, Sokolow felt she did not have enough to do her thesis, and so did not follow up with the work. Her field notes were never published, and she eventually dropped out of linguistics. This author located her in 1993, still living in Berkeley and working for a computer firm. She graciously turned over her Hanis material to me, with a copy to the University of Oregon Linguistics Department. The whereabouts of Ultan and his written notes is unknown at this time, but his tapes are located at Indiana University. Victor Golla, a professor of linguistics now teaching at Humboldt State College, the other visitor in the summer of 1965, recorded several pages of words and short phrases. He did nothing further with Hanis either, and in the spirit of Jane Sokolow, also turned his notes over to my father. These are all in the Tribal Office, available to all Tribal members who wish to see them.

Joe Pierce (1924-1994)

Before his retirement, Joe Pierce was Professor of Anthropology and Linguistics at Portland State University, also Chairman of Anthropology

Department, 1961-1968.¹² In 1965, he published in the International Journal of American Linguistics, V .31, "Hanis and Miluk; Dialects or Unrelated languages." In V. 32, 1966, he published. "Genetic Comparisons and Hanis, Miluk, Alsea, Siuslaw, and Takelman." These two articles were apparently all he wrote on the two languages. However, he had over 150 books and articles published in his lifetime. In 1993 he sent my father all his file cards on the Hanis language. Included were a considerable number of cards on Athapascan.

Anthony Grant

At this time (1994), Anthony Grant, a linguist living in England, is doing some work on both Hanis and Miluk. He has visited here the past two summers collecting information on the people and language. He is planning, in cooperation with the tribe, to eventually publish several booklets on the tribal languages. Troy Anderson, a Coquille tribal member and linguistics graduate of Stanford University, wrote a Miluk dictionary for his thesis.

George Gibbs

George Gibbs lived from 1815 to 1873. An American historian and ethnologist, he settled in Columbia, Oregon in 1849. He made of a study of Indians in the northwest and collected or published lists and grammars of several languages. He was also was an excellent sketch artist.

¹²Information furnished to Dell Hymes by Joe Pierce's widow, Gwendolyn Pierce.

COOS LANGUAGE AND ETHNOLOGY

Don Whereat (October, 1991)

Leo J. Frachtenberg did the major work on the Hanis Coos language. Working under the auspices of the Bureau of American Ethnology, and on a shoestring budget, Frachtenberg worked heroically to collect and preserve native languages before they were lost forever.

In the summer of 1909 he worked with Coos informant James Buchanan. It will be recalled that Buchanan was born in a Coos village in the vicinity of present day Empire, Oregon and was reportedly a five-year-old boy in 1855 when his elders signed the treaty with Joel Palmer. Frachtenberg collected nineteen myth tales from Buchanan and published these along with twelve that Henry Hull St Clair had recorded in 1903. St. Clair's informant was Tom Hollis, a Coos who was living at Siletz at the time. Lottie Evanoff, gossip that she was, told John Harrington in 1942 *"Tommy Hollis's real name was Tommy Miller, but that after he held up the local lighthouse keeper and was sent to the pen, he changed his name after he got out and never came back to Coos Bay"*. These thirty-two myth tales are in Volume I of Frachtenberg's Coos Text.

In reading some of these stories, it is difficult to understand just what the narrator had in mind. Frachtenberg cautions the reader about this. *"Some of the texts collected from Buchanan were not as vivid in his memory as some of the other traditions, they will be lacking in continuity and clearness of description."* Frachtenberg said it would have been comparatively easy to restore the passages to their original definiteness but *"I thought it advisable (Mainly from linguistic considerations) to let them stand as they were narrated, leaving the interpretation to the good judgment of the reader."* Anyone reading these stories would probably wish for an explanation of some of them at least.

Buchanan did explain one segment that is in "Ascent to Heaven".¹ In this story a young man climbs a spruce tree that reaches to the sky (you will have to read the tale to find the reason why). On reaching the top he discovers a prairie, and starting across eventually reaches the edge. Seeing some smoke he investigates and finds a house occupied by an old man and woman. These two live on the edge of the world. They address him as 'Grandson', *"Grandson something bad is stopping with us. What are we going to do with you? Whenever the Sun (Woman) rises, she usually eats here. She eats (for) her lunch people's stomachs. It is always hot when she travels."* They hid Grandson away when the Sun (Woman) arrived, but she suspected (by scent) that someone was hiding there. *"You two bring it out, I suspect that you two are hiding someone."* She began to eat. After finishing, she left. The young man followed and overtook her. *"Who are you, (who are traveling)?" "I am devouring persons."* She was traveling

¹ Coos Texts, pg. 21.

blazing red. He spoke to her, and cohabited with her with a penis, (made of ice). "You shall be a woman. You shall not amount to very much. You shall travel good-naturedly." Buchanan explained that the sun and moon are women. The moon was a good woman, while the sun woman was bad (too hot). Cohabiting with her with an ice penis cooled her off and thus made the life giving sun that we now have. ²

Frachtenberg also worked with Frank Drew, a Coos informant who later worked with Melville Jacobs in 1932-33 and John P. Harrington in 1942. The majority of the work Frachtenberg did with Drew was linguistic. Although he had to be patient with his informants, they often drove him to distraction anyway. He wrote to Boas of his frustration with Buchanan and Drew over their interminable arguing over a word or phrase. His work with these two eventually resulted in the publishing of the Coos Text, Volume I and II. Volume I contains the thirty-two myth tales and a vocabulary. Volume II is the nuts and bolts of the Hanis Coos language. At the time, Frachtenberg believed Milluk to be extinct. In his later Lower Umpqua Texts, he included the few words of Milluk that J. O. Dorsey had recorded while at Siletz.³

In 1932 Melville Jacobs started working with Frank Drew. This consisted entirely of ethnology and was not published until later. In 1933 Drew introduced Jacobs to Annie Miner Peterson as an informant. To Jacobs' astonishment and delight this remarkable woman was fluent in Milluk as well as Hanis. He worked two seasons with her and published two texts, one narrative and ethnologic, the other consisting of myths. Some of these stories are in Hanis, some Milluk, and some are in both languages. Unfortunately, Jacobs did not do any further work with either language, and so one must go to Frachtenberg to learn the language. As Frachtenberg only worked up the Hanis, this is the best language to start learning. Troy Anderson, a Coquille, has worked up a dictionary of Milluk words. This may become available to us at a later date.

John P. Harrington, working for the Smithsonian Institution, came to Coos Bay in 1942. His major informants for Hanis were Lottie Evanoff and Frank Drew. Spencer Scott furnished some Siuslaw words. The group traveled back and forth from Charleston to Yahatc and this resulted in some place names and ethnology. Harrington had the habit of recording every word his informants uttered, no matter how mundane, and we are the richer for this. There are around seventeen hundred pages of notes in all, although many pages contain only a few words and his huge scrawl used up a lot of paper. He was insistent as to "*pertaining to the words or vocabulary of a language, as differentiated from its syntax or grammar.*"

Frachtenberg's main informant for both languages was Louisa Smith and her husband, William. Louisa, at the time, was over seventy years of age and in

² Buchanan Ethnography, pg. 41

³ James Dorsey, 1884.

poor health. She was of Lower Umpqua birth while William was Alsea; however he had spent his childhood among the Siuslaw Indians and had a fairly good knowledge of their language. Frachtenberg wrote of the difficulties working with the two informants.

In a letter to Professor Franz Boas dated March 17, 1911, Frachtenberg wrote, *"In reply to your letter of March 10th; I wish to say that I will try to complete my work on Siuslaw as soon as possible. The work is greatly impeded by the peculiarities of my informant. Owing to her advanced age, she is extremely moody, cranky and at times obstinate. She has recovered from her illness and seems to use her recent ailment as an excuse for taking frequent rests. I do consider myself lucky if I can induce her to work for a continuous four hours. Furthermore, whenever she happens to have a quarrel with her husband (and such is the case quite often), she absolutely refuses to work. She certainly tries my patience to the utmost capacity. I have made up my mind to use her as my informant for another ten days. Should her moods by this time not change, I shall be forced, much against my wishes, to proceed to Acme and work with Mrs. Martin."* Although Frachtenberg's Siuslaw Text is far less complete than his Coos and Lower Umpqua Texts, it is still the most definitive work on the language. The following are others who have done some work with Siuslaw.

In 1884 J. O. Dorsey wrote down a few Siuslaw words while he was on the Siletz Reservation. Unfortunately, he didn't do more while the sources were fresh. When Frachtenberg came along in 1904, the trail was getting cold.

In 1953 Morris Swadesh found the Barrett family in Florence, Oregon and was able to get some Siuslaw words and phrases on tape. His informants were Mae Barrett Elliott and Clay Barrett. A short segment of Lower Umpqua was obtained from Billy Dick. As noted previously, this tape is of good quality.

Del Hymes spent some time with the Barrett family in 1954. Hymes was not as fortunate as Swadesh. He writes, *"Mrs. Elliott was too busy during the fishing season to have time for linguistics. Howard Barrett, the youngest and most interested and least knowledgeable of the language, arranged three sessions in his home. Much of the sessions were taken up with visiting among the men, who do not often see each other."* Hymes' visits with the Barretts resulted in "Some Points of Siuslaw Phonology", published in the International Journal of American Linguistics. (There is a copy in the office.)

In 1966 Joe Pierce wrote in the same journal, "Genetic Comparisons in Hanis, Miluk, Alsea, Siuslaw and Takelma". Harrington's young assistant, John Marr, made sound recordings of the language using Frank Drew as informant. The recordings are now on tape here in the office. While of poor quality, they are of considerable help in understanding the language.

In the summer of 1953, Morris Swadesh taped some three hundred words and phrases of Hanis. Martha Johnson of Florence, Oregon was the informant.

This is a clear tape and professionally done. While in Florence, Swadesh received less amount of words and phrases in Siuslaw and Lower Umpqua using Mae Barrett Elliott and Clay Barrett (Siuslaw) and Billy Dick for Lower Umpqua. These tapes are equally good. In Charleston, Swadesh found Lolly Metcalf, a Milluk speaker. Lolly was ninety years old at the time and her memory of the language not all that good. In fact, she had never used it as a language, but had been exposed to it through her mother and grandmother.

These tapes are all here in the office and are available to all.

SIUSLAWN -LOWER UMPQUA

Quoting Leo J. Frachtenberg, *"The Siuslawan stock embraces two closely related dialects, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw that were spoken by the people living on the lower courses of the Umpqua and Siuslaw Rivers. The northern neighbors of the Siuslaw's were the Alsea Indians (whom they called HanIs hitc), on the east they came in contact with the Kalapuya, (chiefly the Yonkalla tribe, known to them as the Qa l xqax), and on the south they were contiguous to the Lower Umpqua's (Qu lyax). It is generally recognized that the lower Umpqua territory extended east to Elkton, and that the Siuslaws claimed to the headwaters of the Siuslaw River, thus extending eastward as far as Walton and Lorane. Possessions of the Siuslaw Indians extended north to Tenmile Creek,⁴ and eastward they extended as far as Mapleton. The Siuslaws refer to themselves as Ca'yucLa, and were called CayucLe by the Coos and Quas or Kwas by the Alsea Indians.*

The territory of the Lower Umpqua was bound on the north by Five Mile Lake, on the south by Ten Mile Lake, while on the east they claimed the whole region adjoining the Umpqua River as far as Elkton. The Lower Umpqua call themselves Qu'ltc, and refer to their language as Qu'itc ax wa'as. These terms are of native origin, and are formed from the stem qui or qoi "south". The Alseas called them Tkulmak, and they were known to the Coos as Bildji'yex, i.e., Northern Indians."

Frachtenberg was unable to ascertain the etymology of these words. What little work that was done by Frachtenberg and J. O. Dorsey on the Lower Umpqua-Siuslaw language revealed very small differences between the two, and these were chiefly of a phonetic and lexicographic character. (Lexicographic means he found some similarities in the pronominal (belonging to, or the nature of a pronoun) systems. He reaches no conclusion, and still leaves us wondering: did we have common words or parts of words through borrowing, or from common ancestors somewhere in the distant past?

⁴ There is a Ten Mile Lake and a Tenmile Creek.

LINGUISTICS

Don Whereat (September, 1992)

It is time to pause in the ethno-history series to update you on where we stand with the language program. Program is a rather misleading word because we don't have one as such, but I believe it best covers what has been going on. I will start from the beginning and bring you up to the present.

Linguists consider northwest languages one of the most difficult in North America, and to compound that problem, we have four different languages in our confederation. Although Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw seem to be the same language, differences crept in over time and distance. The Miluk and Hanis lived side by side for countless years, but spoke different languages (or dialects as some believe). Some think all four languages, plus Alsea, are related. Unfortunately, linguists have not done enough work on northwest languages to know much about them. I have been trying to interest some of them to work on our languages and am gradually succeeding.

As far as is known, Martha Harney Johnson (died February 5, 1972) was the last known Hanis speaker. We have a good language tape she did in 1953 with Morris Swadesh, plus several of less quality done with Russell Ultan in 1964. Swadesh also taped May Barrett Elliott and Clay Barrett with some Siuslaw, and Billie Dick saying Lower Umpqua words and singing a little song. Lolley Metcalf (Miluk) was over ninety years of age when she taped for Swadesh, and she died soon after. The Barretts and Billie Dick are long gone so this leaves us without anyone with any knowledge (more than a few words, anyway) of any of our languages. This, of course, is the fault of we older ones, but it is not too late to do something about it because there have been linguists through the years who have recorded a considerable amount of words, phrases, and text.

I began in 1984 with the John P. Harrington Field Notes, primarily for the ethnology they contained. Being able to decipher some of his Coos words encouraged me to learn more about the language. Prior to that, I had tried to fathom Frachtenberg's and Jacobs texts here in the local library without success. After seeing all those strange letters and characters, it seemed impossible to ever be able to read them in the Coos language. Pestering every linguist I could find, eventually some sense began to come out of it all. When Dell and Virginia Hymes took pity on me, things really started looking up. They have been of invaluable help and Virginia has typed up learning tools for me and spent hours of her time explaining to me the intricacies of our language.

Before I began really doing much with it, I decided the proper thing would be to track down all the material that had been done over the years, and this has been done. Leo Frachtenberg, (early 1900's) and Melville Jacobs (1932-34) have left us with the most material to work with. Henry Hull St. Clair (1903) worked with James Buchanan (Hanis) and George Barney (Miluk). He did not publish his

lengthy word list and thirteen myths, but Frachtenberg incorporated them with his Coos Texts. Frachtenberg worked with Buchanan and Tommy Hollis on Hanis, and Frank Drew, ethnology. Jacobs (1932) worked with Frank Drew and Buchanan, mostly ethnology. Buchanan died the following year. Jacobs then discovered that Annie Miner Peterson was fluent in both Miluk and Hanis and used only her for the next two summers. His work was published as Coos Texts.

Probably the first person to record Hanis was Dr. John J. Milhau, November 1856, from two informants "near Umpqua City," using a 180-word list furnished by George Gibbs. This list is interesting (1) for comparison only because it was recorded by a non-linguist, and (2) because the two informants spoke slightly different Hanis dialects.

There may be a few scattered bits out there somewhere, but the bulk of it is right here in the office. Jane Sokolow did some work with Martha Johnson in 1964 and I have spent several years trying to locate her work. When I was in Santa Barbara in June for a conference on Harrington, I put the word out that I was trying to find her material. As luck would have it, one of the conference participants had spoken to her only two days before. He gave me her telephone number, and when I got back here in the office, called her. She said she had just been thinking of doing something with that material and was all too happy to send me a copy, which we now have. She had also made some tapes, which I hadn't heard of and said she would make a copy and send along. Those have not arrived as yet. She will also be coming here in late September to visit.

Another person that attracted my attention was a young linguist from England by the name of Anthony Grant. I learned he wanted to come back to the states, Berkeley if possible, and get his Ph.D. in an Indian language. I took him to dinner and encouraged him to use the Coos language for his thesis. His letter follows, and it may be he will do better than that if all works out. Mr. and Mrs. Dell Hymes were here for the salmon bake and I shared Grant's letter with them. They were impressed with him and asked for a copy of his letter, intending to write and encourage him further.

In his letter you will note his suggestions on the best approach to take on learning the language. I tend to agree with what he says because of the unique situation we face.

First, there are the multiple languages we have in this tribe. Second, the languages are difficult, and finally, we have a scattered population. Even if we could afford to have a linguist come here and teach us, there are so few we could get together for a class. I believe his way makes the best sense. If it is not possible for Grant to do the work, it could be done anyway.

TRIBAL TERRITORY AND LANGUAGE

Donald Whereat (May, 1990)

In the last Newsletter I mentioned that I had been able to get 3 language tapes: One each of Hanis Coos, Lower Umpqua-Siuslaw, and Miluk Coos. Sound wise and compositionally these tapes are of pretty good quality.

Last week we received the long awaited Frank Drew tapes from the Smithsonian Institute. It has taken almost six years to track these down and I was beginning to wonder if we could. Although these are not near the quality of the others they are still of value. These tapes were recorded in 1942-43 on primitive recording equipment, so consequently there is considerable background noise. It may be possible to "clean them up". I understand some firms specializing in sound recording can do this. Another thing that is disconcerting is that the questioner apparently didn't run through the word list with Frank beforehand and there are long pauses and repeating of questions. This could also be eliminated, and with clear sound these tapes would be considerably enhanced. At any rate, if you are in town and would like to hear them, please come in.

I understand that a Coquelle Tribal member, Troy Anderson, is working on a Miluk dictionary.

This brings up the puzzling question of tribal territory and languages. There has been total confusion about the local tribes, their proper names and their language. Historically most Indian tribes simply referred to themselves as "the people" and had their own myth tales about the beginning of earth and its life forms. The Hanis at Empire (Hanisitch) believed a "spring", later known as McGee's spring, was the "essence" of their tribe.¹

According to John P. Harrington who interviewed Lottie Evanoff, Frank Drew and others in 1942-43, they had no idea where the tribal names of Coos, Coquelle, etc. originated. In fact, the misnamed Coos were two different tribes inhabiting a common estuary; speaking separate languages and a distinct boundary separating them. The Miluk speaker's territory extended from a small creek² just below Empire south to include South Slough. Miluk speaking people also inhabited the Coquelle River from the mouth as far up as Coquelle City³. The Miluks also had their summer home on the south fork of the Coos River. "Millicoma" means "near the Miluks". Somehow the West fork of the North Fork of the Coos River became known as the Millicoma. The North Fork of Coos River was Hanis territory, and before Weyerhaeuser Timber Company destroyed it, there was a large shell midden at Allegheny.

¹John Harrington, Field Notes, R24-F986.

²Locally known as Second Creek.

³They shared the lower river with some Athapascans.

Hanis speakers also inhabited South Ten Mile Lake, which was their northern boundary. The Ten Mile Hanis were known as Sky-a-tich Hanis; at the forks of the Coos River, Da-guy-a-tith, upriver Hanis; the main village at Empire, Ga-ditch Hanis, or downriver Hanis. I have never been able to learn the etymology of Sky-a-tich. It doesn't mean "North" as "Baltch" is the word for that.

The upper Coquilles were of the Athapascan language group, opposed to the Penutian Phylum (language characteristics derived from a common source) of the Miluk, Hanis, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw. It is interesting to note that the Navajo also speak an Athapascan dialect. Leo J. Frachtenberg believed that the Alsea, Siuslaw, Coos and Quillayute are genetically related and that the Milluk variety of Coos almost makes a fourth related language.

No one seems to agree where the name "Coquille" originated. Some maintain it is the French word for "shell" and I believe they are correct. When Alexander McLeod, leading a Brigade of Hudson Bay trappers ascended the river in 1826, he referred to it as the "Shequits", which was probably a phonetic rendering of some Indian word.⁴ In the Indian Tribes of America, Smithsonian Institute, the upper Coquille is called "Mishikwutmetunne", meaning "people who live on the stream called Mishi." "Tunne" at the end of a word indicates it is an Athapascan word, and means "people", as does "mah" at the end of a Hanis word. The Hanis term for "south" is gu-sim-itch and so they referred to Indians living along the lower Coquille River as "gusi-yah-mah."

The Government established the Port Orford Indian Agency under J.L. Parrish to include all Indians living south of Coos Bay. They were all rounded up after the Rogue River war and shipped to Siletz. The Indians from Coos Bay to Alsea were eventually settled at Yachats. Today most Western Oregon Indian tribes have names that were historically unknown to them.

All of the original inhabitants along the Rogue River either died from disease or were killed by miners and soldiers. The few survivors were sent to Siletz. The Indian families that settled there after the war were Karok from the Klamath River in California. Today there are even very few of these. The Rogue River will soon be the exclusive domain of Californians.

⁴ Sequalchin (Sixes), Harrington, R.026-F.0365.

ETHNOLOGISTS

Donald Whereat (April, 1990)

The general membership has expressed interest in forming a "Heritage Committee" to further the awareness of our culture and history. Contact the Tribal Chairman, Richard E. Jordan, Jr. for further information.

For the past 6 years I have been researching tribal history and language; mostly through the unpublished field notes of John P. Harrington. He was an Ethnologist in the employ of the Smithsonian and was in this area in 1942-43 interviewing some of our elders. His chief informants were Lottie Evanoff and Frank Drew of the Coos. These were almost the last speakers of our language. I say almost because as late as 1953, Morris Swadesh recorded Martha Johnson in Hanis Coos, Mae Barrett in Siuslaw, Billy Dick in Lower Umpqua, and Lolly Metcalf in Milluk Coos.

We are fortunate that these Ethnologists had the foresight to record some of our history and language; foresight that sadly some of us did not have at the time. The good part is that this information is available to us and I believe that with the help of a good linguist a lot of our language can be relearned. This would be a good thing for several reasons: one, the pleasure of speaking the language of our ancestors, and secondly and most important, is being recognized as a viable Indian Tribe with the ability to speak the native tongue. It is really not fair that others judge us by how we look. They want an Indian to look like the stereo type that has been fixed in their minds since childhood. No other race of people are judged this way; only Indians and animals have to submit to a blood quantum, but if we know our language and culture we can survive as a Recognized Tribe and hand this down to our children.

It has been documented through carbon dating that Indians have been in this area for 8,000 years. Since 1850 the U.S. Government has tried their best to get rid of us. I say let's hang in there one way or another. If we can't breed back up, we can at least stay as a people by having the common thread of a language and culture.

Cultural Practices



Where Cape Arago Lighthouse stands is known as Chief Island. Miluk people occupied this land for thousands of years. An attack by a tribe from the south in the early 1800's left only two Miluk surviving.

(J. P. Harrington, Alaska / Northwest Coast Notes. R024-F0981/Foo87/R023-F0879.)

Photo is courtesy of J. Scott Jurgensen.

MARRIAGE¹ AND CHILDBIRTH

Don Whereat (May, 1992)

Discussed earlier was the 'marriage' of the aged Jackson to fourteen-year-old Fanny, and his treatment of her.² This took place in the post-contact period at a time of rapid disintegration of the old social organization. In earlier days this cavalier treatment of a bride may have occasionally happened, but was not the norm, for the Coos (and all tribes) had strict social mores that were to be strictly observed. Marriage was no exception.

Most often, the bride was from another village and a total stranger to her husband, in-laws, and other people of the village.³ If from another linguistic group, probably could not speak the language that was to be hers from that time forward.

On the appointed day, she came with her parents to the house of the groom, who was conspicuously absent. The girl was escorted inside by her mother-in-law (remember, there was no ceremony, she was officially married when the deal was struck) to a compartment where she exchanged her clothes for new ones given by her mother-in-law. Then she came forth in her new finery, better than what she had worn, or there would have been adverse gossip by the guests present.

The groom's parents put on a feast, the groom still absent. Everyone present feasted, talked, danced, and generally had a good time.

The parents of the bride usually stayed two or three days as guests, and on departing, were given gifts by their hosts. Their final advice to their daughter was to 'do what's right, be good to your husband. Frank Drew related, *"It was the parents who took a lot of blame for their children's shortcomings or mis-deeds"*.

After departure of the girl's parents, the groom returned to his bride. (Here, I think we will leave the young couple to their privacy).⁴

Chief's and rich person's newlywed sons had a lumber house built for them. Poorer couples lived and ate with the groom's parents. Their sleeping quarters were in a nearby 'Muck'mi' (a small structure with break fern walls and knife grass roof. Later on, they might build their own house; and if wealthy, an underground house. A wealthy man might also purchase more wives, using the standard go-between. We are told that wives were not jealous of one another. Possibly the sharing of chores was welcome.

¹Melville Jacobs, Note Books, 91-92-93

² Jacobs, Coos Narrative, pg.26.

³ Jim Buchanan's Mother came from the Upper Coquille.

⁴ Jacobs, Notebooks. 93-76.

After marriage, it was expected that the wife would bear children. If a woman could not, she and her family felt disgraced. She could be sent packing back to her parents and the bride price returned, or, another daughter to replace her.

If all was well and she became pregnant, then the concern was not to let her have too large a baby. To prevent this, the expectant mother was forced to work hard and given very little food. It is a wonder that any woman and baby survived this regimen. It was also believed that the pregnant woman should drink lots of water, as this would insure that the baby would have a good head of hair

At time of delivery a mid-wife is called. If the birth is going to be difficult, then a shaman was called in. The shaman took red and white paint, drew two closely spaced lines down from the navel and mumbled a song very low and said "*follow me, I am going outside.*" In effect, the two lines represent a road for the baby to follow, and the song to induce the baby to come out.

It was believed that if the baby was hard to bear forth, it was because the father had been with another woman while the mother was pregnant. Whether this was so when a man had multiple wives is not clear. If they were all pregnant, this would have solved that problem. However, if he had transgressed, he must tell the shaman so that he can do his work effectively. This confession (of all transgressions) extended also to the treatment of a sick person by the shaman.

Annie Peterson said, "*At the moment of birth, no men or children are admitted, not even the shaman can be present.*" The mother was completely covered, and the attendant mid-wife worked with her hands beneath the cover to assist the baby as it exited. As soon as the baby was born, the mid-wife took a sharp knife (wal'wal) and cut the umbilical cord and tied it. She then washed the baby. After five days, the remaining cord still attached to the baby came off. It was then placed in a buckskin bag, which was saved, and later the child wore this as a necklace until the age of six or seven years. The idea was to keep the child from crying and looking around for its navel.

The after-birth was wrapped in a mat and placed in a sewed mat bag. Then the mid-wife or someone placed the bag eight or ten feet up in the forks of a tree. The after-birth was called Hu'mik (Old woman) or (Grandmother). If it was thrown away, and not put up in a tree, it was believed the mother would have no more babies.

Late in the afternoon on the day of the birth, children visited the house of the new baby, and a girl of fifteen or sixteen leading the children. Another girl of the same age climbed the tree in which the after-birth was placed. She would sing, and the children, led by the girl below, sang and danced around the fire that they had built. The girls in the group all sang, "*After-birth, leave*

your grandchild". This ceremony was called, "*The grandmother's farewell dance*".

The idea was to keep the after-birth from taking the new child away, or making the new baby sick. If the baby cried, they thought it was because 'grandmother' afterbirth was whipping it. After the dance, all went to a nearby creek for a swim, then back to the new baby's house for a feast. This ceremony was repeated for five nights. On the fifth day there was a bigger feast given by the new mother's family for the children and women of the village.

On the tenth day, the men of the village came without women or children. The navel knife was then given to the midwife, and, if he had assisted, is given the mother's birth covers and paid for his services. He then gave a long-life speech to the baby.

At the age of eight or ten, the child's parents put the child's navel cord away as a souvenir. The afterbirth in the tree was left to rot or fall away.

No presents were brought to the baby at birth. On the contrary, the visitors and guests received gifts from the child's parents.

Soon after birth, the new baby was put in a wooden bowl or toy canoe by the attending mid-wife, and given its first bath. After bathing, the baby's skin was oiled with bone marrow and returned to the mother to nurse. If she was unable to immediately produce milk for the baby, it was fed warm elk fat until the mother could nurse it. Annie Peterson said she never heard of a mother who could not eventually nurse her baby.

The newborn was wrapped and tied in strips of fur. Cattails were pounded until they were fine and soft. This served as the baby's diaper, called "ha'lt'c (between, or in the crack).

To treat a sore navel or diaper rash, snail shells were baked dry, pounded to a fine powder and sprinkled on the affected areas.

The midwife bathed the baby in warm water, night and morning. When putting it to sleep, a lullaby might be sung. Annie Peterson recorded one for Melville Jacobs (can be heard on tape at the SWOCC library oral history section). Daisy Wasson remembered her upper Coquelle grandmother singing this lullaby to her. "*Go to sleep, little baby little baby in your own bed, go to sleep*".

At ten days the baby was put on a cradleboard of flat wood, with skin around it. Jacobs drew these sketches from doll cradles in Annie Peterson's house. The front of this type of cradle was of buckskin.

Better feathers (belonging to rich persons) of the redheaded woodpecker

or feathers of the green head mallard duck, were woven in. A cradle strap was made of 'wire grass', found in the sand hills. The outer layer was peeled off and the inner part was woven into a strong strap; about one and a half inches wide where it crossed the baby's forehead, tapering down to the support holes.

On the front of the cradle, two or three hoops made from flat pieces of vine maple were inserted in holes burned in the cradleboard. Three or four strings of hide going to the center held these, and on these, shells of olivella were sometimes strung for decoration. From the hoop, small shells might be hung.

A boy's cradle had a cut, or vacant place, in the hide at the height of his genitals, so that when hanging, he could urinate free of the cradle. Cattails pounded fine were used to cover his bottom. Girls' cradles had no such outlet, and cattail was used throughout.

Behind the baby's head, fur of mink, fisher, or beaver was used as a pad. A top piece on the cradle was to protect the baby's head in event the cradle fell. The bottom was pointed so it would stick in the ground, and the hoop pieces served as protection if the cradle toppled over. Carrying straps were fastened to the cradle so that the mother could easily carry the baby with her to gather food or fire wood. The cradle could be hung on a tree branch, or stood upright against a log or other surface.

A bone attached to a string and hung around the baby's neck served as a teething ring. It was also believed gnawing bones made for strong teeth. After weaning, the baby ate the same food as adults.⁵

⁵ Ibid., 93-51-61.

CHILDREN

Don Whereat (June, 1992)

A child may be named at any time. Sometimes a serious name is not given until adulthood. Annie Miner Peterson was thirty years of age before she had an official name¹. A person usually had several nicknames, most of which were uncomplimentary. To be addressed by one of these names was considered an insult, and the addressor might end up with a bloody nose, however, if the nickname was a 'good' name, then that was all right.² One of Annie's good names was 'Little Ear'³, (Kw hanas), bestowed by her aunt of the same name. Fanny, her half sister, called her xwu'ntik , meaning 'snotty'.

One would be known outside of their own village by the name of their village. Sometimes the name of a deceased relative would be given. Strict rules had to be observed in doing this as it was forbidden to speak a dead person's name. A heavy fine could result for such an indiscretion. A shaman had to perform the ceremony when a child was given the name of a deceased relative. Annie Peterson recalled the following ceremony. *"The parents of the child invited friends and relatives to a feast, all who wanted to come. A little bit of each kind of food was put in a dish, then the shaman called for the child to come, placing one hand on the child's head, the other hand up, and called out, "Now we are giving your name to your grandson (or whoever). Your spirit should look after this child, and the father should look after this child too".* ⁴

Mrs. Peterson said a person only has one good name in a lifetime, but may have many nicknames. The good name is always that of a deceased relative.⁵

Coquelle children received a dead person's name. Coquelle Thompson said, *"Everyone gets a dead person's name, usually someone in the family. Naming took place around the age of ten. A dead person's name could be 'taken up' one or two years after they died. If two cousins took up the same name, and one of them died, the other then had to be called by his nickname for the proper time, or they would have to pay a fine. Usually, a dead person's name could only be taken up by one person in the family."*⁶

After contact with white people, old customs began to break down with the younger generation. However, the elders still continued the old customs. Nellie Wasson recalled that when her sister Anna died, her mother would never speak her name and *"it hurt her to have us children speak her name.*

¹ Melville Jacobs, Notebook Book, 101-31

² Ibid., 91-80

³ Ibid., 93-69

⁴ Ibid., 101-31.

⁵ Buchanan Ethnography, pg 22 and Ibid., 92, pg. 79, 129.

⁶ Jacobs, Notebook 119, pg. 36

*She did not even say the name of Anna for some other person, but described them by their relatives' names."*⁷

Until the age of puberty, children led a life as most children everywhere; lots-of-fun with not much responsibility. Games were many, with children of both sexes participating in most. Girls, of course, learned to make baskets and prepare food, while boys practiced their hunting technique with small bows and arrows, honing their skills by shooting at small birds. They also shot at bundles of grass hung from a string tied to a branch. Theirs was a smaller version of the adult game practiced by their elders. The small bow was called 'Pee'lis'. It was either made of yew wood or the rib of a whale. If of yew wood, the outside of the bow was covered with salmon skin.⁸

Riding canoes in on the breakers was another favorite of the boys. (I can attest to this as lots of fun. In 1943 I was on an island called La Vella in the Solomon Islands. We used 'borrowed' native canoes and would paddle out, wait for a big wave, paddle like mad and try to stay with the wave until we finally were swamped.) Boys also indulged in canoe races. Another favorite was hopping contests on one leg and foot races. These races were varied sometimes by carrying another boy in their arms. Boys also played a less violent version of shinny.

Girls used to play 'cat cradle', a game ignored by boys. Another game played by both girls and boys was 'snipes'. In this game, the children ran back and forth with the ocean waves, imitating the little bird. One game could have been called 'chicken'. Elderberry sprouts were cut into short lengths. After they were dry, were lit like a 'punk', placed on the back of the hand and allowed to bum down to the point where the player could stand it no longer. The one, who could hold out the longest, won the contest. Annie Peterson showed Melville Jacobs scars on the back of her hands resulting from this game.⁹

Another was the 'falling' game that smaller youngsters played. One child held the first finger of another's hand; that child, the first finger of another etc. in a descending order of height; the smallest at the end. They then imitated the sound of a tree falling down. At the moment it would have crashed, they all yelled 'boom' and all fell down laughing.

The 'pinching' game was similar to the 'punk' game in that the one, who could stand the most pain, was the winner. The game went like this. Hands were stacked one on top of another, the one on top pinching the other with thumb and forefinger, smaller children at the bottom. When all were in position, they would begin to pinch while all sang 'I pinch you over and over again. The first to let go was the loser.

⁷ Maloney Notes, pg. 6.

⁸ Buchanan Ethno, pg. 37.

⁹ Jacobs, Notebook, 93-65.

Not all games were of this type. Sometimes the children would go to another's house (this must have been at a rich person's house) and dance. This dance consisted of all lining up against one wall, girls and boys together. One person, the leader, was in the middle of the room. All would sing while the leader would dance to the end of the line, put both hands on top of that person's head and dance to the other side of the room. This went on until all were on the other side. Girls danced across holding skirts to their sides; boys patted their thighs as they danced across. This dance went on until all became tired of it. 'Hide and seek' was another favorite of both sexes.¹⁰

Summers must have been a time of great fun for the children. What with the good weather, fishing, hunting and berry gathering trips to the mountains, it would have been what most kid's dream of. Winter was more a time for learning and reflection. Elders used this period to teach the young all the things they needed to know about their reason for being, how the world began, and their place in this world. Elders told the creation stories, about Coyote, the transformer, and of great events that had occurred in past time such as the Great Flood and of the mythic fire that swept in five separate waves from the ocean.¹¹

Stories were told about the strange beasts that didn't belong here, but never the less were encountered; about creatures that roamed in the forests, such as Ecans¹² (Ayshan), giants, the Small People, and serpents. It may seem strange that serpents would be found on land, but this is what Frank Drew said about it. *"The Kilmiya'wadc; in hunting out in the mountains, you are very watchful when out in the mountains hunting game; your luck is not good, you are out of luck. Directly you see far yonder a mountain covered with young trees, above a canyon. Yonder is the mountain. You can see an awful windstorm, though it is calm where you are. You see treetops moving, some trees trembling, but all around elsewhere it is calm. You say to your companion, then, that must be a Kilmiya 'wadc hunting there; he's a great hunter. The serpent locates itself, when hungry, in a place mostly frequented by deer or elk. There he lies, and is bigger than a whale. When he captures his game, he causes the wind. The current drawn in by his in breathing draws the game into his mouth. It takes more than one deer or one elk to satisfy him. The windstorm seen is he sucking in an elk. If you dream of the serpent now and then, you obey your dream and you'll always get your game and be an expert hunter."*¹³

The Small People, at least, were harmless. Their tiny tracks were frequently to be found near streams. If encountered, they merely wanted to wrestle to test your strength.

¹⁰ Ibid., 93, Games pg. 65-66.

¹¹ John Harrington, Field Notes, R24-F492.

¹² Jacobs, Notebook, 91-99.

¹³ Ibid., 92-24.

Small children were kept inside after dark, due to all the supposed evils lurking about. A red evening sky was especially bad. In looking outside, one also might see an Ilwaychus (ghost). This apparition is a person already dead, or is going, or gone to the other world. ¹⁴

In Melville Jacob's Coos Ethnologic Texts, (How a child was frightened and later was taught to be fearless), Annie Peterson said, *"Long ago when children grew up to about the age of ten years, they did not frighten them anymore. They no longer stayed inside. They were outside doing things. That is the way they raised them. Then indeed there was nothing they would be afraid of, they would travel far back in the woods, they would see everything (tracks, signs) quickly, because they were always watching the wild things. That is why they knew (recognized) everything. When they had grown up they feared nothing, because they knew all that had been taught them about the tracks of various things. That is why they did not stay at home, because there was nothing they feared."*

Another much told story, called "He Eats Human Children"¹⁵ in the Coos Texts and "The Child Stealers" in Harrington's Field Notes, concerned children from the Hanis village of At-see-his, located somewhere in the vicinity of the town of Coos Bay. The "child stealers" lived in a large tidal rock located in Miluk territory near the present site of Barview. In this story it was the children of rich persons who were being stolen. The father of the last two children to be lost had a dream in which he saw the place where the children were being held. He and others went to the place he had seen in his dream. *"Sure enough that rock was there, and indeed it was just like his dream had told him. Then he climbed up it there, and to be sure, he saw the ferns. Then he lifted them indeed, and then he did see his children there. It was a house sure enough. Now they saw their father. He talked with his children then. They said to him, they travel around the entire night, and all day long they sleep.' That is what they told their father. Their father assured the children he would return the next day. The following morning he and fellow villagers came with a supply of pitch wood. While the 'child stealer' slept, the children handed out all the stolen money and goods. Pitch wood was handed in and placed all around the walls. A fire was started and the children taken out. The 'child stealer' awoke to find their house all in flames. Trying to escape, they leaped upward to the door, but they could not open it, because a lot of people were sitting upon the boards there."*

Frank Drew said adults did not "intentionally" scare children, but with stories such as the above, the long winter night must have been just a bit scary.

In a letter to Frank Barrett in 1968, Del Hymes summed up the native

¹⁴ Ibid., 102-101.

¹⁵ Ibid., p.56.

philosophy concerning children in the following words: *“Children were loved and cared for ...everywhere, the report is almost always the same, of great care and regard for children, who were invaluable as hoped-for replacements of members of the small communities into which they were born, who would be when adult, the support of their parents and relatives. It is this respect for persons, and above all, respect for the limitations of human power, that seems the great discovery of the American Indian. Perhaps the example of the Indian can help us rediscover it for ourselves before our cities drown in highways, smog, overcrowding, and our rivers all polluted.”*

SHAMANS

Don Whereat (October, 1992)

A fierce winter storm was blowing in from the southwest. An old Mataydon (Shaman) said he would stop the storm. *"I'll drink the storm,"* he said. He called for a bucket. *"Fill it up full of water and bring it in."* He drank down the whole bucket, and the storm stopped. ¹

He had "Universe Power" (Gaisat Tlxi'nex).

Two types of Shamans practiced their calling right up to the 1900's; the Ilqxain and Mataydon.² To become an Ilqxain, one must dream first of the power they are to obtain, and tell no one of its content. Mataydons were not common in the Coos tribe, so no information was handed down as to how they obtained their powers, but it was probably similar to the Ilqxain. The major differences between the two were the Mataydon had no dream song, and was the more feared of the two. These doctors came mostly from the Tututni.

The novitiate Ilqxain was guided by an older experienced one who conferred the dream power. As a child, Annie Peterson told of a woman getting her Ilqxain power. After dreaming of the power she wanted to receive, the novitiate rose the next morning, ate nothing and did not reveal the dream, lest she lose the power and never regain it. After receiving instructions on what herbs to gather and how to handle them by the person conferring the dream power, she left for the woods and stayed four days. On the fifth morning she returned, went to bed without eating and slept all day. In the evening they took her to Jim Tyee's old house because it was the only house big enough for a dance. Dressed in her best finery, she started to sing her "Gwu'atus Mege'ert' (Dream Song), and all joined in to help her. Having fits and falling down occasionally, she was constantly watched over by a "Watche" who looked after her. The "Watche" was an older Ilqxain, paid by the family to see that the new power was good and not one "bad" for people. If it was bad, he might say, *"We don't want that, that is not good power, it will make lots of trouble and sickness."* Then they will make her sing a different song. She has to *"let it go"* else they will kill her for the safety of the people.

While she is dancing, someone drums by thumping a pole on a rafter. When the new doctor has one of her spasms, all wait until she comes to, then get up and dance with her when she dances again. This can go on for five nights, and then she might be taken to other villages for further testing by other doctors. In the ceremony witnessed by Annie Peterson, all apparently went well and the novitiate became an Ilqxain.

When a person was sick, word was sent by messenger to the Ilqxain to

¹ Melville Jacobs, Notebook 92, pg. 35.

² Ibid., 93, pg. 79.

come. Even in those days a doctor required payment, so the messenger took what goods the patient or his family could afford so that the Shaman could see them. After looking the payment over, the Shaman had the option of rejecting the case by saying, "*I can't go, what you have brought me is weeping, crying. The person can't live.*" Then the messenger took back the goods telling the sick person's family that the case was hopeless and could not be cured. If the Shaman was the best available, a second opinion was usually not sought. If it was a young Shaman, or one not looked on highly, then the family might turn to another more experienced.

³If the Ilqxain accepts the case, he or she, (will use "she" for simplicity) says, "*I'll be there tonight.*" They did not work in the daytime, night only. Before the arrival of the Shaman, a fire is built and a bed for the patient fixed alongside. A crowd gathers to witness the spectacle; everybody comes including the Speaker (an important personage in the village). The Shaman must be watched closely to see that no false moves are made.

Before commencing, the Shaman strips off all clothing, except skirt or pants. The doctor wears the Shaman's headband with red woodpecker scalps and eagle claws hanging on each side. Barefoot and wearing a necklace of dentalia, and sometimes a belt (he-ilqxainoo ge'tget'th, "the Shaman's belt"), trimmed with dentalia or other shells. Standing by the patient, who is laid out by the fire, the Shaman starts to sing her "Dream Song," (Gwu a'tis Mege'en). All join in. Suddenly the Shaman leaps down to the sick person while all keep singing. Taking a mouthful of cold water, the Shaman blows it over the patient: silence. It is now that the Shaman tells who sent the k'xai, "the pain," the sickness: Su'oot in Lower Umpqua. If the k'xai was sent "full strength," the Shaman will have to work harder to get it out.

The main show now commences. The Shaman, still down on one knee, sings one or several of her songs with all joining in. The patient is naked except for skirt or pants. The Shaman "sees" where the pain is located and begins to work on it with her hands. Gathering the flesh in a small lump, she places it between her teeth, sucks, pulls, sucks some more, all the while trembling with exertion. The spectators help by drumming and singing as the Doctor works. When she is about ready to "get it out," the strongest men present get behind her and hold on tight. When "the pain" is finally pulled out, it is so hot and powerful, she can barely hold on to it. The patient is hurriedly removed from the room. Quickly, the Shaman must plunge "the pain" into a container of cold water lest she lose control of it. The longer it is held underwater, the less its power. Cold water is also poured over the Shaman.

Still holding the weakened pain in her hand, the Shaman arises, sings and dances awhile before showing "the pain" to the audience. It may be a small lizard or worm that has been causing the trouble. A flint knife is produced and

³ibid., 91, pg. 110.

the offending "pain" laid across a board and cut in two across the back. The Shaman then places the pieces on top of her head or eats it, thus taking the power into her own body. Another type of 'pain' sometimes removed was a slimy bronchial substance, also taken in by the Shaman as an added power. If the Shaman was successful, the patient was up and around in a few days. If the patient died and was of a well-to-do family, the Shaman might be killed. If of poorer class, the Shaman returned the goods.⁴

On the Upper Coquille River, a person might become a doctor between the ages of 15-20, "*when he had a good throat and a good singer*". Some sort of dream was also a requisite; if one dreamed of yellowhammer or hummingbird, then the feathers might be worn in the nose. Their dream also told them what color to paint their body before curing. Doctors had their own songs, which only they could sing. If the doctor was a woman, her husband would negotiate the price and assist her by holding on to her when she writhes and struggles to "get the pain out: As in the Coos, the "pain" must be held under water to cool it off. ⁵

A good doctor might be called in from as far away as a hundred miles. Coquille Thompson said a doctor always took several people along, so that he not is killed by angry relatives in case of failure to cure the sick person. The best men and women singers were the ones selected and shared in the payment that were turned over to the headman for distribution. The headman because of the money he brought in protected a really good doctor. Dr. Alec was one such Shaman who was protected by Thompson's father (a Chief) and paid the fine when someone accused Alec of poisoning him or her.⁶

According to Frank Drew, the most exciting event of a Coos' days was to attend a "Ye'lles' performance by an Ilqxain. This winter ceremony roughly translates into, "*a revelation of family skeletons performance*" and was noted by Melville Jacobs as "*a gorgeous outlet for prurient curiosities.*" The ceremony is arranged in advance. Several days before, the Ilqxain retires to the woods to "call to her power;" or 'Gaisa'ni,' "calling to the Shaman's power" song. Gazing up to the sky she calls to her guardian power to help her keep her powers at full strength. This she always does before a performance, or whenever she feels her power slipping.

Returning to the village, she tells them all about it and then all retire to a large house so that all may attend the anticipated revelations. All the other Shamans are there although a bit nervous because it may be one of them that she exposes of some wrong or evil doing. She performs bare footed, wearing only a buckskin skirt and headband with woodpecker scalp and eagle claw trimmings. Beginning to dance, she may point at someone, saying, "*This person is not in the right spirit.*" If the person confesses, he or she may

⁴ Ibid., 119, pg. 14.

⁵ Ibid.,

⁶ Ibid., pg. 18.

continue to take part in the Singing and dancing. The performing Ilqxain has full right and privilege to expose anyone. When she does accuse a person, the chief might say, "*Are you right, do you know what you are about?*" Then the chief will tell the accused to desist his evil thoughts.

Not all Ilqxains used their power for the good of the people. If one was thought to be evil or causing mischief, she or he was killed furtively so that the Shaman's family would not have to be paid a blood fine. One hapless Siuslaw Ilqxain by the name of Kmi'dal was shot at by pursuers, but managed to escape the angry mob, at least that time.

There is a well-documented episode that happened in 1882 that resulted in the drowning of an Ilqxain near Mapleton, Oregon. She was half Lower Umpqua and half Alsea. Her body was later recovered near the mouth of the Siuslaw River. Frank Drew described the event as follows: Isaac (Ike) Martin had about ten children, all of whom died in infancy. Thinking him diseased or evil or something, the Siuslaws proposed to get a Shaman to do away with Martin. Old man Siuslaw Dick opposed this; he was Speaker for the Siuslaw tribe. Martin's relatives had turned against him because of his continuous ill luck. Here Dick delivered his most famous speech, opposing Martin's death. The others said Martin was no better than the children. Dick said it might be a Shaman, not Martin, who was doing it all the time, who was taking revenge on Martin by killing all Martin's children. Dick was a very smart, able man, and carried the day with the people. They all gave their word to Dick to drop the matter, as far as Martin was concerned. Then they went to find other means to ascertain why Martin can raise no children. There was a Shaman in the community (it was a Siuslaw settlement up near Mapleton). The people gradually had it dawn on them that the local female Ilqxain was the cause of Martin's troubles. The people drowned her, and her own son assisted the others in murdering his own mother.⁷

On the other side of the coin, a person insulted or slighted a Shaman at their peril. One Tunes Jackson passed an Itxqa'in on the trail and did not respectfully greet her (in fact he sort of laughed). Walking on, he suddenly felt a pain in his shoulder (ak'xai), it was a burning sensation as if fire had struck him between the shoulders. He was sick only a week, and died despite efforts of another Itxqain to save him. Jackson did not live long to regret his folly, but most respected and feared all Shamans', some of them more than others.

The power of a Shaman was volatile and could get out of control and kill the Shaman's own children, or even the Shaman. To "put it back" required the help of another older, experienced Shaman. Old Mah-lu was a Coos Ilqxain whose power wanted to poison some children. When he tried to control it, it went back on him and caused him to get sick. He had to have another doctor

⁷Ibid., 91, pg. 149.

"put him right".⁸

A Shaman could "shoot" the pain considerable distance or deposit it most any place to catch the unwary. Before a ceremony or dance, a Shaman was hired to detect any pain that had possibly been put there by another. He could tell whose it was by recognizing the pain-power; it is his (naming him) because it (the pain-power) resembles him exactly. After being exposed, the guilty Shaman had to "take it back" (with the help of another Shaman). If he did not, another Shaman would take up the "pain" and kill him with it.

The more feared Mataydon had all the powers of an Ilqxain plus some special ones. They could cause illness or death by a more subtle method called "Chishtlik" power. This is a power which is sent, not into the body, but by a little fish or lizard, into a creek or canyon where the person to be killed, gets it and gets sick and dies. The victim did not see or feel it when it was taken in and was usually fatal because it could not be taken out. An ugly water lizard, six to seven inches long, could also be sent by the Mataydon. To see one was a bad sign. Don't squeal, or a close relative might die.⁹

"Nakweena Melt' (Timber Man) was a dream of the Mataydon since boyhood. He calls on him for help -such as finding lost objects. Timber Men are tall giants, seven foot high, looking like persons dressed in furs. Annie Peterson tells of one of these giants that was caught up Coos River stealing salmon from a canoe. He made no effort to fight back, although he had tremendously strong fingers as well as size over his captors. They put him in a house and told him to pay for the fish he had stolen. He made a queer falsetto noise, talking to his partner in the woods, and his partner answered the same way. The payment was in the form of a human bone which the Timber Man said could be pointed at *"anyone you are mad at and it will poison and kill this person."*¹⁰

When she was about seven years old and living at Yaquina, Annie Peterson witnessed the "shooting power" of a female Mataydon. The local people hired her to find out who had been stealing their money. She shot an arrow into the sky with her small bow, saying, *"Tomorrow about noon, you will hear a person shoot himself with a gun. Then at his funeral, when they bury him, you will see your money put there."* In relating stories such as the above, Annie sometimes tended to laugh them off as, "just tales," but Melville Jacobs was not too sure that she wholly doubted them. As we have seen, Shamans played a major role in the everyday life of the people. They could heal the sick, or, could cause illness in a person, and even death. People had the utmost faith in Shamans; for hadn't they witnessed a curing or been cured

⁸Ibid., 101, pg. 83,

⁹Ibid., 93,, pg. 21.

¹⁰Ibid., 23, pg. 23.

themselves? ¹¹

Frances Johnson, a Takelma, told how she had been literally brought back from death by a woman Shaman. She said, *"I became sick; now then my father paid a medicine man. Four medicine men danced for me. I almost died. Thereupon, I dreamt of a medicine-woman. And now I was nothing but bones; and my food was half a spoonful, not even a full spoonful, not that much did my mother give me to eat, nor did I drink any water. And now I dreamt of that medicine-woman who had not yet danced for me. These four medicine men had been dancing for me, but yonder medicine-women I had dreamt of-that one had not yet danced for me. My mother went to fetch the medicine-woman I dreamt of, and just then she came."*

"Then the people assembled together, I did not see the people as they came together. I was dead now. Then she danced just when it had come to be after the middle of the day. Then, 'Hold her! Do you people hold her legs and hands, ' said the medicine-woman, for her part. Now, 'She here might start up, ' she said concerning me. Now I was dead; who starts up (when he is dead)? Then jumping upon the disease spirit, something like a splinter of wood being pulled out, thus she did. I felt it when she pulled it out. And just then I arose, 'Give me food, mother,' I said. Thereupon the medicine-woman said, Tell her wait until now I set right her body.' Then again she sang, then set my body completely right. Then the blood she put into a basket-bucket. Now everything she set right; with her lips she sucked it from me, took out the blood, and put it into the basket-bucket. Not again did I become sick."

Frances concluded by saying, *"Thus she cured me; for that reason, I, for my part, believe in medicine men. But nowadays all people say that, 'Nothing medicine men, nothing they know, ' say nowadays these (people) growing up. But I have seen many. I, for my part, have thus seen medicine men. White people's doctors are different, they give people medicine; but we Indian medicine men are not thus."*¹²

After testimony like that, who could not believe?

¹¹Ibid., 93, pp. 23, 24.

¹² Takelma Text, pg. 185.

SUBSISTENCE

Don Whereat (November, 1989)

The Tribes possessed a homeland rich in foods. Pioneer settler, Nathan Scholfield, settled among the Lower Umpqua in the fall of 1850 endorsed the bounty of the land. *"I can look out from my door or window upon one of the finest sheets of water on the shores of the Pacific,"* he wrote, *"...a Bay four miles in length by a mile in width, protected by the swells of the Ocean. Flocks of wild geese and ducks are constantly flying within shooting distance-also large flocks of pelicans frequently pass in review ... while large salmon are incessantly leaping their whole length out of the liquid element in anticipation of the frying pan."* Scholfield feasted upon salmon, duck, goose, venison, crabs, and clams.¹

For centuries this region yielded abundant foods for the ancestors of the Tribes. Archaeological excavations at Tahkenitch Landing (35D0130),² a site approximately five miles north of the Umpqua estuary, has confirmed a human presence nearly 8,000 BP (before the present, which is 1950). In the period 8,000 to 5,000 BP the inhabitants at this site lived on a saltwater estuary. They fished for stag horn, sculpin, tomcod, hake, and flatfish and killed harbor seals and deer. In the period 5,200 to 3,000 BP they continued to tap marine resources and harvested mollusks and whales when washed ashore. About 3,000 years ago, however, sand dunes cut off the estuary and transformed it into what is now Tahkenitch Lake. In 1857 the first surveyor in this area, Harvey Gordon,³ recorded one village, three canoe landings, two campgrounds and two islands. He did not say what the islands were used for, whether they were campsites or just Indian names.

In the period of historic contact in the early nineteenth century the Tribe's possessed an extensive food inventory and unlimited seasonal round. Fish served as a primary source. The runs of fall and spring runs of salmon, summer returns of smelt to the sandy beaches provided staple food for the year. The Lower Umpqua's constructed extensive fish weirs at the rapids above Scottsburg,⁴ while the Coos erected a tangle of maple and alder poles in a massive system of weirs and baskets at Graveyard Point⁵ where the "cut off" is. The fishermen placed weirs⁶ at the mouths of nearly every stream pouring into tidewater. Weirs have also been found in Coos Bay. The men also speared fish by torchlight in dugout canoes on Coos Bay.⁷

¹ Scholfield arrived off the mouth of the Umpqua River with the Klamath Exploring Expedition, Aug. 1 1850

² Rick Miner, Oct. + Dec., 1985

³ Gordon Field, Notes for Lake Tachenitch, 1857.

⁴ Byers Meanders.

⁵ John Harrington, Field Notes, R24-F0102

⁶ Fish Fence.

⁷ Harpers Magazine, Jan-Nov. 1856

Women gathered many foods. Women of the three tribes went to meadows such as the bench along Whiskey Run⁸ or along the Umpqua⁹ and Siuslaw Rivers to dig bulbs of camas, mariposa lily, and brodiaea lily. In the spring they dug the roots of bracken fern and picked salmonberries. The summer and early fall months were the time for heading into the mountains to harvest blackberries, thimbleberries, huckleberries, blueberries, currants, blackcaps, elderberries, wild strawberries and salal berries.¹⁰ The men hunted for deer and elk in the summer time when the game was fat. *“Deer were hunted by bow and arrow as well as elk, aiming for the heart. The best way to get elk, because racing an elk was too difficult was to trap them by digging an oblong hole 6 or 7 feet deep in the pathway of an elk trail. In the center a hard arrowwood is placed, sharpened, driven down in the middle of the hole. It sticks 2 or 3 feet out of the ground of the bottom of the hole; just one stake. Then small sticks were put crosswise across, then dead leaves, a perfect camouflage,”* said Frank Drew.¹¹ Lottie Evenoff said, *“There used to be several elk pitfalls in the woods back of North Bend. These were four feet wide, seven feet long and ten feet deep...”*¹² Lottie also told how. *“At low tide elk would wade onto the island in South Slough (Valino Island) and would be feeding on that island. The Indians would go clear around in canoes and when the tide was high again would suddenly scare the elk who would be clubbed in the head by the Indians as the elk were swimming to get away from the island.”*¹³

Shelter

The ancestors of the Tribe possessed a variety of means of sheltering themselves and their activities from the cold and rain. Coos informant Frank Drew provided detailed information on this topic in 1932. *“They constructed the traditional winter lodge or pit house y-xE’W-X, ‘dwelling house,’¹⁴ on dry ground over an excavation dug four to five feet deep. The structure measured 10 to 16 feet wide by 30 to 40 feet long. Framed with a horizontal ridgepole and rafters reaching to the ground on either side, the roof consisted of bundles of cutgrass (Carex) laid thickly one over another. The inhabitants descended to the packed, clay floor via a notched log ladder. Sometimes two families occupied such a house, or a chief with several wives and children might live in a large one. Cattail mat partitions divided the interior, while the people hung food from drying and smoking racks in the ceiling. The t’sE’yE’nE yqxE’w-xE, ‘children’s sleeping house,’ stood 15 or 20 feet from the parents’ lodge. Children played and ate there during the day and slept there at night. The parents constructed this*

⁸ 31 Hearings Pg. 85 & JPH. Ro24, F60B

⁹ Melville Jacobs, Notebooks, 91-154.

¹⁰ Phillip Rucker Box 100, Fie 2.

¹¹ Jacobs, Notebook 91, pg. 25.

¹² Harrington, Field Notes, R24-F312.

¹³ Ibid, R23-F1106.

¹⁴ Jacobs, Notebook 91, pg.43.

dwelling".¹⁵

The ma'qmi, or "woodshed"¹⁶ was constructed of a pole frame covered with elk hides. This structure, framed with sapling poles stuck in the earth and measuring seven or eight feet by 10 by 12 feet, served as a temporary shelter in rainy weather when men were hunting or was used in the permanent village. In that instance the people covered it with bark, wood slabs, or grass thatch. Sometimes the men gathered in the woodshed during the winter to make tools. Occasionally the women worked there too on their basketry, weaving ropes, or making clothing. An emergency shelter while out hunting is also called ma'qmi.

The s'eE'E'm, "fence, enclosure," ran four to six feet high and consisted of two or three walls of poles set vertically with horizontal bracing lashed in place with buckskin. The people laid boards and wood slabs against this device to create a windbreak. Women and babies often sat behind this enclosure, both in summer and winter.¹⁷

The xu'xu, "ceremonial lodge," was a large, partly subterranean structure framed with three sets of poles with rafters and cedar plank roofing boards. The building was dug four feet into the ground and measured approximately 24 by 60 feet. The men set the roof planks horizontally and lapped them but fixed the wall boards vertically. The building had a partition of upright cedar boards near one end which served as a screen behind which dancers and shaman prepared their paraphernalia.¹⁸

During the summer seasonal round when families hunted, fished, and picked berries in the coastal mountains, the men constructed the IE't'clet, "dry house," of vine maple poles lashed with willow bark. This pyriform structure rose to nearly eight feet and could extend up to 70 or 80 feet in length with eight to ten crosspieces on each side. The people ignited a series of fires along the length of the frame and draped elk or deer meat over the poles. This structure enabled them to prepare large quantities of jerky.¹⁹

Jim Buchanan Ethnology²⁰

Jim Buchanan said they had three kinds of houses (We'el-grass), (Qlulwais-board) and (Qa* lyixEwEx) underground house.

The Weel house was built of tall grass that grows in canyons. It is so sharp that while pulling it you cut your finger on the We-el. The grass was about

¹⁵ Ibid, pp. 43-46

¹⁶ Ibid, pg 73

¹⁷ Jacobs, Notebook 51 and Notebook 101, pg. 24.

¹⁸ Jacob, , Notebook 91, pg. 91.

¹⁹ Ibid., pg. 49

²⁰ Buchanan Ethnology, Housed in the Smithsonian pp38-40.

eight feet long. The house was square. First they built the middle of posts. Each corner had one post and one or two additional ones placed between each two posts. Then they made the rafters (roof). In place of walls they put grass, called Telec meaning brick-brush. Only the roof was made of Weel. They put the grass between the poles.

The poles were first tightened at the ends. The thus obtained layers were then laid like shingles. The roots of the grass were usually on top. The Weel house was about 12-16 foot square. The roof was built in the usual manner, steep on both sides. A hole was left in the roof for the smoke. The door was also made of brick-brush. The door was about six feet high and hung up with braided rope so that whoever wanted to enter had to lift the door sideways as one would open a knife. The floor consisted of leveled, hard dirt. Of the four corners of the house they put boards so as to keep anything dirty from coming into the house. The Weel houses were put up temporarily and used by those who had gone from home (fisher, hunter).

Qulwais YixEwEx. A hole was dug about eight feet deep. The sides of the hole were plastered with boards. On the boards they put tulle matting like we use wallpaper. The roof was the only part of the house that was on top of the ground. The roof was made of boards. One, or sometimes two or three holes were made for the smoke. The door was put right in the roof and shoved aside by the person who wanted to enter. He then descends on a ladder. These houses were usually used in the winter, although some used them in the summer time too. That part of the house that was underground was called Qa*I YixExEx. These houses were sometimes 16 feet wide and 30 feet long. These houses were usually occupied by a number of families, though it belonged to the Chief.

The number of fireplaces indicated the number of families. There were sometimes six fireplaces in one house.

The floor of dirt was called LE Lta*yatEs The walls were called Lestewac. The hole was called Kwina*wasi*yat.

Sweathouses were called (Kwillel). They were square and dug in the ground. They were built exactly like the Qulwais YixEwEx except the walls were plastered with short boards reaching only half way up. No tulle mats were put on the boards. Roof was made of boards and covered with dirt. Roof was usually round, and sticking out from the ground only about one foot or one and one half feet. Another hole was dug (about big enough to let a man crawl in) and this hole led to the door, that was usually placed in the middle of one of the walls. The door was not fastened at all. Whoever wanted to enter must put it aside. Another hole (hE skwi'l) was dug right at the bottom of the house and led way outside. This was the air-hole. The fire place was on one side of the door. The sweat-house was about twelve feet wide, six feet high, and twelve feet long.

There were larger ones too. Each village had one sweat-house, which was used at night time by the young unmarried men of the village as a sleeping place. The sweat-house was used by men only. A fire of dry wood heated the house. The Coos Indians used the sweat-house very seldom. The fireplace in the houses was simply a hole in the ground.

This assembly of structures reflected the calculated response of people to their environment and its resources. They utilized cedar for boards and house posts. They cut vine maple poles for framing and utilized willow bark and cedar withes as lashing. The women harvested cutgrass in the swamps and wove thatching to use as roofing materials. The structures protected these people from winds and rain, sheltered work and ceremonial activities, and enabled them to process and store foods.

RED OCHRE AND OTHER PAINTS

Patty Whereat Phillips, Linguist with the Confederated Tribes of Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Indians and Guest Author
Ms. Phillips has graciously agreed to include her article.

Paints, derived from clays or charcoals, had many uses to the Indian people. The most widely used paint was red, called *malqas* in Milluk, *ma'lukw* in Hanis, and *hltuuts* in Siuslaw/Lower Umpqua. Paints were used to decorate canoes, arrows, and as face and body paint.

Usually, the clay was yellow when first gotten and baked to turn it red (the clay contains an iron oxide, and the heating changes its oxidative state so it turns from yellow to red). It was fairly common in western Oregon. The Indians usually talked of finding it near springs or creeks. Lottie Evanoff thought it was associated with coal deposits. Frank Drew & Spencer Scott said there had been a deposit of it on top of Cape Perpetua. This was probably used by the people of the original Alsea Yachats village of *Yaxaik*, and then used by Coos and Lower Umpqua people during the reservation years. Most of these deposits were yellow, but there was a large deposit of deep red clay that Frank Drew said was “*at a place between the head of North Fork (Siuslaw) and the 'outlet' forest road that the Government has built ½ s. of Tenmile Creek.*”¹

A fern or skunk cabbage leaf was placed in the water where the clay would collect. Then the clay was placed in a large horse-neck clam shell and heated in a fire, where the shell broke away from the cake of clay which had by then turned red. Then the red, dry, powdered clay was stored in deer skin bags for whenever it was needed. The final step to make a paint was to mix it with fat, usually deer or elk marrow fat, in a clam shell.²

White clay was used to make paint as well, although it did not seem to be used as much as the red. There was a deposit of white clay at a place Annie Miner Peterson said was in North Bend called *q'alaxaich*, between the villages, *mahágwin* and *shuutlits*. Another source was at Tenmile Creek in northern land county, the boundary between the Alsea and Siuslaw. Its name was *tsi'imahl*, from the Siuslaw word for white clay, *tsi'im*.³

Black paint was made by mixing powdered charcoal with oil. This black paint was sometimes used as body paint, but more often used to paint canoes.

¹ Harrington, John P. 1942. Alsea, Siuslaw Coos, SW Oregon Athapaskan: Linguistic Notes, Ethnographic and Historical Notes. JP Harrington Papers, Alaska/NW Coast, in National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution, Washington DC. Reel 22, 23:250

² Jacobs, Melville. 1932-1934. Coos Ethnologic Notes. Jacobs Collection, University of Washington, Seattle WA. 92:115, 93:43; Harrington reel 22

³ Jacobs, Melville. 93:44, 91:34

With needle and sinew thread, it was also used for tattooing. Willow charcoal was one of the preferred sources for a tattoo 'ink'.⁴

Blue clay paint, known in Hanis as *tgæ'æan*, was the rarest paint of all. There was a deposit of it near Cook's chasm, in the cliff, but according to Frank Drew this deposit had become small and dirty by 1941. When it could be gotten, this blue paint and the other colors were used to paint faces and bodies for dances.⁵

Canoes were painted with all of these colors. Not only was it decorative, but the oil in the paint probably helped protect the wood.

But the red paint was useful as a medicine. Women and girls painted their whole faces with it to protect their skin from sun burn and from the harsh winds when working at the shore. (Men did not do this, although they would cover their skin with elk fat to protect it from harsh winter weather). It was also a topical medicine to treat pimples, sores and cuts.⁶

⁴ Harrington, John P. 22:736, 22:1065b

⁵ Harrington, John P. 23:288

⁶ Jacobs 91:33; Harrington Reel 22, 24:546a

VILLAGE CHIEFS AND MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

Don Whereat (April, 1992)

Although the village Chief had the highest status, the best house, choice of wives etc, life could also be precarious. Unpopular Chief's could be deposed at any time, or killed. Old Chief Jackson was probably an exception. After a long life he died in 1906 at his home in North Bend. His daughter, Lottie, said, "*My father's father was Empire Chief. He got murdered. My father succeeded him. When my father got old and did not have much sense, my Uncle Jim became Chief (Whites were already here). It was a Donis¹ man (from the village of Donis at North Bend) who was doing all the Chief killing. My uncle Jim asked the Whites² if it was all right to kill him. So they did. He was the last unfriendly Indian to the Whites. He wanted to kill off the White people awful bad.*" It was this same Uncle Jim and Donis chief who were involved in an earlier incident.

This is also from Lottie: "*The Whites that first came here were on a Two Masted schooner. They rowed into Coos Bay, four men on one oar. The Indians named the Whites "Long Paddles." (Chiemma, a long paddle). The North Bend Indians wanted to wreck this boat and kill the Whites off. They got ready to attack them at the mud flat island in front of the Stave mill. The Donis Indians planned this attack. My Uncle Jim rushed from Empire and asked the Donis people, 'Where is your cannon, where is your gun? It ain't only here. Lots of these kinds of people all over the country; we can't kill them all.'"³*

"*A Chief keeps his position in perpetuity, until death, if he's a good man. If he has a boy, a son, he takes his place. The Chief is well- to-do. He provides the people with food when they fall short in late winter. He gives orders to all to have enough stored away. Lazy persons, who like to sleep long hours, which aren't up early and are not industrious, are little thought of. There is no excuse for any shortage because there are abundant things in mountains and forests, fish of all kinds, intended for food. It's our duty to get them! Your mouth is small, but food goes in continually as long as you live. Therefore your mouth is called as the mouth of the river. There is some kind of fish always coming in at the river mouth. As long as you live you have to have food.*"⁴

On the Upper Coquille, Coquille Thompson said, "*Even common people*

¹ Village at the South end of the North Bend Bridge.

² John Harrington, Field Notes, R-024F-0937

³ Ibid., R22-F1126.

⁴ Melville Jacobs, Notebook 91, p. 78.

would go first to a chief's house when visiting because a chief could take care of them and keep them from harm".⁵

After contact with the White people, their social system fell apart and Chief's no longer held influence as before. In his later years, the people wanted Old Jackson to become Chief again. He declined, saying, "*When an alder get's old, it rots.*" So they got Bob Burns to be Chief. Lottie said that "*Bob Burns did not do anything when Chief. They photoed him once and he came out dressed with beads. My father and mother joshed him, saying these were women's beads*".⁶

Spencer Scott remarked, "*The old Indians used to say that after all the Chief's got killed off, any old thing would be Chief, and sure enough it turned out thus*".⁷

There is no record that the Coos had clans or secret organizations.

Marriage was not allowed in the immediate family. One could not marry children of his brother or sister or their descendants. But one could marry one's last cousin. One could marry the sister of one's sister-in-law. The marrying of one's sister-in-law was compulsory if her husband died. One could marry within or without the village just as he pleased (we are talking about the men here). The number of wives was not restricted. The wealth of the individual was a standard for the number of wives. A man made the best woman his head wife without regard of sequence in marrying order. The children of the head wife usually received a larger portion of the inheritance than the other children; descendant in patriarch only.

The father of the girl always arranged marriages.⁸ A rich man could buy a girl of higher birth for his son. The bride price determined a woman's status in the family and in the tribe⁹. Nellie Wasson remarked that her mother's first husband paid \$100, a rifle, and \$25 worth of wool blankets for her. "*Mother always thought her first husband greater than our father because he paid more than our father did when he bought her. When she was mad at us children she would say 'your sister is worth more than you because her father paid more for me'*".¹⁰

A story in Lower Umpqua Texts, "How to Obtain a Wife" indicates the same method of bargaining and payment was used to obtain a wife. The boy's father goes to negotiate a match with the girl's father. Drew says that when the matter is discussed "*the daughter and her mother are discreetly absent*". Later,

⁵Ibid., pg.84.

⁶ Harrington, R024, F0036.

⁷ Ibid., R024, F0702.

⁸ Jacobs, Notebook 91, pg. 68.

⁹ Buchanan Ethnography, pg. 18.

¹⁰ Maloney, pg. 6

the father will discuss it with his wife. If she agrees, they will then discuss it with their daughter. She, however, has no say in the matter. A daughter who will not obey may be "discarded" by her parents. Then she may have to live with relatives, and her parents feel disgraced because she will not obey them. Jim Buchanan said. "The girl has no right to refuse after her father consented to the deal. No heed was paid to her objections". A poor man's daughter could be bought for as little as \$50. A rich man's daughter could command at least \$200, while a Chief's daughter would bring \$2000-\$3000, Indian money value.

Jim Buchanan married the daughter of a Chief, whose brother, uncle, and grandfather were Chiefs. He paid \$300 in American money, \$100 in Indian money and besides, had to make frequent presents to her family. He may have been bragging a little when he said, "*She was desired by many, but they couldn't pay!*"¹¹

The daughter of a medicine man was considered worth less than that of rich man, but more than that of a poor man. A younger girl of a family was worth more than the older one. "*A fat girl was worth more and much in demand than skinny ones*". So says Jim. A mark of beauty was "*well developed shoulders and shapely limbs, mostly hips*." If a man couldn't get along with his wife, he could send her back to her parents and receive back half the original purchase price. If the couple had children, girls went with their mother while boys stayed with their father. He had to continue taking care of his girls too by giving them money once in awhile for food. A man treats his wife so bad she runs away from him, he cannot claim any part of the purchase amount. In such cases, the woman keeps all the children.¹²

Although marriage customs varied in different tribes, one rule seems to have been common; that is, a girl, even though purchased at an early age, was not sent to her husband until after her first menstruation. Another taboo was a man could not have sexual relations with a menstruating woman. An Upper Coquille could have his nose cut off for such an offense. If a Coquille woman desired a certain man she might "*make a love medicine and put it in her face paint and 'show' herself to that man. She also might rub some of that medicine on any item of the man's clothing that she could obtain. Then she would have him in her spell*." Many young men were lured into marriages with middle-aged women that way. Women to make a lovers potion sometimes used humming bird wings.¹³

The tradition of an upper Rogue River tribe, the Takelma, marriage custom was as follows. (Verbatim from Takelma Texts) "*A girl was purchased with dentalia she was purchased. Now the people liked each other, the father of the girl and the father of the youth, so for that reason they purchased the girl*."

¹¹ Buchanan Ethno. pg. 19.

¹² Ibid., pg. 20.

¹³ Melville Jacobs, Notebook 119, pg. 2.

That long ago people did to one another. Thereupon they went with her to see her married; the girl was taken to the youth. Many things were carried (as presents) – dentalia, food burden-baskets, basket-buckets, shirts, basket caps, sifting basket pans, cooking-baskets, that sort of things was carried along; but at this season, summer, camas was taken along, Manzanita berries mixed up with sugar-pine nuts, - those were carried along, dried salmon was carried along. As many people as did go, all carried things along. Long ago, indeed, the girl did not know the husband, sometimes she did not like the husband, and this also the youth sometimes did not like the woman”.

Chief Jackson was an old man when one of his wives bought Fanny for him as a gift. She was only fourteen years old and Jackson was older than her grandfather. Apparently she was a little unhappy about the marriage, as she kept running away. Finally they made her stay with him.¹⁴ Frank Drew said that divorce occurred rarely. It was a serious matter for a woman to leave her husband because he, or his family, had paid a price for her. It was expected that her family or new husband would make restitution. If no repayment was forthcoming, the injured party might hire a shaman to *"put the other fellow out of the way"* by magical devices.

Jim Buchanan went a little further on the subject. *"If a wife runs away from her husband without cause, the husband keeps the children, but receives no part of the original purchase amount."* In case of adultery, the man committing the act was killed unless he was willing to pay the wronged husband whatever he asked. If the wronged man kills the adulterer; he must pay a blood fine. If the adulterer has paid, then the wronged husband has no right to lick his wife because he got his money. If not, he is at liberty to beat her. The wronged husband could run off his faithless wife (even after the fine was paid). He then received from his wife's parents half the purchase amount and keeps all his children. (*"Fine business"*, Frachtenberg noted).¹⁵

If the wife dies by natural causes (not brought about by a shaman), then the parents-in-law are expected to give back the marriage payment, at least no less and preferably a little more. If the parents-in-law do not have the funds, they will give the widower another daughter. A messenger goes back and forth among the parties (hekwe' enu me, one who carries the message), and arranges the affair.

Although Annie Miner Peterson dictated a Miluk story titled "Loose Women" to Melville Jacobs, she told him girls were too carefully guarded to become "chippies". If a girl were caught in the act, she would be most certainly killed unless some man was willing to pay for her and take her elsewhere. It was the *"deepest disgrace"* for a village to have such a girl. Mrs. Peterson said the Rogue River people were just as strict. Their form of punishment was to build a

¹⁴ Jacobs, *Notebook* 93, pg. 74.

¹⁵ Buchanan *Ethnography*, pg. 21.

pitch wood fire and get the girl closer and closer to the flames until she told what she did. If she then revealed the man's name, both would be burned to death, unless he paid a large sum and then the young couple might be freed.

On Coos Bay, a couple under the same circumstances would be tied to a pole at low tide. The last known time this happened was at Empire just before the coming of White people. ¹⁶

¹⁶ MJ. Notebook 93, pg. 36.

CHIEFS

Don Whereat (November, 1994)

A Chief once, always a Chief, unless he's "willing" to retire, give up. After some years, a Chief may become less agreeable a fellow, but he remains a Chief permanently. The Council would depose him, but usually doesn't discard him, lacking strong evidence of lack of qualification. Then he may be notified he is no longer Chief. They may then appoint another.¹

A Chief keeps his position in perpetuity, till death, if he's a good man. If he has a boy, a son, he takes his place. When the law was made, the Council appointed the first Chief. But the Chief is well to do. He provides the people with food when they fall short in late winter. He gives orders to all to have enough stored away. Lazy persons, who like to sleep long hours, which aren't up early and are not industrious, are little thought of. Old people, leaders, the Chief, Sub-chief, Speakers, give long lectures to gatherings, and they even debate among themselves on different subjects. Drew said that they would debate to see which of the various tribal Chiefs was most intelligent.²

A Sub-chief, or second Chief, may succeed a Chief, failing a son of the Chief. The Chief's son is not considered a sub-chief. If the Chief has no son, the Sub-chief takes his place, without a special Council appointment. If there is no Sub-chief, the Council may appoint one in case of the Chief's demise.

The head Chief of the Coos was Jim Tye (Burnt Face), now dead some fifty years. When he died, Jack Rogers, who had been Sub-chief, (a well to do man, respected of good reputation and standing and wealth,) became Chief. Tye had no son. Jack Rogers had been a sub-chief, so he automatically succeeded. Rogers was not Chief for very long. In 1876 the U.S. Government stopped that, and no real Chief functioned. After Rogers, Jeff Harney, a second cousin, or some distant relative of Rogers was sort of considered tribal leader. Jim Buchanan was recognized as Speaker.

The Council chooses a person of Chiefly qualification, of some wealth and respect.³

When the old Chief dies, the new Sub-chief (Chiefs son or another person if the Chief has no son) is elected by the Council, if the new Chief has no son. But the new Chief may appoint his own adult son Sub- chief. Then, the council doesn't do anything about it, just accepts it. If the old Chief has only a tiny son, he may appoint another man Sub chief. The son selected by the old Chief is not necessarily the eldest one. If the just deceased Chief is to be succeeded by either the Sub-chief, or the now recently-become-adult son, the Council may

¹ Melville Jacobs, Notebook 91, p. 77.

²ibid.

³ibid., p. 79.

choose which one of the two they prefer. *"You don't discard a respected man."* If the old Chief has selected for a Sub-chief a man not in such good standing, so that the people do not want him eventually Chief, the Council may, at the old man's death, set the distrusted Sub-chief aside, and select a man they prefer.

The people do have more respect for Chief than the Speaker. It is the Chief who gives charity in winter, during the time of starvation; he is the clean, good, kindly father. He takes part in the important ceremonies; he sings and dances among the best of them in the important ceremonies. But the Chief can be easily contradicted, if they judge his proposals are wrong. But the Chief is a most powerful and renowned person. If two men are in a row, if the Chief steps in, he quiets things like magic. It would be a disgrace to have a Chief, and not give him any respect. He is deeply, profoundly, thoroughly respected.

But if the Chief became disagreeable and disliked, the Council would be free to disregard him and cause him to lose his position on grounds of incompetence.⁴

If a person appealed to the Chief for some wrong and was not upheld by the Chief, then that person might prevail upon the Council to hold a meeting and discuss the matter. If the Council thought the Chief's decision was seriously wrong, they might appoint another Chief in his place. However, it had to be something very serious.

Drew never heard of presents being given by the villagers to their two Chiefs, not even when the latter have a daughter marrying. When a Chief, or aged former Chief dies, the villagers all then bring valuables to be buried in their Chief's grave, even if he is retired Chief. A Chief is addressed as Het-hay'deh (i.e., wealthy man, well to do man).

If a lone hunter kills an elk, you are a servant of the Chief if you are a villager, on your return it is the Chief who is the first person you remember, then the Sub-chief, then the Speaker, in order. You send the meat, when it's cut and ready, by your wife or by a child of yours, to the Chief's wife perhaps; same with roots, or fishing, or any food. A just returned wealthy gambler may give some of his winnings in dentalia or whatever he wishes to the Chief. The Sub-chief might get a bit; the Speaker perhaps wouldn't at all. Only food would be shared all around.

The Chief might help out a villager in the case of payment of a serious fine by the latter if the latter is short and cannot carry the load of the entire payment.⁵

Msaliy'an Martin was an Umpqua, Chief John's wife, who later married Jessie Martin, a Coos.⁶

⁴ Ibid., pp. 83-4.

⁵ Jacobs, Notebook 92, pp. 54-6.

⁶ Ibid., p. 48.

Jim Buchanan describes how a wu'a'latch Chief (Siuslaw Chief John's father), with 20 men and some women came up to a Siuslaw village near, or at, Florence to look for a wife. There was a Sam-e't dance that night, one long line of dancers. The Chief was tipped as the girls, he decided which one he wanted, and so he sent 2 messengers (good talkers) to the girl's father next day. The girl's father agreed to marry his daughter off. That evening the presents were sent, and accepted. \$100 was given in dentalia. The girl's parents, after some days of feasting and dancing here (Florence), go down in a long precession of people from here and the villages along the way. A long, long procession, walking in pairs, goes down the beach. Everybody crowds into Wu'a'latch, into this richest man's house in Coos Bay.

After two years this Chief came north to Florence to reside; Chief John was his son and successor. Dilme (sunk-in-the-water) was the name of the Siuslaw Chief before this Wu'a'latch Chief came north. K'a'icnibenay'ne (small man with plenty of sense) was the name of this departing Chief's successor at Wu'a'latch.

Dilme was not liked much, and was a trouble maker; he travelled all over, captured Miluk, Kalapuya, and other slaves, and went up to Portland or other places to sell his slaves (probably Columbia river), always with 12 men. So the Wu'a'latch Chief succeeded him. A crowd of the people, women and all, convened, and agreed about no longer considering Dilme as Chief. Dilme's last (of 4 or 5) wife ran away because of his cruelty; went to Winchester Bay where his younger brother was living, a Chief down at that village with 2 or 3 wives. Dilme discovered his remaining wife had gone to his brother's house at Winchester Bay (who was going to let her stay for awhile). Dilme, with 6 of his best men (from Mercer lake) went to Winchester Bay with his best large canoe, went by beach carrying the canoe, so as not to be held up at rivers. He shot his brother within from the door when no one was suspecting. He died in 2 days. Dilme and his men returned that night. It was quickly reported that he had done it. His sister was taken along by avengers as decoy. An envoy was induced by her to send her brother across to talk to her. Jim says Dilme was shot with 3 men, just before landing. Jim says no fine was paid - it was an "even" thing now. (T'thmuwax, "sunk-in-the-water" was his name after death).⁷

Frank Drew stated that Chief John of the Siuslaw was part Coos, part Lower Umpqua. When he got married to a Siuslaw woman (Maliyahn), he became a Siuslaw resident. The Chief before him was I'nyas (Siuslaw Chief). John was called Lagah't from the French Laguarde, perhaps. Chief John was the child captured by the Columbia River raiders on the slave raiding expedition. The Siuslaws because of his brightness, ability, and honesty made John their Chief. All liked him. He talked some jargon, but no English. He understood, but talked no Coos. He lived at Florence, also at Tsah'thaus (a little prairie near Drew's

⁷ Ibid., p.155.

present place,) and also at Qa'a'itc (North Fork) 3 or 4 miles up the North Fork (at Jackson's present place). The latter was his fall home when getting fish.⁸

The positions of the Chief through hereditary: Even a woman could become Chief, if she was the only heir. The older son mostly took up the Chieftainship. If Chief dies leaving a brother and daughter, the brother becomes Chief. Not so however if he leaves a brother and son. The daughter becomes Chief only in case there is absolutely no other relation left. Chiefs are elected only in cases where a Chief was deposed or left no family relation. In such cases, everybody participated in the election, except women. The candidate had to be a good man, known to everyone from childhood and good talker. He was expected to make a speech before he was elected. A bad Chief was deposed or even killed. The Chief called on general council only in cases of war. Otherwise he had absolute control. The poorer elements never had much to say in Councils. They usually listened to the speeches made by the wealthier class.⁹

Do-loose, or Chief Jackson, is probably the most well known of the Chiefs of the three tribes. After being turned out of Yachats with the other remaining members of the Coos and Lower Umpqua, he and his family initially settled on the Siuslaw. Having their claim jumped by a white man, and the food supply not very plentiful, they came on down to Coos Bay. They were living at the site of the old village of Shute-litch (Burnt-over-place) in North Bend when he died in 1905 or 1906. He reputedly was over 100 years old at the time of his death. However, there is considerable doubt as to his true age because of conflicting statements that Lottie and Doloose made. Doloose said that he was born about the time of Jedediah Smith came through Coos Bay (1828). Lottie said that her father was already an old man by the time the 'whites' got to Coos Bay, and that he had relinquished his position as Chief to his younger half-brother, Jim Jackson (Tye Jackson). That would put Doloose at 22 years of age; a bit young to have been too old for Chief. Lottie said that, as a boy, her father walked to Allegany, then hiked over the hill to Scottsburg and sold furs to "Old Garnier." (Jean Baptiste Garnier, Chief Trader at Fort Umpqua, Elkton, 1839-42 and 1846-50.)¹⁰ Presumably, it would have been in the period between 1839-42.

According to Lottie, her father had four wives. She said that he had two children by the time the whites came. Apparently this was the mother of Kitty Jackson (later Hayes) and Minnie Jackson (Fat Face). George Jordan was later shot and killed by Joe, a Port Orford Indian and husband of Kitty, at the Weir place on Larson Slough.¹¹ Kitty was a former wife of Coos Chief Jack Rogers, and was the center of a triangle where Rogers killed another Indian by the name of Djakuni (Frank). Then there was Henry Jackson's mother, name also not given. One wife remains a mystery. Fourth and last was Fanny, the mother of Lottie. Fanny was a half sister to Annie Miner Peterson.

⁸ Jacobs, Notebook 91, p. 124.

⁹ Buchanan Ethnography, p.24.

¹⁰ Stephen Dow Beckham, Land of the Umpqua, p.56

¹¹ John Harrington, Field Notes, Reel 024, Frame 0993.

When Doloose's father was murdered, he succeeded him as the Hanis Chief at Empire. Lottie's grandfather on her mother's side, a Coos River Chief, was also murdered. *"He did not want to make friends with the white people, so the Indians shot him - and he had my mother in his arms when they shot him."Then they made his younger brother Chief of the Coos River Hanis. He went up to Camas Valley taking a few young boys with him and after lying for him for hours, they murdered him and the boys on their way home. After that there was no more Coos River Chief."*

Doloose was one of the few Chiefs that did not get killed. By the time the first whites arrived on Coos Bay, he was no longer Chief. His half brother Tyee Jim had taken his place as Chief of the Hanis. Jim's mother was a Lower Umpqua by the name of Tce'le'ye, from the village of that name. It was Jim who stopped the Donis Indians from ambushing the schooner that entered Coos Bay around 1850. It was the Donis Chief who was doing the entire Chief killing, so Tyee Jim asked the whites permission to kill him, to which they readily agreed. Lottie said that the Donis Chief *"foresaw the disappearance of the Indians."* Tyee Jim, or Jim Jackson, was Chief when the Yachats years began 1869. He died before Yachats was thrown open white settlement in 1875.

Jack Rogers succeeded Jim Jackson. As noted above, Rogers married Kitty Hayes and participated in the murder of her paramour, Djakuni. Rogers's aunt offered to put up the money to settle the affair. Rogers spoke as the Coos Chief at the Yachats Conference in 1875, and was the last Hanis Coos Chief of note. In 1876 the Government decreed there would be no more Coos Chiefs.

Sometime after the Coos came back to Coos Bay, the local Indians asked Doloose to be Chief again. He declined, saying, "When an alder gets old, it rots." So they elected Bob Burns as Chief. There were two Bob's working at the mill, therefore, they named the one after the poet, Bob Burns, according to Lottie. He was considered a poor Chief. Lottie said he once was photographed wearing beads. She said her father *"joshed him on the beads, saying these were women's beads."* His drunken son, Jim Burns, beat him up. After that, he died.

Kitz-un-ginum (Elk Skin No Meet In Middle) was a Miluk Chief of the early 1800's. He married an upper Coquille woman, Gish-ge-u (Old Woman). They had a daughter, Susan, who married George Wasson, a white man. This was the beginning of the Wasson family, and a major portion of what is the Coquille tribe today. Another Miluk, Old Taylor, conspired to kill Kitz-un-gin-um and took his place as Chief. Taylor married a Chetco woman and they had a daughter named Emily. Her husband, Ed Meacham, later killed Emily. Taylor fell dead at a dance at Wu-a-latc (Old Pioneer Cemetery near Empire). The last Miluk Chief was a brother of Old Libby. Libby was the one who showed Flanagan where the coal mines were at Newport. Later, the area was named in her honor. *"When Libby got old, Flanagan built a nice house for her at Libby, and gave her about \$20 worth of grub every month. When she was real old, she got sort of out of her head, and then old man Wasson came and got her and took her to his place at the head of South Slough, and Wasson and all his family lived on that \$20 worth*

*of groceries and when she acted crazy, old Wasson would kick her and treat her cruel. She died at Wasson's at South Slough and was buried in the Wasson cemetery there."*¹²

Chief John was the last Siuslaw Chief. Before him were In-yahs, and his father, the first Chief John. His father was formerly the Coos Chief of Wu-a-latc. Chief John spoke at the Yachats Conference in 1875. He and his wife, Ma-liy-an, were both Indian doctors. He came back to the Siuslaw in 1876, and he lived out his years on the North Fork of the Siuslaw River.

Joe Scott was a Lower Umpqua Chief. He also spoke at the Yachats Conference. Spencer Scott took his name from Joe Scott when he lived with him as a boy. Spencer's mother was Louisa Smith, informant for J.O. Dorsey and Leo J. Frachtenberg. Spencer's real father was reputed to be a "Dutch Louie." After the Yachats agency was closed in 1875 Spencer lived with Joe Scott. In his older years he was an informant for the Linguist J.P. Harrington in 1942.

¹²Harrington, Reel 024, Frame 0996.

Myths and Spiritual Practices



According to the Alsea tradition, the Five Bears' Story took place at Devil's Elbow where Heceta Light House is located.

MYTHS PART I

Don Whereat (March, 1991)

The number "5" had a special significance to the Hanis Coos. This number turns up time after time in the old myth tales.

In the "Creation of the World" two young men are traveling. In the middle of their journey they decide to create land (they are apparently above the world which is covered with ocean). They had five pieces (disks) of soot. They stopped and dropped one piece in the ocean. The world at that time was without land. Everything was covered with water.

After dropping five disks land began to appear but the ocean waves kept rolling over it. *"With what shall we try it?"* asked one. *"Let us split this mat."* They did so and placed the two pieces over the five disks of soot. They went down to examine it. The land (tl! Tah) still was not solid enough. So, one of them said, *"Let us split this basket (Rah Wil) in two!"* They split it and put it on the sand beach. The waves were held back now since the water (Kop) was able to go down through the, " said one of them, *"It's good that way."* Their adventure goes on and they create the trees with an eagle feather and then they create animals for the use of future generations.

In part of their saga they are out on the ocean in a canoe. There are no waves so they wished that waves would come. *"Five times shall the north wind come and bring five breakers."* And, so it was. They were waiting for the fifth wave, and when this came, they went ashore. This story continues on and for those wishing to read the full account it can be found in Frachtenberg's Coos Texts.

"The Origin of Death." Two cousins lived together. Both of them were married and both had little boys. One morning the child of one of them became sick. He was sick a long time. Then, he died and so they buried him. The next morning his father did not eat. He was watching the dead child. On the fourth morning he went to his cousin. *"Tah e slah"* (hello cousin). *You are thinking? What is your opinion? Should my child come back in five days?"* Thus he spoke. *"Not so cousin. You just eat and you will feel happy."* Thus he spoke to him. He had nothing to say to this. He was simply thinking, *"I shall surely get even with you."* Indeed not very long afterwards the other man's child became sick. He was not sick long when he died. The father was very sorry when his child died. Indeed he was thus talking when he wanted his child to come back. So, he went there. *"Tah e slah."* *"Indeed our two children ought to come back in five days."* Thus he said to him, *"en hel slah"* (not so cousin), *you just eat and you will feel happy."* Thus he was talking. *"I intended that our two children should come back, however, you did not want it so. You were right indeed in talking to me thus."* Thus he was thinking. *"He was right when he said this. In five days people would surely have come back, if he had said so. It would have been good if those who died could have come back after five days."* In this, wise people relate the story. (Also in Coos Texts).

The Coos numeral system is of a quinary (five) origin, and strictly speaking there are only five simple numeral items; namely those for the first five

numerals. The numerals for six, seven, eight and nine are compounds, the second elements of which cannot be explained (Frachtenberg). In the same manner the numeral for ten defies all attempts at analysis. At first glance these numbers appear complicated. Although cumbersome they are really quite simple.

These are the numbers 1 through 10. Keep in mind that "Y" and "K" are formed deep in the throat. If anyone asks you if you can speak "Indian" you can rattle these off.

- 1) Yi Ki
- 2) Yu Kweh
- 3) Yip sen
- 4) Hesh tl
- 5) Kat eh mis

- 6) Yi Ki Wiek
- 7) Yu Kweh Wiek
- 8) Yi Ki eheh
- 9) Yu Kweh eheh
- 10) Tlep Kahni
- 100) Yi Ki Nikin (one stick)

COOS MYTHS: PART II

Don Whereat (March, 1992)

Our ancestors relied on oral stories to explain the mysteries of life. These stories today we call 'myth tales', were an attempt to interpret the age-old questions of mankind; where did I come from, will I die? Why? Where does one go after death? Also, the questions of every day subsistence, such as why certain foods were eaten, why such a staple as salmon, came every year at the same time. All these questions and more had to have an explanation, so stories were created to fill this need.

Living in similar environments, the coastal Indians from Coos Bay North had stories about the same things, even to similarities of the same legends. This would be due to borrowing with other Tribes over hundreds of years. Women absorbed into other tribes, whether from an arranged marriage or forceful taking, could have introduced their version into the tribe.

One of the common foods available to the coastal tribes was skunk cabbage. Although we turn our nose up at the mention of this smelly plant, it played an important part in the local diet. Judging from the legends it may have been a lifesaver at times.

In the Coos "Ascent to Heaven"¹, an old man is traveling in a strange world. He becomes hungry. *"What am I going to do?"* thus he spoke. *"What am I going to eat? I remember there must be such a thing as skunk cabbage."* He dried it by the fire, but it was not cooked and he became angry. He shoved it into the fire. In awhile he smelled something sweet, something good. He remembered the roast and pulled it out. Now the roast was cooked. Apparently he had many roasts because as he pulled them out he, although alone, said, *"Give this to the uncle, give this to the aunt, give this to your sister-in-law, give this to the younger brother."*²

Several important things are learned in this myth. How skunk cabbage was prepared; that it was used to feed the people, and terms of relationships.

From "Ethno Botany of Western Washington" by Erma Gunther, is this legend. *"The Kathlamet Indians have an interesting myth concerning the skunk cabbage. In the ancient days, they say, there were no salmon. The Indians had nothing to eat save roots and leaves. Principal among these was the skunk cabbage. Finally the spring salmon came for the first time. As they passed up the river, a person stood upon the shore and shouted; 'Here come our relatives whose bodies are full of eggs. If it had not been for me all the people would have starved.' 'Who speaks to us?' asked the salmon. 'Your uncle, skunk cabbage,' was the reply. Then the salmon went ashore to see him, and as a reward for*

¹ Leo Fractenberg, Coos Texts, pg. 23.

² *Ibid.*, pg. 33.

having fed the people, he was given an elk-skin blanket and a war club, and was set in the rich, soft soil near the river. There he stands to this day wrapped in his elk-skin blanket and holding aloft his war club."

In "Ascent to Heaven we are told why salmon come every year. The old man, actually one of the five³ world makers, went salmon spearing. He got tired of the work and decided to build a fish trap. "*While I sleep, they will get into the baskets themselves, and I shall sleep.*" He got up early in the morning and went down to the water. Five salmon were in the basket. Soon he was drying basket after basket of salmon, He filled his house. It got summer. "*Suppose I stop now, I doubt whether anyone will eat it.*"

People were living down below. "*Suppose I go there! No one will eat my food.*" Indeed, he came to the people who lived there. "Tah ee Sla!" (Halloo Cousin) "*What are you doing?*" "*We are starving.*" Then that old man went home. The fish basket was shouting. That made the old man angry. "*You shout too loud, I don't want you to shout so loud.*" That old man was standing on the trail. He had all kinds of bundles-tails, hearts. Everything was ready. The dried things ran into the water by themselves. The dried things were continually running away from the shore. "*You. O salmon hearts! Are running away from the shore?*" The old man seized the hearts and put them on the ground. There the hearts of the old man got up. The old man threw them to one side. The dried salmon went down into the water, and nothing was left. The old man went into the house and saw nothing. He had no more food. This is the reason why fresh salmon will come only twice a year.

Here we have two different explanations of the same things that were important in their lives. Tribes that lived in different locales created stories around things that were important to them, different, but the same overall theme.

The Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw had much in common. They belonged to the same language group. Siuslaw and Lower Umpqua were thought by 'Frachtenberg⁴ to be of the same linguistic stock, which he called "Siuslaun". Historically, the three tribes seem to have had quite a bit of interaction, helping each other in war, inter-marrying, and trade. In one recorded instance, a Coos Chief married a Siuslaw woman, then moved to the Siuslaw and became a Chief there.⁵

With this in mind, it is probable that the custom of the three tribes were much the same. There is a wealth of knowledge about the Coos and very little about the other two tribes, so what follows is mostly Coos customs.

The Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw did not practice slavery as a rule, rather, they had to be alert to slave raiders from the north coast tribes. One Coos man was captured and taken to the Columbia River as a slave. Eventually he

³A sacred number of the Coos.

⁴ Linguist.

⁵ Chief John.

escaped and made his way back to Coos Bay. Ever after he was known as Mathush, from the Coos word for the Astoria region.

Another Coos named Gabriel was captured when the Lower Umpqua's caught him. Jim Buchanan's father was in the Umpqua country and was on his way back towards Coos Bay. On the way he noticed one fellow was dragging another young fellow who was reluctantly following. Jim Buchanan's father asked the Umpqua, "*Where are you going with him?*" "*I am taking him as my slave.*" "*Better let him go!*" "*No, I'm going along with him.*" "*If you insist, it won't be pleasant for you with your people. I have rich relatives, Coos, and I have Umpqua relatives. You'll suffer consequences and more trouble if you insist on taking him.*" The man refused to release the slave. Then Buchanan's father went on, "*Very well, I'll go along back to Umpqua with you and your slave, and I'll bring the matter up with your Umpqua's.*" Then the slave taker thought it over, and agreed to let Gabriel go.

The story came from Frank Drew⁶ and he thought these instances were rare. Gabriel would have probably been sold to the Siuslaw's who in turn would sell him to the Alseas, thus everyone making a profit on the trade. In other words, it was a commercial enterprise.

After the Klickitat's crossed the Colombia River sometime in the 1840's and became the dominant Willamette Valley tribe, the upper Coquilles had to be on their guard from them. Prior to that, the Euchre Creeks were a main concern and in turn the Coquille's preyed on the Coos.

Larger villages had a Chief, and sometimes a Sub-chief to handle minor affairs. According to Drew, "*Chiefs were never wrong. There was no appeal from him, for he was always right.*" When a Chief or an aged former Chief died, the villagers all brought valuables to be buried in their Chief's grave. Lottie Evanoff said that her grandfather was buried in his favorite canoe, a canoe he had purchased on the Colombia River and paddled all the way back to Coos Bay.

The dead Chief's successor was usually the Sub-chief and was often the Chief's son. If this person was not considered to be the best for the job, the former Chief's sons were considered, oldest first. Drew ⁷says that an outstanding daughter would be considered. There is a record of a female Chieftis of the Saleil⁸ tribe. Around 1839 a Hudson Bay trapper by the name of Michelle LaFrambou married the village Cheiftis, Saleil.⁹

A Chief is addressed as Hat-hay-da, "wealthy man, and well-to-do man." A rich man on the council is not called Hat-hay-da, he is called by name. There

⁶ Coos Indian born at Yachats ca 1868. Informant for Melville Jacobs and John Peabody Harrington.

⁷ Melville Jacobs, Note Books 91-82, "Drew Ethnology."

⁸ Lower Umpqua village at Wells Creek.

⁹ It was his habit to marry a woman of stature in each tribe for insurance.

may be men in the village wealthier than the Chief, but they are never called hat-hayda.

If a hunter kills an elk, on his return he remembers the Chief first, then the Sub-chief, and then the Speaker in this order. A returning wealthy gambler may give some of his winnings to the Chief. The Sub-chief might get a bit; the Speaker none at all. Only food was shared all around.

The Chief might help out a villager in the case of a serious fine when the latter is unable to meet his obligation. Drew says it was the Chief's responsibility to see that no one went without, that all had food in time of need. The more fortunate might help out too.

In the Upper Coquille, food was always shared within the village. If a person was poor and needed food, they would yawn out loud around more well off people, and food would be given to them.

The Chief owned, or controlled, the best fishing and hunting places. He did not do the work himself. Lottie Evanoff said that her father used to oversee his men on the Coos River during the salmon season. He had the largest house and in the best location. No doubt the Chief needed a large dwelling to house all his wives. A Chief or wealthy man could have all the wives he could afford. A Siuslaw Chief's house pit on the North Fork of the Siuslaw measured twenty by one hundred feet.

The construction of a Chief's, or very wealthy man's house, was undertaken by him, his immediate family, village relatives and friends in helping to dig the rectangular house pit to depth of four or five feet. This excavation usually was ten to sixteen feet wide and from thirty to forty feet long. This underground house was known in Coos as qu'lyexe'wex. The earth was loosened with digging sticks and carried by baskets to a dumping place.

Cedar or fir poles, four or five inches in diameter, were cut to uniform length (possibly seven to ten feet) to serve as center 'house posts'. These supported the long horizontal ridge pole. Thinner poles were used for rafters and tied to the ridgepole with leather thongs. Horizontal cedar boards, split from standing trees with bone wedges, were used for siding the house.

The merely well-to-do had houses made in the same manner, often on top of the ground or with a shallow excavation. Several not so well-to-do families might share one of these houses. The deeper the excavation, the warmer it was in winter. Instead of planks, it might be walled with thatch, as was the roof. The very poor had to make do the best way they could.

MYTHS AND FIRST MENSES: PART III

Don Whereat (July, 1992)

As the saying goes, "all good things must come to an end." In aboriginal societies, puberty signaled the end of childhood and the beginning of a new phase of life. This was usually a time of elaborate ceremony, not always for boys, but certainly for girls. Depending on the tribe, this period of transition might last several years.

The Coos had no known ceremony for boys. According to Jim Buchanan, a boy became of age around the age of ten years. He then gave a speech during supper given by his family. A poor man's boy could not marry until twenty years of age; a rich man's son could do it at an earlier age. He was now Hee-me-me (old Child), no longer Dee-loht, (growing up). After the age of ten it was considered an insult to be called by a childhood name. The boy would fight quicker than if he were called an s.o.b. He could be called by his childhood name when speaking of him to another person; the same with girls. After eighteen he would be Dee-looth, (young man). Chief Jackson was known as Doloose until his death.¹

For girls, the ceremony began with her first menses, Tet-se-wes. This was her name during the ten-day ritual (or ordeal, as Annie Peterson called it). Prior to this she was Kwe-ik, or young girl. After the tenth day of Tet-se-wes, she was a young woman, or Kways. In one of our stories a pubescent girl dove in the river and came up on the other side of the river as a bear, "that's why bear is sister, Kways."²

Bears figure in another story of a tet-se-wes, "The Girl Who Became a Bear."³ The story is about a girl who lived in Kwa-eetch, (Lower Umpqua village near the mouth of the river). When she became Tet-se-wes, "*They shut her up for five days: She was given no food or water, but her little brother brought food and water to her by hiding it on the back of his neck. She told her brother not to be afraid of her, 'I won't hurt you.' Hair seemed to grow on her shoulders and arms, and also on her fingernails; and her teeth began to grow, and began to be large. In these five days she became a bear. Then she said to her younger, 'Sit down here. I won't hurt you. I will kill all my folks.' On the fifth day she went out. First she killed her mother and father, then all the people in the village. Gathering all their clothes and money, she brought them back to her little brother. Going to the river to drink, she got down on her knees, pushed her head in the water and started to drink the water. She kept on drinking there, and turned into a stone. She is still there today; leaves are on her head, and arrow-wood grows on it.*"

¹ Leo Frachtenberg, Buchanan Ethnography, pg 15.

² Phillip Drucker, Box 100, Foder 2.

³ Frachtenberg, Coos Texts pg. 181.

What happened to her younger brother? He became rich, went to another village and bought a wife there.

Buchanan and Drew seemed obsessed with class distinction and this may have colored some of their information. Buchanan is the source of the following: *“When they have a first menstruation ceremony for a rich man's daughter, she stays isolated for five days, face painted red. She is fed a little grub. After five days, the crowd is called together, and they discuss where they are going to have the ceremony. An escort of four men, two in front, and two behind, single file takes her outside. They are well-to-do people of different non-related families, men of good reputation and well to do. She walks along slowly, tiny step by tiny step; all follow in single file. She is all painted red, decorated with fine hides and many fine shell beads sewn all over her clothes...they walk very slowly, the escort and her between. They have it outside in summer, inside in the winter time. All stand in a circle at the chosen place. All go around her five times. The speaker talks to the crowd about the welfare of the young woman; he advises the young women to live an honest life, avoid evil companions, so that your life will be long. Think of the world and its surroundings. The four men then wash her body and limbs, all save the covered lower belly girdle, with cold water; the paint is washed off her face. The bucket for the water was boo-was (young cedar roots). When washed, her clothes are put back on. The Ma-tay-dan (who is paid for this), prays to the Father above, telling her to be good and obedient, take care of herself, prophesying long life.”* Jim says there isn't as much fuss over a poor man's daughter as the rich man's daughter.⁴

The last known girls to go through this ceremony were Annie Peterson⁵ and Emmy Taylor⁶, daughter of a Miluk chief. Emmy was shut in a dark room for ten days and fed only warm water and flour, no fresh meat, fish or berries. After the flow was over, she was fed a little dried meat but still kept in the dark room. After the tenth day she came out and there was a big feast.

Daisy Wasson attended this event at Culver's Point (at South Slough) and described what happened. *“They brought her from the house all decked out in beads and finery. They brought her out and set her by the fireplace with much ceremony. It was very sedate and strict for this was a religious ceremony. The old women cried and made a noise. Tarheels was master of ceremonies and wore the clothes he has on in the picture (hanging on the wall at Tribal Hall). Emmy was very white, and weak, they had to help her. They fed her with food from their hands, singing and talking all the time, a part of the ceremony. This is the last puberty ceremony we ever heard of but all their lives Indian women refrain from eating fish, meat and particularly eels during the menstrual period.”*

Annie Peterson's ceremony took place at Yachats and was an event she tried unsuccessfully to avoid. Calling it *“ten days of punishment,”* she didn't tell

⁴ Melville Jacobs, *Notebook* 92, pg. 137-39.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 93-28;

⁶ Malonie, *Notes*, pg.6

her aunt when the flow started but some old Coos woman, Tsu'gas (Diahrea), was spying on her, and told her aunt: So her aunt came and said to her, "*Ayta tsaywas ee'ye*" (so, you've come to your first menses).

Annie was told to stay in bed and cover herself. Then the bed was curtained around (anciently with Tc shil, tule mat) for walls. Special sheets and blankets were used on the bed (furs anciently). She had to lie there five days, no food or water nor getting up for natural needs. Annie was waited on by her aunt (it could have been any female relative or Chum). This waitress kept her body clean.⁷

Girls were not even allowed to turn their body without help. She can scratch herself with a scratcher tied by a beaded string to her neck (it could be an arrow point or bone or money). The waitress combs the girl's hair, sleeps with her at night and turns her if need be. The girl wears nothing at all.

After five days, in the morning, the aunt came and said the old people are all coming and if you laugh, you will not live long: That is what happens.

The old men approach the curtains, they sing funny songs, whistle, bump against the partition, and generally try to make the girl laugh. (This she must not do.) Five times they do this. When the old men are through dancing, they get four old women, each of whom have had grown up girls, and a medicine man. The four women come inside the partitioned off bed chamber, raise up the girl, and with shit-e-u (flint) cut the girl's body all over lightly so that there is some little blood all over.

Then they clothe the girl, blood and all, with a straight simple garment. Then they call in the Ma-tay-dan (medicine man). He takes the girl to the river, ducks her, clothes on, five times. Another man holds a toy canoe which he passes over the submerged girl, all the while the Ma-tay-dan praying to the Father above. The canoe has sand or dirt in it, a little fire built. The canoe is passed five times over the girl's head. Then the Ma-tay-dan takes the girl back to the house where the four women then dress her in the best of clothes. Shells and beads adorn her dress; shells in her hair braids, with a clump of them at the ends. (After contact with Europeans, small bells were used in place of shells.)

An elk skin mat is placed on the floor for the girl to sit on; she dare not look at the fire, lest she be afflicted with wet or filmy eyes. The Ma-tay-dan then prays for her and gives her a little broth to drink; no fresh food at all. About noon, (t-thayna tite-kalis, the sun is above us), the four women enter and are fed by the girl's parents, while the girl sits quietly in her red paint and finery.

In the evening, the girl and her best friend go out and travel the woods and beaches, perhaps swim in a creek. Next morning the two girls re-enter the house and sleep as long as they wish. In the evening, they rise and go out again,

⁷Jacobs, Notebooks, 93-28.

repeating this for five days and nights. They may eat only in the house, partitioned off from the rest of the family and still forbidden to look at the fire. The tet-say-wes is always fed by her best friend.

On the tenth day, the men return with the Ma-tay-dan. No women other than immediate relatives who will prepare the coming feast. The Ma-tay-dan brings forth the girl from her compartment, takes her out near the fire, calls for the hired tattoo woman who puts a row of dots about 1/4 inch apart across the back of one of the girls hands. Tattooing will be done every month thereafter, alternating hands, until the girl's hands are fairly covered with black dots.

Ingredients for tattooing are made up of charcoal, mixed in a clamshell with elk tallow. A needle (a long thorn with a hole bored in the end), threaded with sinew rubbed in the paint is then pulled through the hole in the skin, leaving the pigment to form a black dot.

The Ma-tay-dan then gives the girl newly split wood fire-tongs which he has made for the occasion; she stirs around in the charcoal with the new tongs, symbolizing henceforth she can do her own cooking. While this goes on, the men sit around, joke and eat. The girl can now eat anything she wants, as long as it is dried food, not fresh. If she wants to cook and eat outdoors, a fire must be built for her, and before she can eat, must be dressed up, and her face and neck painted. She can pick berries with the women, but not eat them. Unless married, this must be observed until her folks can afford to have the Ma-tay-dan back for another ceremony.

This ceremony is to permit the girl to cook and eat outside, and is held outside the house. Everyone comes, women, men, and children. They all sit around the fire, some singing songs. The girl is again all dressed and painted. The Ma-tay-dan gives her food while praying for long life for her. By giving the girl small bits of every kind of food, he liberates her from the dried food taboo. After the feast, and when everyone is gone, she takes off all her finery. Her best friend is no longer required to be constantly with her, but is usually a companion until marriage.

During future menstrual periods, women may eat fresh berries, roots, or greens. Fresh elk and deer must not be eaten for fear of a bad cough. No fresh fish; this could cause shaking fits and nervousness such as fish have. Men or women must not at any time urinate on fish blood or parts, for this could cause paralysis or the nervous shakes. The fish slime, etc. is put in wooded receptacles and returned to the river.

Why were women afflicted with the, as Annie Peterson called it, "ordeal"? It was because of that rascally Coyote, the World Maker or Transformer. In the story of the "The Person Who Made the Country" we join old Coyote in the part of his journey where he caused this affliction.

Coyote speaking, *"Younger sister! I am going fishing. That niece (brother's daughter) of mine, I would like to have that one go with me. She will make the salmon slices for smoking. Indeed she may go."* So they went. Now he was getting up to mischief. They were getting close to where they were going, and then he did tricky things. He spoke thus to a tree, *"Big ones fall down! One will be to the rear, another will be ahead."* Sure enough that is the way it was. Now he climbed up one of them, but the girl could not get up on it there. *"Name me! I will help you if you call me by a correct name."* So then the girl called him all sorts of names (kinship terms). *"But not that way! How did your mother name your father? Call me like that!"* Oh my husband! Help me over it!" *"Ha'hahahaha! That is the way I wanted you to speak."* Then they went on, and they reached there where the people's fishing place was, where they dried salmon. Now he made his fish dam. *"Today I will just spear fish. That is the way I will obtain them."* He speared quantities indeed and the girl cut them up. Then she roasted the heads by the fire, and she roasted the tails that way too. (She said), *"My but I will enjoy eating them! I am hungry!"* Then it was getting towards evening, and the girl went inside, and she prepared her cooking.

Now the trickster was getting up to more mischief. He took just dark salmon blood, and he threw the blood between her legs. *"Yah-i! You are menstruating. You must not eat fresh salmon!"* That is what he told the girl. *"Hereafter women will menstruate. Some of them will flow five days before they cease menstruating. They will not eat anything fresh (until cessation of the flow.)"* That was how he spoke, and that was how it was to be indeed. They do menstruate, ever since that time women menstruate.

Coyote did not want to share the fish with the girl, so he caused her this affliction and all women thereafter. ⁸

⁸ Jacobs, Myth Texts, pg. 193.

MYTHS: PART IV

Don Whereat (August, 1992)

From time immemorial man has sought his beginnings; where he came from and his place on this earth. All tribal societies probably had their own version of how they came to be. The Coos, along with their neighbors to the north, the Lower Umpqua, Siuslaw, & Alsea, all had their own stories of creation. Some of these are the same, or nearly so, indicating some neighborly borrowing.

An Alsea tale titled, "The Origin of the Yakonan and Siuslauan Tribes",¹ tells us how the Alsea, Siuslaw, and Lower Umpqua people came to be on their respective rivers. Coyote (he is actually the Transformer or World Maker) sent messengers in all directions to have the people assemble. When they were all assembled, Coyote told them, "*Not for nothing have you been assembled. Everywhere I am going to distribute the people. Although many are the rivers, nevertheless, I shall send people there. One man and one woman will go there (to the Yaquina River). And one man and a woman, also, will start there (for the Alsea River). And they will raise children there. Two rivers will have one language, (Siuslaw and Lower Umpqua). Thus the world will be started. One woman and one man I shall send (at a time). Then two other rivers I shall send people, where they will raise children. Such will be the beginning of the world.*" (Frachtenberg Umpqua Text)

One of the Coos creation narratives, "Arrow Young Men," is in Frachtenberg's Coos Texts.² "*Two young men were traveling. They stopped in the middle of their journey. One of them said, 'How would it be if we should try it? What do you think about it? It would be good if we should try it,' answered the other one. 'We ought to try it with this soot here.' They had five pieces (disks) of soot. Now they stopped and dropped one piece into the ocean. The world at that time was without land. Everything was covered with water. Again they dropped one piece (disk). The ocean was rolling over the disk. The next day they dropped another disk. Then they stopped at some small place and dropped another disk into the ocean. They looked at it from above. Now land began to appear, and they saw it. They were very glad when they saw the land coming up.*

The next day they dropped another disk. Land began to stick out (come up)... They looked frequently at the waves that rolled back and forth continually. 'What is your opinion?' said one of the two men. 'Shall we try it again?' 'With what shall we try it?' asked the other one. The water was still running back and forth. 'Let us split this mat.' They did so, and placed the two pieces over the five disks of soot. Now they went down to examine it. Still the land was not solid enough. So one of them said, 'Let us split this basket in two!' They split it, and placed it on the sand beach. The waves were held back now, since the water

¹ Leo Frachtenberg, Alsea Myths and Texts, pg. 108.

² Frachtenberg, Coos Texts, pg. 5.

was able to go down through the basket. Now the young men went down and examined the land. 'This will do.' Said one of them, 'It's good that way.'

Now they began to look around the world, which they had created. There were no trees. 'Suppose we set up some trees?' said one of them. 'It would be very good,' answered the other one. Then they stuck into the ground the feathers of an eagle. The feathers began to grow, and developed soon into fir-trees. 'All kinds of trees shall grow,' said the older man. All the different kinds of trees commenced to grow. 'Suppose we create animals,' said one of the young men. 'It won't be good if there shouldn't be any animals. The future generations ought to have animals.' Then they created animals.

Early in the morning they went to look at the world they had created. Suddenly they saw tracks on the ocean beach. 'Whose tracks may these be?' asked one of them. They followed the tracks, and soon came upon a person sitting (on top of a snag). 'You indeed must have made these tracks. Who are you?' 'I am a medicine man.' The person whose face was painted all over with red paint answered, 'You have no right to travel here. This is our world, we have made it. Are you surely a medicine man?' They seized the stranger and killed him. Then they spilled his blood in all directions, and said to him, 'You will be nothing; the last generation shall see you.'

Then they turned back. Suddenly one of them became pregnant. The child could not come out. 'What will become of us? We ought to have wives.' None of them had done anything, nevertheless he became pregnant. The child was all the time trying to come out, but could not do it. So they sent someone to the north, and told him. 'There is a man living there. He is a good man. Bring him here.' Someone went to get him. They went out in a canoe. To their surprise, there were no waves. So they wished that the waves would come. 'Five times shall the north wind come and (bring) five breakers.' And so it was. They were waiting for the fifth wave. And when this came, they went ashore. (They found the man, and brought him to the pregnant person.) As soon as he saw the pregnant man, he took out the child. It was a girl. From this girl all the people took their origin. She caused the people to multiply, and to inhabit the world.

Now the young men continued their journey. They once more examined the world which they had created, and found it to be good. Everything began to assume its present appearance.

They both had bows. 'How would it be if we should shoot towards the sky?' Indeed, they began to shoot. They looked at their arrows as they were shooting them. 'You too ought to shoot one arrow,' said one of the young men. 'Shoot it so it will hit the shaft of mine, and it will look as if it were one arrow; but don't shoot too hard!' He shot and hit it. 'Shoot again!' Their arrows became joined, and reached down to the place where they were standing. 'Suppose we climb up now!' 'All right!' They shook the arrows. 'Are they firm? Won't they come apart?—Now you try to climb up!' He climbed up. 'This is very good indeed.'

Then the other man climbed up. They looked down and saw the beautiful appearance of the world which they had created. Nobody knows what became of the two young men." Here the story ends.

This creation story has all the elements of Biblical Creation: i.e. the unseen Creator who creates the world over a period of days, (5); creation of fir trees from eagle feathers; creation of animals; virgin birth (not one of them had done anything, nevertheless, she became pregnant;) creation of woman from man; and the first evil in the world in the form of a shaman with a red mineral painted face.

The World maker epic consists of five episodes of the five world makers, or tricksters. The Coos believed there were an ancient myth age people of supernatural powers living in certain villages of the Coos country. It was five men of successive generations who made, or "transformed" the country. His son, the fifth Trickster, turns the fourth Trickster into a coyote. It is this son who is the "peoples' father" often referred to. Coyote stories are the doings of the fourth Trickster. This story was told only in wintertime.

"Origin of the Coos People" is the story about the scattered body parts, corresponding to the Alesa myth in that it explains the origin of the tribes in their own part of the world. Recall that the Coos came from the hair, "because they are so many." There is also the mention of a "Bone Man". What this means is unclear, but "bones" are prominent in several stories. First is Frank Drew's version of one of them as told to Melville Jacobs in 1932.

"Here is a power greater than any weapon; it is obtained from a shee'thwaya person (a mountain giant 8 to 12 feet high). When he talks his voice is like a red woodpecker's voice, though he has the form of a person. This weapon is called Kyoo'kyoo, "pointing, pointing". This weapon -when the Shee'thwaya people all got them -there were lots of these giant people who could be heard out in the mountains -nobody knows, how they live -this weapon was given to a Coos a long time ago from a Shee'thwaya. The Shee' thwaya are wealthy people; if you hold their enormously long pubic hair, they just are so weak then that you can get anything from them. The Shee'thwaya people use a dead Shee'thwaya person's wrist bone, but larger than a human's wrist bone. The Shee'thwaya uses that for a weapon -it has tremendous power. He just points with it. The victim just coughs up blood, and dies. This Coos thus got this bone, and had a sort of t'thi neh (thunder-lightening) power with it. The Shee'thwaya warned him, 'don't point it towards your Coos less you kill them all. Take it in the mountains, pointing opposite away from the Coos settlements, so that it does no harm.' He took it, and instead of doing as he was told, he took it near home, and stored it accidentally pointing towards his own house, and his whole family died right away, almost." ³

³ Melville Jacobs, Notebook 92, pg.64.

Tom Hollis told this next version to Henry Hull St. Clair thirty years earlier. *"There was a kind of man, a big white man that was tattooed all over. They called him Chatee-u-wa Kwisats. You could not see him. He went around in the night or in the daytime. They say he made a kind of gun. He made it out of a forearm or leg bone. They called the gun Kyu-wak-yu. He would take this gun, which he always carried sidewise; he packed it on his side. He would point it at something and it would kill it without any noise or shooting. There are all kinds of stories about that kind of man. He had a way of making a kind of dog out of himself and he would get into this dog and go around at night and see a girl. She got pregnant and one of her brothers shot at this dog but he ran away. This woman knew that it was her husband. She had 5 or 6 children and one of the children had sort of dog hair on one shoulder."* ⁴

Tom (Hollis) combined two different stories here, (first part similar to Drew's story) but it does illustrate the strange fascination of "bones" by our ancestors, even into the post contact generation. Annie Peterson told this to Melville Jacobs. *"They are tall Giants, 7 foot high, look like persons dressed in furs. A nakwi hemme was caught stealing fish from a canoe. Up Coos River people set to watch. They found him packing salmon from a canoe at night – his fingers were strong. They caught him, he made no effort to fight back, and he gave up. They put him in a house, told him to pay for the fish he stole. Then he made queer noise k x x x (falsetto) – so he talked to his partner, timber man in the woods, and his partner answered the same way. His partner fetched the money for the stolen salmon, and then he took and said, 'You can do anything with this. This is a human bone, you can point it at anyone you are mad at and it will poison and kill this person.'"* ⁵

Everything had a meaning and a reason, and if a child wondered about something, such as why salmon blood and slime had to be returned to the stream; well, it's all explained in one of the World maker episodes, or other stories.

Native people took death with great seriousness. Writing from the Siletz Reservation in 1858, George Gibbs noted. *"They are unwilling to speak of their dead, and I think this perserverity has caused them to lose almost all knowledge of almost everything more than a few generations back."* Sissie, a Coquille Miluk talked indirectly of dead relatives, such as, *"my skin has turned into medicine,"* i.e., *"my mother died."* Annie Peterson said that she, (Annie) would have known far more about olden times if manner of speaking had not been so circuitous. ⁶

William J. Martin made another observation of their superstitious nature in 1854 in a letter to Joel Palmer, Supt. of Indian Affairs, and Oregon Territory. *"The Indians seem very reluctant in giving their numbers on account of their superstitious notions."*

⁴Frachtenberg, Coos Texts, pg. 167.

⁵ Jacobs, Notebook, pg. 23.

⁶ Ibid., 100, pg. 90.

When a person died, someone, not a relative, took care of the body. The body was cleaned immediately at death, washed in lukewarm water and the best clothes put on. The face was painted with red mineral paint. The personal property of the deceased was either placed on the body or in the grave. His canoe was hauled to the grave, turned bottom side up; sometimes split in two to prevent its use by someone else. Anciently, small grave houses were built. The person's bow and arrow, and spear were also placed on top of the grave. His dog might be killed and placed in or beside the grave. All these things had a spirit of their own and would go with the deceased spirit (iluwetus) to another world. No bucket with water in it was allowed to stand for five nights after the burial because the iluwetus washes in every bucket it finds. During this five-day period, the spirit visited all the places he had been during life.

Possessions not placed in or on the grave were burned. Sometimes the house was burned, probably if death was due to disease or some "evil spirit". The body might also be burned if caused by disease. Lottie Evanoff said, *"When my maternal grandmother's husband died with a cancer on his neck, they burned him. They burned anybody, since burial might spread the disease. When he was getting low, he said, when I die, burn me up so my child Agnes won't get cancer."*⁷

Jacob's Coos Ethologic Text has this: (Burning of the Deceased's Property): *"When a person died and when they buried him, this is what they'd say, the people. 'It's not his hide, skin; it's not his bones. They stay right there, his bones. But his heart after five days, that is the time his heart leaves his hide (body). Then up he goes back up to his parents.' That's the way the people believed about a person who died. That's why they burned all his things, because that is what he told them when he was here, when the people's father was here."* The people's father was the fifth trickster, and it was his edict that the deceased person's belongings be burned to prevent the spread of sickness.⁸

No particular ceremony was performed, except that the body was lowered and raised five times before covering with earth, because the world was created in five days. If the grave was dug too deep, that was bad luck, for another in the family might die. The body was placed facing west. There are two versions of why this was done. One is that the dead person would only see the ocean and *"won't take a relative along and cause their quick death"*. Another is so that the body would rise up with the rising sun. A person handling a corpse had to be washed and cleaned by the shaman before eating fresh food. When packing water to wash a corpse, the bucket must be packed on the back or shoulder, never carried by the arm lest you *"call for another death."*⁹

Agnes Johnson said that when a person died, the body was placed in a little shed outside the house and that someone had to sit up with it, day and night.

⁷ John Harrington, Field Notes, R24-E994.

⁸ Jacobs, Notebook 101, pp. 115 & 117.

⁹ *Ibid.*, 91. pg. 94.

Relatives brought gifts to bury with the body. If the person had been poor and lived in a grass house, the house was burned. If it was a lumber house, the house was fumigated with leaves and fir tips. If the house was to be saved, the body was taken out through a hole in the wall (similar to Navajo custom). A pinch of ashes was thrown after it. The body was put in the grave, head to the east, wrapped in a blanket. Necklaces were broken up and placed in the grave with other valuables. The hands were straightened out; if the fists were clenched, the dead person was hanging on to someone to take them along. They were prayed to, "to forget living relations, not to try to take them along". The surviving spouse bathed ceremoniously, and cut his or her hair short. Children, brothers and sisters also cut their hair short, (still according to Agnes Johnson). The gravedigger ate by himself for five days and the dishes he used were destroyed. His food consisted of dried food only, otherwise it would bring bad luck to the net, or weapon that fresh game had been taken with.¹⁰

Phillip Drucker had a little different version from Annie Peterson. She said that the house and belongings of the dead person were burned. A little house was put over the grave; the gravedigger and pallbearers put on different clothes and the old ones burned. They could not eat fresh food until the shaman gave it to them. The mourners went home and had their hair cut short and singed. Close relatives had their hair cut short.¹¹

To make certain the dead person's iluwetcus left for good, a close relative visited the grave every evening for five days and said to the dead person, "*Do not think of anything anymore in this world.*" If a hole was seen in the grave, it meant the iluwetcus had returned to the physical body, and if the iluwetcus didn't go away, the whole body might come out. If that happened when no one was there, the revived corpse would go to the mountains and become an Ayshan, or ghost. If the corpse could be "captured" before getting to the woods, the shaman could restore it to normal health. After five days, there was no more danger. Frank Drew told this.¹²

Jim Buchanan said: "*There was no conception of Hell. All good and bad went to one place. Where this was situated, no one knew.*" When dying, one would say, "*Len n meahniyas n peepee*"(I am going home to my people). Jim said that they used to know where the other world was. In old times people would see the dead traveling on the sky. Their path was the Milky Way (heh aiwas meh hehwilts, or the 'dead man's road'). One can see the road river on the sky on bright nights. It was claimed that there was no different form in the other world than here. Whatever one was in this world he continues to be in the other world. The Coos Indians believed that there were five worlds.¹³

¹⁰ Phillip Drucker, Notes, 1934.

¹¹ Ibid.

¹² Jacobs, Notebook 91, pg. 98.

¹³ Buchanan Ethnography, pg. 5.

Possibly at the end of the "road river in the sky" was the River Styx. According to the legend, "Country of the Souls",¹⁴ the dead person came to a river where canoe men were waiting to take him across. Apparently this person was not really dead yet because the canoe men called him "Sten'di," (Siuslaw word meaning "not belonging to the abode of the dead.") He was sent downstream to see his dead grandparents. On arriving, his grandfather said, *"Say wife, give grandson something to eat."* She reached in a basket and brought out five handfuls of invisible stuff and put it in a pan to heat over the fire. Suddenly it swelled up as lice and turned into maggots. The young man refused to eat it, saying, *"We don't eat that down below."* The grandfather now tells him, *"Now you've done wrong. Though it looks like body lice, it really isn't. We knew the day you started up from the earth, we knew you were coming. Since you dumped these body lice, as you've called them, you rejected entry into the other world. If you had eaten the lice, then you'd have belonged to the people up here."* Then the two old people told him to go back home below. While he was in the land of the dead he saw a woman he recognized. As he looked back when he left, he saw her distributing the things that had been buried with her. She would thus speak whenever she gave something. *"This your elder brother gives you, and this your mother gives you, and this your father gives you"*.

This story explains one of the reasons goods were placed in the grave with the dead person. Although fear of the dead was great, one way to become wealthy was to overcome this fear if one saw a light or fire in the village cemetery and go and investigate. You might notice a dead person sitting there, head bowed, not noticing you. Hanging from the end of their nose might be some mucous (hwunthis, snot). Using thumb and forefinger, you take it quickly. Falling unconscious, you lie there for hours. On awakening, the dead person is gone and the hwunthis has turned to dentalium. Taking the dentalium to a hiding place in the woods, you leave it for five days. During these five days you fast and take only cold water baths (no sweat baths) before going to the woods to visit the cache; every time more denatalia are there, larger, better ones. The fifth day you are wealthy.¹⁵

Although this generation had been brought up in the "new" world and exposed to different beliefs, the tales told by their elders still had a strong hold on them. Before the coming of the white man, the wisdom and morals revealed in these stories governed the very life of the people (and no doubt sometimes scared the daylight out of them).

¹⁴ Frachtenberg, Coos Texts, pg. 139.

¹⁵ Jacobs, Notebook 92, pg. 5.

MYTHS PART V

Don Whereat (January, 1993)

In the forward to his book "The People Are Coming Soon", Melville Jacobs wrote the following about the Clackamas. *"Northwest-states Indian myths and tales were heard during the winter months by audiences familiar with the words and lines. An audience of advanced piano students seated in the auditorium of a conservatory of music is similarly equipped. It knows every note of the Chopin etudes and Beethoven sonatas, which another advanced student is playing on the stage. Pleasure for his auditors is not in the total novelty of his performance but in his mastery and his imaginative play with familiar details."*

The way of life and orientation of the Clackamas differed little from other Chinooks or from the many peoples who lived west of Cascades Mountains of Oregon and Washington. Clackamas hunted deer and elk, caught salmon, lampreys, sturgeon, and a variety of fish, and collected many kinds of wild berries and roots. Wealthier families lived in rectangular houses made of planks adzed from cedars. Although a few men were specialists at canoe making, wood work, and a few other crafts, a simple sexual division of labor prevailed as in most food-gathering societies the world over. Marriages occurred after puberty. Participants' freedom of choice in the selection of mates characterized all east-of-Cascades peoples and a few dwelling west of the mountains, but this was not true of Clackamas, where family elders determined such selection. Residence at marriage was usually patria-local.

The Clackamas religion was wholly animistic. Everyone sought super-naturals which I also call spirit-powers. The quest for these spirits, who appeared in the form of human beings, commenced just before or at puberty and continued until late in life. Spirit-powers constituted the core of the religious ideology. They connected with the services of curing shamans, of both sexes, who had only special and uniquely potent super-naturals. There were no deities. They are never mentioned and never implied. There were great numbers and many kinds of spirit-powers in ancient times, called the Myth Age, and they continued in the modern era of Indians. Indians after the 1850's believed that few spirit-powers remained in the country after the advent of Caucasians. It was the nature of a spirit-power to want to become the adoptive kin of a person. Each Indian wanted to relate to as many super-naturals as he could "find" to help him throughout life. Each person went out alone in order to "encounter" and affect a kin-like bond to a spirit-power.

Myths are in their essential functions, plays with tragedy, comedy, games, and other dramatic components, which tell about those ancient times when there were various kinds of poorly equipped and often gauche people. According to Indian beliefs not many generations ago, some of the Myth Age pre-modern people and super-naturals went to the hills and mountains and became the

animals of the modern period. Others went into the streams to become the fish. Others flew away and have been birds ever since. The era following the myth Age may be called Transitional Times. Only a few plays receive a dating, which places them in that era. Tales are the plays, which refer to the modern period, after Transitional Times, when the Indian peoples had come into the land. No myth or play of Transitional Times specifies from where the Indians came. Indians' economic activities, handicrafts, and customs were announced by various Myth Age actors, not necessarily important or leading actors, and in only a very few instances were causally determined by them.

Although myths and tales ostensibly present the external behavior and vicissitudes of pre-cultural and modern people, they well express the dominant anxieties and tensions in the lives of Indians. Recitalists projected into earlier epochs and into the literature's actor's feelings about men, women, children, elders, spirit-powers, death, feuding, in-laws, sports value ideals, and the worldview.

Myth tales of the northwest have a surprising amount of common themes, and in some cases, almost identical stories. Or is it so surprising? Living in a common environment would most certainly result in many common themes. Besides, there was considerable inter-marrying amongst the tribes, willingly, and in many cases not so willingly. Indian women by custom went to live in the village of their husband, taking their traditional stories with them. It is hard to believe that some of their stories did not get introduced into their adoptive village, at least in part. Writing to his mentor Franz Boas from Acme, Oregon (home of James Buchanan) August 7, 1909, Leo Frachtenberg noted similarities in *"The Ascent to Heaven"* (Frachtenberg Coos Texts, page 21). He wrote, *"You will be glad to hear this story is accomplished in the same manner, as described in the story of Shick of the Alsea, of Kumuc and Aisis of the Modoc, and Coyote in your texts of the Thompson River Indians. Even the motives of the deed are the same. The father desires the two wives of his son and, to get rid of him, asks him to mount a tree and then wishes the same to grow."*

The same thesis surfaces in *Coyote and His Son's Son, Panther* (Clackamas Chinook Texts 6). Only this time it is the grandfather in the form of Coyote who desires his grandsons' wife, Trout. Over time, old Coyote alters his appearance so that he may physically resemble Trout's husband. She is not fooled, but one day when Panther was absent he takes over as her husband. Panther and his followers kill Trout and Coyote. It turns out that Trout was pregnant, so Panther uses one of his claws to perform a caesarian. He kills the baby coyotes, saving his own trout child. The child is motherless of course, so Panther's here-to-for unmentioned brother, Coon, steps in as a surrogate mother. Although he means well, his rascality gets the best of him and he manages to foul up, thus getting in trouble with his brother Panther, who never-the-less stands by him; something he didn't do for his late wife who had no choice but to do the bidding of the grandfather Coyote. As Jacobs says, *"This is not a morality play, but a drama of a family."*

Coyote and Panther (a Molala story) have combined elements of the above and also the flood myth. In this one, Coyote and Panther are living together. Panther marries a mermaid. One day he sends Coyote to accompany his wife to her parents (here-to-for, Panther has been going along with her and bringing his in-laws deer meat). During the journey, Coyote changes his form and copulates with her. She soon perceives the deception, owing to his actions, which are entirely different from those of her husband, but says nothing. They arrive at the home of her parents and Coyote gives himself away with every move he makes and every action he performs, but no one mentions this fact. Coyote knows that Panther is due to come soon and runs away. Panther arrives, becomes soon aware of what had happened and kills his wife. In order to revenge himself, her father, who is a Water Person, causes a flood. Eagle and Panther save all the people.

Another common theme is the *Stealing of Fire and Water*. The Coos version (Frachtenberg) it is accomplished by the Earth Chief going to Heaven where it is kept by the Sky People. The Earth Chief goes there with some of his people. He proposes a guessing game (a favorite game of all the tribes). They try to injure each other during the game. The Earth Chief has advantage and forces his rival to take flight. Then one of the earth-people puts the fire into his ear, while the other turns over the container in which the water is kept. They escape. The fire is put into a willow-bush, and the water flows down in torrents. (Willow sticks were used by the Coos for fire starters).

In the Jacobs version the Fifth Trickster goes to a place where the people lack fire, water, foods, cook food under their armpits while dancing, or sit on it. So the fifth Trickster and his allies go to the village of the fourth Trickster (his own father), where all these foods, fire, and water are withheld. They gamble at the 'keep-eyes' open game; the fifth Trickster uses artificial shell eyes to pretend being awake. They make flies and maggots to torture the headman into moving his eyes; he does so and is defeated only by magically screaming giant snakes. Birds dash away with fire, throwing it on willows and cedar; birds cast fruit and berries all over; water flows all over.

In the Molala version the people, under the leadership of Eagle, attempt to buy some fire from its keeper, Snake. Snake refuses to sell and the people try to steal the fire, but without success. After everybody else had failed, Coyote sets out all by himself. He turns into an old man and causes snow to fall. He enters Snake's residence and asks for permission to warm his hands by the fire. Snake refuses to grant this request. Coyote then diverts Snake's attention from the fire by pointing out some strange object, and while Snake turns away to look at it, he steals the fire. Snake pursues him but cannot overtake him. While evading Snake, coyote is throwing up the fire and catching it on the fly. It so happens that he fails to catch it once; the result being that it burns everything except two Snowbirds. Even Coyote dies in the general conflagration. The two snowbirds restore everyone to life.

Alsea and Takelma have a myth titled "Coyote in a Hollow Tree". The Alsea version has Coyote out on a day when it was snowing exceedingly hard. He saw a cedar tree which had a hole below, and into which he entered. After awhile the snow began to fill around the hole. Then Coyote commanded the cedar tree, "*Turn thyself around!*" The cedar tree complied, however the snow piled up again. So he said to the cedar tree again, "*Pray close up!*" Now there was no hole at all. Then Coyote began to laugh. "*Ha ha! the wind will never beat me. Pray, open up again!*" Then the tree became open. "*Pray, close up again!*" And the tree closed once more. However, upon his fifth command it would not come open again. In vain Coyote kept on demanding the tree to open, "*Come open!*" But it would not. He called all the beings, but none would help him. Finally, little old man sapsucker came to his aid, but he couldn't do anything. So then Coyote told him, "*Send the Wood-pecker here!*" He was not pecking long when a hole began to appear. Coyote pulled Wood-pecker through the hole and they began to fight, but Wood-pecker escaped. Coyote pleaded in vain for Woodpecker to come back, but he would not. Coyote did not know how he was going to help himself.

Finally, he started to dismember himself. Just a little at a time he forced his body parts outside. Then Raven arrived. Alarmed, coyote said to him, "*Get away, you may steal some of my body parts!*" After he had put himself out entirely he began to look around, but no one was in sight. So then he rolled himself around and began to reassemble his body parts. He began to look around, but could not see very well, thereupon he began to feel of his eyes. Verily, on one side of his face his eye was gone. So he said, "*The Raven must have stolen one of my eyes.*" He started on, when he saw some grasshoppers. He ate some and they tasted good. Meeting an old woman, she asked him what he was eating, "*Grasshoppers. Eat it!*" She ate some and remarked that they were good and she would like to get some too. "*No. Thou wilt not be able to obtain any. Only those people who are one-eyed can catch them. If you want to catch them I will have to take off one of your eyes.*" Then he put one of her eyes in his socket and escaped.

The beginning of the Takelma story is similar except the tree is a pine and the birds are woodpecker, yellowhammer, and then a big woodpecker. His pecking made Coyote's head ache, which made him angry. His anger made big woodpecker angry also, and he flew off leaving Coyote to get out best he could. Coyote said, "*Now I am going to cut myself up, I'll cut myself to pieces.*" Now he cut his arm off and threw it out, then the other arm. Now he cut one of his legs off and threw it out, then the other. And now also his intestines he pulled out from inside of himself and threw them out. Now, Crow took away from Coyote his intestines. "*Hai! Come back with my intestines!*" He threw out his own head; Crow also took his eyes. "*Hai! Come back with my eyes!*" said Coyote. He then took wild-rose berries and made them his eyes. And then, "*Come back together!*" He said to his own body. His body did that.

As he went on, he became hungry. In a burnt down field he discovered numerous grasshoppers lying about. He ate, ate, and ate grasshoppers, everywhere he went about. Then after awhile someone shouted to him, "*Coyote's anus is spilling! Coyote's anus is spilling!*" Squirrel it was that said it to him. Coyote went on eating more grasshoppers and squirrel kept yelling, "*Coyote's anus is spilling.*" Finally, coyote looked behind him and saw what was happening. He looked for pitch, found it and kneaded it into a cake and put it into his anus. He went on gathering and eating grasshoppers. The field still had burning embers that soon caught the pitch on fire. Now, "*Coyote's anus is burning! Coyote's anus is burning!*" Coyote was angry. Now then he felt his hot anus. Now he ran to the water, intending to jump in, but instead he jumped into the alder bushes and burned up. He died.

In Jacobs' Santiam Kalapuya Texts: "*When in the summertime, they burned over the land, when they wanted to eat grasshoppers. When they burned the land, then they burned the grasshoppers too. And then the women gathered up the grasshoppers, and they ate those grasshoppers it is said.*"

MYTHS PART VI

Don Whereat (February, 1993)

In the Coos series of five Transformers, the second Transformer has a like experience. He has been in the belly of a whale and has cut the entrails causing the whale to die and drift ashore. Here we pick him up. *"He wiped his eyes, and then began to go about, and so he went towards the woods. When he had gotten to the timber, hail stormed down. So he found a hollow tree, and went inside it. 'Close up'"* Sure enough, the tree closed about him. He hollered for help. Some came to help him but he said, *'Not you; get away from here.'* Now red headed woodpecker arrived and soon she (woodpecker was a girl) had a hole in the tree. So now he was up to his old mischief. *'Ha! Now hasn't she a fine appearance! And those breasts of hers too!'*

She threatened to leave when he touched her breasts, but he claimed his hand had merely dropped there. When the hole was a little bigger, he seized the hair of her head. Then he wanted to steal some of her feathers. The girl leaped away and left him. He begged her to come back, but she would not. So he cut himself up; he sliced himself into small pieces and threw them out the hole. All cut up, he threw himself out and started to collect his parts. Then Raven stole his entrails and Buzzard his eyes. So he went along eyeless, and without entrails too.

He could hear children playing, so he went there. 'Children, come here! Do you see that thing over there?' So the children went to him, and he seized one, and took out its eyes, and he put them in for his own eyes. 'You will all become eyeless, they will name you snail.' Now he found strawberries and he ate them, but never became full. He looked to his rear and they were just in a line behind him. *'Oh I forgot I don't have entrails'"* So he stuffed some wild parsnips into his anus. They would not stay in, so then he thought of something. *'I will put pitch in my anus that will not fallout.'*

Next, he saw children playing. 'What are you playing at?' 'Oh we jump over the fire.' 'Let me jump too.' He jumped over the fire, but the pitch melted and his entrails dropped out. Then he seized one of the children and stole the entrails. Then the child lacked entrails. *'The next people coming (the Indians) will do all sorts of things in that manner.'" (Annie Miner Peterson told this one, and unfortunately Jacobs did not have her clarify this last prophecy).*

The Molala counterpart has Coyote, Yellowhammer, and Crow. While travelling around the world, Coyote sees a hollow tree. He manages to get in and the tree closes so that he cannot get out. He yells for help and Yellowhammer comes to his rescue. Yellowhammer pecks at the tree and makes a hole large enough to take him out piece-wise. Crow steals Coyote's anus and carries it far away. Coyote misses his anus and his excrement tells him where to find it. They tell him that the people are spearing it just for fun. Coyote disguises himself and gains possession of the stolen part of his body. He then resumes his

journey and frees the country from a female monster, who is in the habit of enticing people to cohabit with her and whom she kills by means of teeth in her vulva. In the Coos Worldmaker series, the fifth and final trickster encounters an ogress with two blades in her vagina. He declines her invitation and survives to become the Peoples' Father. Wild Woman in Nehalem Tillamook Tales kills Otter with her clitoris by using it as a club. Other Coos motifs appear in one form or another in these stories, including the grandson-grandmother incest relationship, and the grandmother's fascination with an elk penis.

"Why People Die" has versions in the Coos, Alsea, Takelma and quite probably many others. Death is the result of envy in these three versions. A man has a son that dies. He begs his neighbor to help restore his son to life. But the neighbor is jealous of the boy and refuses. A short while afterward the son of the neighbor dies and he now asks the other man for help. But it is too late. Had he been willing to assist in reviving his neighbor's boy, dead people would return after five days. This is the Coos and Alsea version and the actors are in human form. The third Trickster is involved in one of the Coos versions. He marries a Trickster girl and their child dies. He argues in vain with Water Spider whose child had died, and who had pleaded in vain that there be no death; so now people die, rather than return to life.

In the Takelma story the child of Roasting-dead-people died (this is a black, long legged half inch long bug of some sort). He and Coyote were neighbors to each other. Thereupon he said to him, *"Lend me a blanket, for my child has died."* *"I'll not lend you a blanket, for where are they going to be if dead people come back?"* said Coyote. Roasting-dead-people then buried his child.

Then, a long time elapsed. Now Coyote's child became sick and died. Next door he went to Roasting- dead- people. *"Lend me a blanket, for my child has died."* *"What did you say? When I did say to you, 'Lend me a blanket,' you did say to me, 'Where will the people be, if, they return?' Now my child is rotting,"* said Roasting dead people. So next-door Coyote returned. *"Hai,"* he cried. For that reason people do not nowadays return when they die.

A myth tale that was common to the northwest Indians was *"The Stars"*. In this story two sisters sleep outdoors one night and while looking at the stars each pick a star she desires for a husband. The younger sister picked a small star and her sister chose a larger one. On awakening the, the sisters discovered their wish had been answered. Beside the younger girl was an old man with grey hair. Beside the older sister lay a young handsome man. She was astonished. The young man said, *"I am the one whom you desired last night."* An almost identical version is in Frachtenberg's Lower Umpqua Texts and Nehalem Tillamook Tales.

"The Revenge of the Sky People" is a Coos tale that is set in Kiwe 'et, (former pulp mill site south of Empire). An elder brother (Sky Hawk) is a canoe maker and is always accompanied by his dog, who lies beside him all day while he works. One day a strange man comes along and hits him on the neck hard

enough to sever his head. The stranger then takes the head home. When the elder brother failed to come home his younger brother went looking for him. He was lying in the canoe, dead, without a head. The dog would look upwards and bark. Straight up it would look. So they thought, *"Someone from above must have killed him."* The younger brother shot an arrow upwards, and then would shoot another one. Every time he shot, his arrow would join the other one, and as he kept shooting that way, the arrows reached to him.

He climbed up and came to a strange land where he encountered people carrying his brother's head. They told him that the murderer's wife was digging fern-roots nearby. He found her, killed and skinned her. He now looked just like the woman. Taking her pack of fern-roots he went to the husband's house where people were dancing for the head. It was hanging from the rafters, dripping blood. That night, after the husband was asleep, she (the young brother) cut the murderer's head off with a large knife and escaped with his elder brother's head. He crossed the river in a canoe; when his pursuers tried to follow, their canoes filled with water and they could not follow him. Then he went down on his arrows with his elder brother's head. Now it is said, they were going to join his elder brother's head. Now they commenced to work. A small spruce-tree was standing there. Along side of that small spruce-tree they were joining his head. Then they danced for it. His head would go up a little bit, and then fall down again. The fifth time, however, his head stuck on. It went up a little bit. Then thus he said to his elder brother: *"Now you are all right."* None of the people from above could come down, and none could take revenge. These are the Wood-pecker people; this is the reason why their heads are red to-day. The blood on the neck, that's what makes the head red. Thus, one said to them: *"You shall be nothing. You shall be a woodpecker. The last people shall see you."*

The informant for the Nehalem account (Clara Pearson) insisted the title best translated out as *"Who in Hell Was His Mother?"* Another title is *"The Dog Wife."* This version is humorous in a bizarre sort of way. When the sons encounter the murderer's wives digging roots they query the two as to what they do, etc. In the course of the conversation the women tell the sons that, *"Our husband went down below and took a man's head. He keeps it hanging up in the smoke from the fire. After supper he takes it down and we all pound on it while he sings. That is our drum."* As in the other versions, the sons killed and skinned the women and passed themselves off as the murderer's wives. After supper that head was indeed gotten down. It was their father's head. The husband sang and those women were expected to pound on the head. The husband would sing, *"Look on! Look on! Who in hell was his mother."*

Those brothers hated to pound that head. Finally they got through with the drumming and singing and the husband hung the head back up. Then it was bedtime and the husband went to bed with his two wives. Presently he began to make sexual advances toward one wife. He was told, *"I am menstruating"*. He turned to the other wife. He was told the same thing. *"How is that?"* said the husband. *"It never used to be that you two menstruated at the same time. But he*

gave it up and went to sleep. After he was soundly asleep, about midnight, they cut off his head. They killed everyone in that house. They took their father's head and escaped across the river. Where this story diverges from the others is when they go to climb back down their arrow shaft; it has fallen down. They call on Spider who spins a thread for them to climb down. Returning home, they bring their father back to life.

"The Woodpecker" is the Alsea version. The only difference between the two is the accentuation of the animal element. A canoe builder begets two children from his dog. While building the canoe, he is killed by some strangers, who cut off his head and make their escape. His children find out that the murderers had come from the sky. They shoot up arrows and arrive on the sky, where they meet some people returning from a murder dance. They ask for information and are referred to the two wives of the murderer. They kill them and put on their skins. In this disguise they arrive at the house of the murderer. At night they kill him and make their escape with the head of their father. After they had returned below, they put back the head of their father, whereupon he becomes a woodpecker while his children turn into dogs. Thus, the murdered man is the woodpecker, his children are dogs, the murderers are fleas, the wives of the murderers are snakes, the people whom the two boys meet in the sky are flies, and the owl helps the boys to take their revenge.

In discussing a Clackamas story, "Seal and Her Younger Brother Dwelt There," a horror drama of an un-named woman who comes to Seal's younger brother as a bride and cuts his head off. Jacobs says: *"The play presents the collection's only instance of death by throat-cutting. However, in the Gi' ckux myth Grizzly breaks the head off the corpse of her co-wife (Text 34). In general, deaths are caused by an arrow through the heart, or by non-material agents. Decapitation and throat-cutting are infrequent in northwest-states oral literatures and were very likely rare in Inland life."* Strangely, Jacobs did not mention the head-severing incident in one of the Wild Woman stories in Nehalem Tillamook Tales published by his wife Elizabeth.

This drama is remarkable also for another reason: homosexuality. One night Seal's daughter remarked *"that her uncle's new wife urinated like a man."* She is shushed by her mother, but later on discovers something dripping from the bed-platform above. She is again shushed. Later, she arises to build up the fire and discovers it was blood dripping from above. They then discover his wife has decapitated the brother. No reason is given for the murder, but Jacobs hypothesizes, *"That rationalization by the Clackamas would have been that the wife murders him because she feels that she has been humiliated. She must, therefore, avenge herself on a family, the daughter of which casts aspersions on her manner of urinating, that is, on her sexuality. The play offers moral lessons. One may be that a person should be careful that the future mate is normal in all respects and is obtained in the customary procedure of bride purchase and inter-familial negotiations. The recital may also point disapprovingly to the chattering of a smart but immature girl in a situation that is fraught with in-law tension. If*

overheard, she may cause feelings of shame, anger, and need for lethal vengeance. The plot may also indicate that warning by a child or youth should not be ignored lest disaster befall. The myth is, in short, a drama whose nightmarish horror theme, murder of one's own kin by a sexually aberrant person who is an in-law, causes profound fear and revulsion as well as deep sympathy." Although some Coos stories are about incest, none mention homosexuality, nor does any of the ethnology.

There are several flood stories among northwest tribes. Curiously, the Coos said the flood was caused because the world was too crowded. *"The tide over-flooded the whole World; only one small strip of land remained dry." (This was the Glasgow-Kentuck area on Coos Bay.) Those that had canoes tried to float; those that didn't sought shelter on the small strip of land in pairs, men, birds, and beasts. Half of mankind perished. The people in the canoes especially suffered heavy losses because they did not watch their canoes and they floated away. When the water receded, the people could not find their former places of residence. They left the strip of land in pairs and scattered all over the world; likewise the birds and the beasts. Those that tried to save themselves in canoes were scattered all over the world. They became wild men and lived in the forests and stole the wives of other people."*

The Nehalem Tillamook flood myth is a migration story. *"So it was that the Tillamook separated from the Skokomish, drifting down to the ocean shore south of the Colombia River."*

The location of the Heceta Head lighthouse must have had considerable significance because it is the place of an Alsea tale called "The Universal Change" in Alsea Texts and Myths. Actually, there are two versions. One collected by Dr. Livingston Farrand from Alsea George at the Siletz Reservation in 1900. Leo Frachtenberg got the other version from William Smith. John Albert gave a slightly different and shorter version to John Harrington in 1942. Lottie Evanoff's account is more in line with the Alsea Text story. They are similar in that there are five Grizzly bear brothers, four of whom are killed there, and the fifth dove in the ocean and swam north. A spear was thrown at him near the mouth of the small creek (Tltowah'sk, meaning "small creek", now known as Cape Creek),¹ and it stuck in a rock there. After the fifth Grizzly came exhausted to the beach near Yachats, boiling pitch was poured down his mouth while he was sleeping, thus killing him. After Grizzly is killed his body parts are scattered north, east, south, and west to form different tribes, the Alsea being his lungs. In the Coos "Creation of the Coos Myth" it was the evil shaman who had his body parts scattered, the Coos being the hair because they were so numerous. Frachtenberg thought it might have been a Siletz story originally.

A Coos story, "The Man Who married The Bird," has Tltuwah'sk as the northern terminus of a story that ranges all the way from Smith River to there,

¹ Heceta Head.

then back down the beach, crossing Tlee'ahatc (Sutton Creek) and seems to end at the Siuslaw. The actors in the story found a whale washed up on the beach at Sutton Creek and became rich selling pieces of the meat. James Buchanan ("The Man Who Married the Bird," Frachtenberg) put a different spin on the tale by using the falls on the Siuslaw North Fork instead of Smith River Falls. He may have just got his locations mixed.

These myth tales, and more, can be found in Frachtenberg's Coos Texts, Alsea Texts and Myths, and Umpqua Texts. Melville Jacobs' Coos Texts, "The People Are Coming Soon," and Elizabeth Jacobs' Nehalem Tillamook Tales. The Kalapuya Texts are by Jacobs, Frachtenberg, and A. S. Gatschet.

The Molala stories are in Frachtenberg' Correspondence. The Harrington version of the Universal Change is in his Field Notes. Of all these, "The People Are Coming Soon," is the most interesting to the casual reader.

For the most part, Myth Tales are repetitious and heavy with symbolism that is difficult to fathom. However, there is much to glean from these stories, for they tell a lot about how these ancient people lived, their social structure, their foods, religious beliefs and what they deemed important in life. Some of these legends may seem to indicate a dark side that probably wasn't the norm, but instead moral parables to impress on young minds what was not acceptable in society.

FIVE BEARS

Don Whereat (July, 1996)

The question was asked at the April 14 General Council meeting: Where did the name "Five Bears Casino" come from?

I am the one who proposed the name, but it is not chiseled in stone. I do believe, however, that an Indian casino ought to have a name that defines it as "Indian," particularly in the event that we have to put it here in Coos Bay. It seems to me that we need a Native American theme, as opposed to "The Mill Casino." Anyway, here is the reason for "Five Bears."

There is a story in Frachtenberg's "Coos Texts," page 91 called "The Five Grizzly Bears." This version was told to Henry Hull St. Clair in 1903 by Jim Buchanan, and is the one in which five bears are the characters. Although this tale is also found in Frachtenberg's Coos Texts, it is more likely of Lower Umpqua/Siuslaw origin. In traditional northwest myth tales, all events happen five times. Five was a magical number to most northwestern tribes, and is in fact, the basis of the Hanis Coos numeral system. James Buchanan, the oldest of our informants, heard these stories from ancestors that were born long before the Europeans came here, and he carried on the old tradition of storytelling. The essence of the Grizzly Bear story is this:

Five bears kill everyone who passes their house. People arrange a fair during which they kill four of the bears. The youngest wants to revenge the death of his brothers¹. But an old woman, who curses him to remain a bear forever, treacherously kills him. The "old woman" is a Wren. In the Alsea version the Wren is an "old man."

Myth tales took place in the days of the "first people," and were in animal form. Although Buchanan did not mention the locale where the "fair" was held, we know from other sources that it took place at Sea Lion Caves and Heceta Head. The area where the lighthouse is located was known both in Coos/Lower Umpqua/Siuslaw and Alsea as Tlowa'sk, and was an important place, as it is the location of several stories. Buchanan related another one, called "The Man Who Married a Bird," in which Tlowa'sk is mentioned. An Alsea Story, "The Universal Change," is similar to the "Five Bears" in that the location is the same; there were games being played, and when the games ended, Grizzly was to be killed. So that Grizzly Bear would not become suspicious, everyone pretended to fight, because they were all going to take part in killing him. But Grizzly sensing danger jumped in the ocean and began swimming. In this story, Grizzly has a wife, and she was to be killed also (apparently to wipe out the species), but she ran inland, while the male Grizzly swam out to sea. *"In vain, one man was trying to spear him, missing him, and the spear merely turned into a rock."* Wren eventually kills

¹It is common in Native American stories for the youngest to be the smartest and bravest.

Grizzly, in this version, and old man.² Another Alsea version is similar to *The Five Grizzly Bears*, except again, only one Grizzly is involved. This one is called "The Death of Grizzly Bear," told by Tom Jackson (an Alsea)³ in 1910 to Frachtenberg.

*The Five Grizzly Bears*⁴

They were five brothers living there. No man ever could pass by there. Whenever they saw any one pass there, they killed him right away. Even if two persons passed by, still they would kill them. A little ways distant, many people were living and talking about it. All the people were afraid of them because of all the people the five brothers had killed. What should they do?

A Chief thought it over and wondered; "*What if we should arrange some games?*" And the people said it was a good idea and that they would get the ground ready. A stonewall was put up high. On top of the wall a crosspiece was placed. "*If we bring up any one here, and if the head goes over this cross-piece, then at the same time we shall hit the head.*" The wall was put up in the ocean (this wall is in fact the high rock cliffs at Sea Lion Caves).

After all was ready, many different people came to play there. At the top of the wall was where all the prize money was, and the object was to climb the wall (cliff) and get it, only just as they got to the top, the money was thrown in the ocean and the player had to run back down again. The wall, being so steep, the player had a rope fastened around the neck and was assisted up to the top.

The five brothers soon heard of all the fun and games going on at this place, and the older brother decided he ought to go there. On the way he met a man and inquired as to where these games were being held. Grizzly Bear so frightened the man that he wanted to quickly be rid of him. So he said, "*People are playing there. You must get there quickly. Money is their stake, but no one can win it.*" In the meantime Raccoon came to the wall. They put a rope around his neck and he was told, "*When you are pulled from above, then you shall turn the knot around your cheek, and you shall run up.*" And it seemed as if he really was running, but he was pulled from above. Just as he got to the top, the lucky money was slid down, with Raccoon in hot pursuit. The lucky money fell into the water, where a man standing there retrieved it.

Grizzly Bear looked on as people were playing. Someone said to him, "*It's your turn now. I will put a rope around your neck.*"- "*Not so,*" said Grizzly Bear. "*I will climb up without a rope.*" "*Certainly, climb up.*" He ran. He went a little way up and slid down again. Grizzly Bear looked up. "*All right, put a rope around my neck.*" A rope was placed around his neck, a knot at the back. Then he was hauled up, and when his neck stretched over the crosspiece, he was struck in the head. Then he was just rolled aside.

²It is interesting that Tlowa'sk is the southern terminus in the Alsea tales, although Tlowa'sk is well in Siuslaw territory

³According to Harrington, Alsea is only two syllables.

⁴Since most of this article is quoted myths, Italics will only be used for dialogue.

The following day the next brother said to his younger brother; *"I wonder why he does not come back. I better go there and see."* He came to the man who had given his brother directions, and asked, *"Have you seen my elder brother? He must have been here, here are the remnants of his meal."* The man told him that his brother had went to where the people were playing for lucky money, and that he was probably still there. When he went there, he saw people playing. He thought, *"Won't I be able to run up?" "Like an old woman that one there is running up"- "Do you want to play? Your elder brother may be high up. They are playing there. He may be among them."* Raccoon ran up again. The stake (money) was slid down and Raccoon followed it. The stake fell into the water. Someone went after it, and brought up the lucky stake. Grizzly Bear looked at it. *"Now, it's your turn, Grizzly Bear."* The rope was put around his neck and the knot tied on the back. He came very near getting to the top, he was out of breath. His head came to the crosspiece. His neck was struck, and he was killed and his body rolled aside.

"What's the reason he doesn't come back? I will follow him." Thus another Grizzly Bear said. And he came to the man. *"Have you seen my elder brothers? Did the two of them pass by here? Look, this is where they ate; here are the remnants of their meal" "Where did they go?"- "There where they play, your two brothers are among them."* Indeed, he went there and saw people playing. Grizzly Bear ran up the wall. *"Like an old woman, that one is running up." "Where are my brothers?"* He was getting mad. Raccoon ran down from above. *"People are playing above; there your two brothers may be playing. Do you want to climb up?"* Grizzly was in a hurry. The rope was put around his neck, the knot tied behind, and he was drawn up. His head came to the crosspiece. His head was hit, and he was killed, and his body rolled aside.

Now the fourth brother went to find out what had happened to his older brothers. He met the same man, got the same directions to the place, and was killed just as his brothers before him.

The youngest brother had a dream. This was his dream. *"Your brothers were simply killed."* He was afraid to go there, but he put on his belt anyway, and started out to find out what had happened to his four brothers. He came to the man. *"Have you seen my brothers? Look, these are the remnants of their food." "You will see your brothers at the place they are all playing."* Thus spoke the man.

So the younger brother came to the place where they were playing. He looked on. Raccoon ran down. Then Grizzly Bear said, *"Won't I be able to run down?"* Then he said, *"Where are my brothers?"* Then the man watching said to him. *"Different people play above, they are among them."* Another said. *"Do you want to climb up?" "Indeed, I want to climb up there." "Come, you shall certainly climb up."* Someone put a rope around his neck. He took hold of the rope and took it off his neck. *"I will run up without a rope."* He ran. He climbed up quickly. When he had come half way, he was out of breath and slid back down. He tried again, but could not hold on, and slid back down again. He heard as the people

played up above, *"How will you climb up, said one?"* He became very much agitated. He said thus: *"All right, put the rope around my neck."* One tied a knot on his back. He did not want it that way. One said to him. *"If you do it that way, then you will surely play."* So Raccoon ran down. He looked at him, and indeed, he had a knot on his back. Now Raccoon pretty nearly got on top. He began to slacken up little bit, and turned the knot around. At the same time someone drew him up from above. *"Do you see it?" "Certainly I see it."* Thus spoke Grizzly Bear. *"Put the rope around my neck."* He then ran up, while someone pulled from above. His head came near the crosspiece, but Grizzly Bear was watching out. His head was hit. He dodged as he was struck. Just the rope was hit. The rope came apart and was rolled down below and fell into the water. *"Indeed, my dream was true. My elder brothers were killed."*

Grizzly Bear ran and jumped into the ocean. He swam far out. No one could follow him. He was thinking. *"Which direction shall I go? Where shall I get ashore?"* He was cold as he was swimming ashore. Indeed, he came ashore at the mouth of a river.⁵ One old woman was living there. Grizzly Bear thought. "I will go there." He came ashore crawling, not being able to stand up. Now he came to the old woman who lived there. *"Is that you grandson?"* thus spoke the old woman. *"You are merely cold. You shall warm yourself here."* She kindled a fire. *"You will soon get warm."* Grizzly Bear fell asleep right away as soon as he got warm. The old woman spoke to him again. *"You sleep, and let me get some wood."* She put large quantities of wood on the fire. As Grizzly Bear slept, the old woman gathered pitch wood in her basket. She came back to the house and put the pitch into a bowl. With red-hot stones she boiled the pitch. The Grizzly Bear smelled it. *"What is that I scent?" "It's only the wood which I caused to burn so very hard."* Thus spoke that old woman. Grizzly Bear again fell sound asleep. He slept with his mouth wide open. The pitch was boiling. The old woman took the pot and poured the boiling pitch into his mouth. That old woman ran away into a corner and looked on from there.

Grizzly Bear got up and began to jump around. He was looking for that old woman; and when he saw her, he seized her. He bit and chewed her between his teeth. She came out from there, from his mouth. The woman was sitting between his teeth. She again came out from there. Thus Grizzly Bear was thinking. *"I will kill the old woman."* He again seized her. *"I will now swallow her entirely."* And he did. That old woman cut out his heart. Then she came out his anus. That old woman looked on as he died. Now she was thinking. Then she said. *"You shall be nothing. The last generation shall eat your meat. You shall be nothing. You shall always be an article of food. Whenever you see someone, you will run away. Whenever you scent people, you will run far away."* All this that dear old woman was saying. Now here it ends. Thus the people tell the story.

Why did I submit "The Five Grizzly Bears" as a name? I read the story some years ago and hadn't really thought much about it. But one time I was

⁵In the Alsea versions Grizzly came ashore near the mouth of the Yaquina.

coming home from a meeting at Otter Crest. It was a late winter afternoon, dark sky with a cold rain and sleet coming down. On approaching the bridge over Cape Creek (at Heceta), I pulled off the road and parked. Then I walked out on the bridge. It was eerie; only one or two cars came by. I felt the presence of those five bears watching me, and ever since that time, I have had an image of five Grizzly heads in wintry clouds, looking down on the scene of their murders.

RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS OF THE COOS, LOWER UMPQUA & SIUSLAW

PART1 OF 3: DREAM POWERS

Patty Whereat Phillips

A year ago, when I was researching the Ghost Dance, I became curious about the broader cultural context of the Ghost Dance – the religious world view of the people. It is not an easy subject to untangle – in part because the informants who were asked about it (primarily Jim Buchanan, Annie Peterson, and Frank Drew) had all lived at a time when two new influences were strong – the Ghost Dance and Christianity. This strongly colored their life experiences and their interpretations of traditional native culture.

But combing through the interview with that generation of elders the general world view was this in summary: Everything had a spirit; such as rocks, trees and animals. Spirits could send people messages and songs in dreams. And some people acquired enough spirit power to become shamans (usually called doctors in English by Indians). Prayers were also said to the Father of the People (in Hanis, *le meu ma'aninyas*, Milluk *tlθ k'a di manyas*, Siuslawan *mitalmaxaitan*). In Coos lore, he was the fifth and last generation of tricksters recounted in the Worldmaker cycle (See Coos Myth Texts), who at the end of his adventures went up to the sky world. The Siuslaw conception might be closer to the Alsea stories of *S'uku* the world transformer (see Frachtenberg's Alsea Texts).

To cover this topic in more detail, I am breaking it up into three parts. This first part is about 'dream powers' in general. Part two is about luck powers, and the third is about Indian doctors.

Spirit powers were known as *gwa'atis* (Hanis) or *gwans* (Milluk) which translates as 'dream' since the powers revealed themselves in dreams, or also referred to as *qais* (day).^{*} To the dreamer, they revealed visions, and songs, and occasionally herbal remedies. They appeared in the dreams typically as human, then later revealed themselves as associated with a particular animal or plant. Ordinary people did not reveal what their dream was. Annie Peterson commented that *"If you don't want a dream, you tell it, you get up at once in the morning, you eat, you swim;, like always try to forget it. You tell it. Then they say you won't dream it anymore."* Some powers were rejected because they were regarded as too jealous and destructive, or too apt to poison other people. However, if a dream was wanted then *"...they don't tell anyone, they stay out all day in the woods, get wood, don't stay in the houses, they don't eat till evening.*

Then they eat in the evening, saying nothing of the dream to anyone.”¹

When the ghost dance came, people no longer kept their dreams secret. Annie Peterson noted that *“When the Thompson-Charlie religion came in, they told their dreams before everybody, but before that time nobody ever told their dreams, doctors or anybody.”²* The only time people knew for certain what power someone had was when that person was dying, and the power was leaving him or her. *“Thus, they see a rainbow – someone with rainbow power is dying – there is a wind storm – someone with wind power is dying - you hear dogs barking – a person with dog power is dying.”³*

Unless one was a doctor, people did not wear things from their power animal, and sang their dream songs quietly.⁴ Doctors could wear things from their power. To become a doctor, people went out and trained in isolated places, until they gained several different powers.

But one did not need to train to become a doctor to get practical help from a dream power. It was believed that some people could use their power to be a better hunter, or change the weather. Annie Peterson recalled that there was a Siuslaw woman who had the power to call in herring. *“When awful hungry at herring coming time in spring, maybe April, the people get her – she was no shaman.... She would rub her body rubbing along in the bush, with an empty basket on her back. Emily sang this woman's song. You mustn't laugh when she does this. Two children laughed at her once when she was going thru her singing and antics – she got angry – went home, and no herrings came in that time.”⁵*

Occasionally, the People's Father himself would appear in a dream. Not strictly a 'dream power' like other powers, nevertheless these too were visions that could bring healing. Annie Peterson gave an account of this happening to her when she was a child: *We children were playing and running. It was if I stepped on something, and then I fell. Those children carried me and took me home. I was sick for some time, I dreamed constantly, I could not sleep.*

I dreamed a person dressed in black, a fine looking man, entered. He carried me out. A good block of wood lay there, he placed me on it there. He took a small axe from his pocket, with it he split open my leg. That is what he did to it. He took out of it something like an angle worm. He held it in his hand, there the angle worm wriggled. That is what he said then, “Do you see the grass standing there? Tell your mother to cut your leg with glass, then she may wash your leg with that grass.” Then this is what he said, “Do you know me? I am the father of the people

1Jacobs, Melville. 1932-1934. Coos Ethnologic Notes & Texts. University of Washington archives. Notebook 98, p. 84.

2Jacobs, Melville. 98:84.

3Jacobs, Melville. 98:112.

4Jacobs, Melville. 101:30.

5Jacobs, Melville. 98:124.

(God). *I came just to help you.*” He just stood there, and then he vanished, after he had spoken thus.⁶

Annie's mother did as her dream advised, and she recovered.

Different powers had different personalities-meaning powers had different proclivities that might manifest themselves as behaviors or characteristic in people. Some powers were believed to be too volatile or dangerous in some ways to make good, positive powers, for doctors or nondoctors. “Water dog” (probably rough-skin newt) power wants to poison people. Fog power also is poison-prone and can cause blindness. Panther power was thought to be 'mean' and make a person mean. Snake, wind, rain, rainbow, blood, surf and rocks were also regarded as dangerous. Although sometimes doctors were said to obtain some of these powers in secret. Powers that were regarded as good were included crow, snipe, eagle, fish hawk, hummingbird, black bear, tree, and yellowhammer.⁷

*I have not yet found the equivalent term in the Siuslaw/Umpqua language, but translating 'dream' would be *quituu*.

6Jacobs, Melville. Coos Narrative and Ethnologic Texts. University of Washington Press, p. 99-100.

7Jacobs, Melville. 98:88-124.

RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS OF THE COOS, LOWER UMPQUA & SIUSLAW

PART 2 OF 3: POWERS OF GOOD LUCK AND WEALTH

Patty Whereat Phillips

“Elders would bark at youngster thus: Travel round here and there. Don't be afraid of something. Go everywhere! Go here and there, travel! The woods, around by the ocean. You shouldn't stay home all the time lest you won't get rich. If you stay home you won't get wealthy.” - Annie Peterson¹

In part 1 of “Religious Traditions”, I focused on dream (spirit) powers. But, many Oregon coastal peoples believed in other types of spirit powers – such as powers that could bring good luck and fortune. This particular power was known as *tlxiin̄x* in Hanis, *tlxinxat* in Milluk (unfortunately I have not found the equivalent term in Siuslawan, but the concept existed as there are Umpqua and Siuslaw stories about luck powers). This seems to have loomed large in our cultures, as this is a popular theme in many retellings of Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw stories.

What are luck powers? Out of the numerous stories told of them, some general themes emerge. They are something encountered in lonely or frightening places (such as a cemetery or deep in the forest), they often resemble people at first, and usually the person encountering the power is frightened. But if he or she is brave, a small trinket is received. Which if cached, will grow into dentalia. Depending on the particular power, good luck in gambling results, or greater fortune in hunting. For women, it might even lead to marrying a wealthy man.

Annie Peterson recounted advice she had learned from elders about wealth powers:

- (1) *This is the way we always speak when we tell our children about it. No matter how bad it (the encounter) be, even if they are not good encounters. Even then they tell their children that way.*
- (2) *“Go round about outside! Fear nothing! No matter how bad (fearful) it may be, you are to go nevertheless right to it here, (perhaps) to the ocean, (or perhaps) to a lake, no matter how bad it may be. You must not fear it.”*
- (3) *“If there are tree snags (or stumps) at the lake, if there is a*

¹Jacobs, Melville. 1932-1934. Coos Ethnologic Field Notes. Jacobs Collection. University of Washington. Notebook 95:32.

black huckleberry bush on it, you should swim to it there. It indeed will make a fine hand game stick. You might become rich with it, if you encounter such a thing."

(4) *Even though (they are) young girls they will nevertheless tell such things to them. And indeed that is what they (girls) themselves do. That is the way a girl at puberty goes around, swims, and encounters a luck power person indeed.*

(5) *She might obtain money (with her encounter power) she might obtain a husband with it. That is what makes them become wealthy. That is the way the children believe their parents.²*

The reference to making a hand game stick from a huckleberry bush growing in the middle of a lake is interesting – my interpretation is that the spirit of the plant can grant fortune through objects made of it. Jim Buchanan mentions another plant, 'ironwood' (ocean spray, *Holodiscus discolor*), that also could appear as a *tlxinxat*:

Ironwood was a power, a woman, weeping out in the woods, all decorated. He saw it was a person, he went, 4 times he didn't get to her, the 5th time, scared to death, he gets to the weeping woman. She had a white thing which he took from her nose. Then he fainted, lost consciousness. When he came to she was gone. Neither had spoken. While lying senseless he dreamed. In the dream she told him he would be wealthy. While he lay there it became 2 dentalia. He brought it home, he cached it 5 days in a hole in moss in the ground, and it multiplied. She was ironwood.³

Since ocean spray wood was often used to make gambling sticks, it makes sense that the spirit power associated with this plant could bring wealth and fortune.

Frank Drew talked about how he may have missed an encounter with a *tlxinxat* when he was about ten years old:

After the dance, Drew and his pal went out, a dark night, looked over towards the graveyard, and saw a dim light there. It got bigger and bigger. Drew's older pal wanted to go over to the graveyard, close. Drew refused to go closer. Later they told the elders they had seen a light there, getting bigger and bigger. The elders said he should have gone to it, with his pal. That was perhaps a way of obtaining wealth. Two men would have been squatting facing one

²Jacobs, Melville. 1939. *Coos Narrative and Ethnologic Texts*. University of Washington Press, p. 98.

³Jacobs, Melville. 1932-1934. *Coos Ethnologic Field Notes*. Jacobs Collection. University of Washington. Notebook 92:149.

another gambling and betting. Had he stayed and watched, and in order to have a tl'xi'nax, you will lose your senses and fall down.⁴

Various themes of obtaining a luck power appears in several legends. One is the Siuslaw story “The Man who Married the Bird Woman (see Frachtenberg's Coos Texts, page 187) there is a poor, luckless, naked man who never wins in any gambling contest. He leaves his home at the mouth of the Siuslaw River with his sole possession – a fish-pole – and travels far up the North Fork. At a riffle, he encounters a strange bird. He tries to catch it with his pole, and discovers she is a woman. He stays with her for some days in her underwater home, and then she returns him to the human world with clothes, presents, and a promise to send a whale to his relatives on the coast. He comes home, and becomes wealthy from selling whale meat, and forever after also has good luck in gambling.

The Coos story of “The Rock Point Person Lost his Good Luck Thing” (see Jacobs' Coos Myth Texts page 133). Here, a poor man from the Gregory Point village catches a talking fish – that promises to provide the man with good fortune if he lets him go. The man does, and soon enough becomes wealthy. Eventually, his wife becomes greedy and sends her husband to call the fish with extravagant demands. The fish (the luck power) abandons the man because of his family's greed, and he becomes poor again.

The acquisition of luck powers (tlxinxat) seems to have been as important as acquiring a dream power. Having a dream power and luck powers were viewed as important for thriving in life.

In part 3, we'll look at the people who gathered spiritual power and took on a lucrative but dangerous profession – the shaman.

⁴Jacobs, Melville. Notebook. 92:22

RELIGION: PART III

HEALING AND DOCTORING

Patty Whereat Phillips

In the previous two articles we've discussed native beliefs regarding spirit powers. In matters of religion our tradition was that almost any individual could gain powers and interact with beings from a spiritual realm. But there was a group of specialists, shamans-usually called 'doctors' by Oregon Indians in English.

Explaining the detailed practices and problems of doctors is complex, but in summary, doctors walked a fine line. It was believed that illness was caused by poison-pain-powers (the main type known as *k'xai* in the Coos Bay languages, *su'ut* in Siuslawan). Doctors had the power to cure and to harm – to send those *k'xai* or *su'ut* in the first place. Doctors could become wealthy in obtaining fees for curing patients, but conversely, if a particular doctor was accused of causing an illness or death, he or she might be killed. Doctoring could be a fulfilling but dangerous calling.

Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw people recognized two types of doctors. The first type of doctor were healers. They were known as *ilxq'ain* in Hanis and Milluk, and as *panqa* or *palqa* in Siuslaw/Lower Umpqua. The second type were known as *mət'ædin*, and also did some curing of illnesses as well as performing certain ceremonies.

The path to becoming an *ilxq'ain/panqa* began in early adolescence. As early as age 12, a girl or boy would begin having certain powerful and vivid dreams. Nellie Lane, a Coquille doctor, described her own early experience of how she began dreaming “before I'm 15, maybe just 12 yrs old, dream, dream, dream, all the time.”⁵ But an individual would not come out and participate in a shaman initiation until age 20 or so. In young adulthood, the young dreamer would go through training in the mountains, alone – doing whatever his or her dreams said to do. Often this meant fasting and bathing frequently. When the young doctor-in-training was ready to come out publicly and claim his or her power, a feast and established doctors tested the initiate's ability. One such test was asking the initiate to hold a firebrand in the hand – if he or she was unscorched, the young doctor's power was genuine.⁶

Later in a doctor's career, he or she might go through another dance to “increase her power” - meaning the doctor was gathering another spirit-power.

5Drucker, Phillips. Ethnographic Field Notes. Manuscript No. 4516, National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution, Washington DC.

6Jacobs, Melville. 1932-1934. Coos Field Notes. University of Washington, notebook 91:88-89.

Annie Peterson described an increase-power dance she saw as a child. Assisting the doctor was a young girl who would help dance and sing, and a drummer (using either a pole to drum on the house rafters, or a hand drum):

The 'helper' at a shaman initiation is always a girl, a young girl, who starts at 10 or so and goes on doing this at different places until she is married or has her first monthly. The new doctor sings her song, then the young girl helper takes it up first before the other people join in, and she dances close by the doctor; another older man or woman doctor, some one other doctor, dances also close by – he or she is the 'watcher' – there is no special word for the doctor who is watching the power – then the watcher tells that the power coming is bad, they name only the power that is not wanted. Powers not wanted are, wind, rain, rainbow, blood, surf, rocks, blood, waterdog, snake.

When the watcher says, that is good, you take that! Then she dances, goes into a fit or trance for an hour or so. The girl helper is paid, as well as the watcher, the singer, the pole drummer. No one else is paid to come.⁷

A doctor did not take every case. They could sense if a patient was going to die or not, and could refuse to take a case.

When an *ilxq'ain* doctor accepted a case, the main healing ceremony took place at night. Frank Drew gave a detailed description of it:

*When a person is sick, the word is sent to the *ilxq'ain*, shaman, that one has so much – blankets, shirts, etc. The messenger takes the stuff along so that the shaman may see it. Then the shaman sees it, looks it all over carefully, very seldom does she say "I can't go. Reason: what you have brought me is all weeping, crying. The sick person can't live. Therefore I can't go."... The shaman has the power to know these things. Then the messenger takes back the goods. The message is delivered, that the shaman says the case is hopeless, can't be cured....*

*If the shaman goes, he says 'I'll be there tonight.' Shamans work only at night. Never in daytime. Mitedân's work any time, mostly daytime, but also night. But *ilxq'ains* work at night only. When the old doctor arrives, all has been made ready. A fire is built well, a bed is fixed alongside the fire, the spectators are all around, everybody comes, the Speaker comes....*

The shaman has to tell who gave the sick person the sickness, and what it consists of. Before the shaman commences,

⁷Jacobs, Melville. 98:101-102

he or she strip, all except a shirt or pants. She or he wears the shaman's headband with red woodpecker scalps and eagle claws hanging from the headband on each side. They wear beads (dentalia). Sometimes they wear a belt made of buckskin with dentalia over it. They are barefooted.... The sick person is laid alongside the fire. The shaman stands over the sick person, looks at him, sizes him up, they say to him, the people "We want you to do your best to bring this person well, to cure him. Do you very best." The shaman gets down, in one knee, examines, starts singing, slowly, then gets up.... There is a dishpan of cold water at the side. The Speaker sits close by, maybe the chief too.

Also a drummer, anybody who understands how. Then he starts his song... The drummer accompanies, rapidly. Then the shaman talks a while. "There is nothing so complicated as my work, but I always succeed in restoring their health, if it's in my power to do so." Then he starts his song again, then they all join in his song, and then, as it gets hot, he leaps down to the sick person, all watch closely, while they keep singing; the shaman takes a few sips of cold water, he blows it, spits it all over the patient. Then they stop singing, he tells the spectators there is another shaman yonder, in Alsea country, 40 or 50 miles from here, has taken – because someone wanted revenge and paid that shaman a sum to kill him – he tells 'where it comes from'....⁸

The *ilxq'ain/panqa* type of doctor cured by pulling out the poison-pain-power. Depending on the type of power it was, it might look like a small lizard, worm, snake, or slime. The doctor would show all in attendance the pain-power and then swallow it or sent it back to the shaman who had created the poison-pain power.

The second doctor – the *mæt'ædin* – is little more difficult to pin down, as descriptions of the *mæt'ædin*'s powers, and how they got their power, were not always agreed upon. Frank Drew once stated that only men became *mæt'ædin*, but Jim Buchanan and Annie Miner Peterson disagreed, and indeed in Buchanan's opinion, woman made better *mæt'ædin*. No one knew how a *mæt'ædin* obtained his or her power.

Buchanan gave the most detailed descriptions of what *mæt'ædin* do, so we'll look at what he described. First, *mæt'ædin* could work on curing illness, although Jim Buchanan thought they mostly worked on illnesses associated with the head and chest. The principal difference in curing was, while *ilxq'ain* cured by pulling out the poison-pain-power, the *mæt'ædin* killed the pain-power inside the patient.⁹

⁸Jacobs, Melville. 91:109-112.

⁹Jacobs, Melville. 92:145.

The *mət'ædin* also seemed to be the preferred doctor to create a curse to uncover wrongdoers. If valuables were stolen, the *mət'ædin* could be hired to curse the thief, and would lift the curse when the valuables were returned to the rightful owner.¹⁰ Also what was unique to the *mət'ædin* was his or her ability to perform the *tlaišda* ceremony. The *tlaišda* was done when a *mət'ædin* gave fresh food to an individual who, because of taboo, was confined to eating only dried foods. There were four different situations that required *tlaišda*: handling a corpse, a menstruating woman, a young woman during her first menstruation, and after killing another human being.¹¹

The ancient tradition of *mət'ædin* and *ilxq'ain/panqa* healing went in to rapid decline after the introduction of devastating European diseases, such as tuberculosis and smallpox, that they were unequipped to deal with. Doctor Milhau, observing the sweep of epidemics on the Oregon coast in the 1850s, wrote "*The death of an Indian with this disease (tuberculosis) throws the whole village into a state of excitement and the Indians proceed immediately to kill off all the suspected doctors and make indiscriminate slaughter of all suspected persons until the disease disappears, so that between the disease and the means to prevent it a large number have been buried.*"¹² Doctors continued to work during the years of confinement at the Yachats reservation, but after its break-up, the tradition of shamanism faded.

10 Jacobs, Melville. 91:87.

11 Jacobs, Melville. 101:16.

12 Boyd, Robert. 1999. The Coming of the Spirit of Pestilence: Introduced Infectious Diseases and Population Decline among Northwest Coast Indians, 1774-1874. University of Washington Press. page 81.

SPIRITUAL AND RITUAL ORIGINS AND PRACTICES

By Reg Pullan¹

Stone/clay animal sculptures are a poorly documented part of the archaeological record of SW Oregon, however, they are present in many amateur and museum collections along the Southern Oregon coast. There are many questions about the role of these items in the culture and where the tradition originated. This paper will attempt to define the role of stone sculptures as religious rather than art items. An understanding of the mythological and ceremonial lives of the people is critical to interpreting the function of such objects. The area focused on extends from the Umpqua River to the Chetco River and includes the Coos, Lower Umpqua, Lower and Upper Coquille Tribes, and the various bands of the Tututni Tribes.

Man's relationship with his environment is much more than where he catches his fish, hunts elk, and digs his roots. There is an underlying belief system behind subsistence practices that ensures success over time. This is especially true in primitive hunter-gatherer societies where control of the environment is tenuous at best.

Joseph Campbell has observed *that "People claim the land by creating sacred spots, by mythologizing the animals and plants -they impart the land with spiritual powers. It becomes like a temple, a place for meditation."* This spiritual relationship between man and land is further fostered through rituals and ceremonies. According to Campbell, *"A ritual is the enactment of a myth. By participating in a ritual, you are participating in a myth."* The ultimate expression of a myth may be the religious effigy. Mythological creatures carved of stone and bone become vital elements in ceremonies to gain control of their power. Here in SW Oregon such creatures include bear, seal, owl, beetle, salamander, blue jay, woodpecker, otter, and salmon. These and many other creatures were memorialized through the belief in a myth age before man arrived, when animals ruled the world. It is important when considering the myth era to remember that Native Americans thought of the ancient animals as having human-like qualities. Melville Jacobs discovered this when he said, *"Not until I formulated as I have in the following pages, something of the region's ideology of spirit powers did I comprehend that I must accept exactly what the Indians said about the physical appearance of myth actors. Actors who were given animal, fish, bird, or insect names sometimes differed in behavior, not in features of body structure, from actors who were avowedly human in temperament."*

¹ The following article was submitted by BLM archaeologist Reg Pullen to a symposium in Ashland, Oregon.

These myth creatures inhabited the heavens and high places and could be encountered and controlled through the spirit quest, as Stephen Dow Beckham has observed, *"The guardian spirit was the central feature in the life of each Indian once living in SW Oregon. This 'rite of passage' occurred at about age 13 or 14 and involved each young person's journey to a lonely mountain top to observe a ritual of several days duration. Usually at a meadow surrounded by the dark forest of firs and cedars the candidate found a location with a panoramic view of the surrounding countryside. If stones were available the candidate constructed a small shelter, a waist high circle of rock and settled down into this enclosure to await the communication of the spirit world. This process involved dreaming, dancing, praying, fasting, and going without sleep until at last a guardian spirit came to the candidate."* The quest for a specific spirit is one of the cultural elements that marks the Indians of SW Oregon as part of the NW coast rather than Californian cultures. From the Tolowa of NW California southward, the quest is not for a specific animal power but rather an unspecified pain.

The possession of a spirit power was vital to existence of each individual. It was believed that if the individual insulted his spirit power it would "go back on him" and leave, resulting in his death. Annie Minor Peterson, a Coos woman, stated, "If you lose your spirit power you get awful sick, maybe die because you can't get it back; you get a shaman to doctor on you to get back your dream. One cause for losing your spirit power is because you tried to poison someone else with it." An individual would never eat his spirit helper. According to Peterson, *"If you have deer, seal, sea lion, you never eat what you dream. If you see it like a human, talk to it like a human, it will get even with you, you will lose your power, it won't come to let you know things anymore."* Individuals who dreamed of deer and deer songs would be good hunters (Jacobs). Whale shamans would perform spirit dance songs on the beach when whales were migrating to bring one ashore (Jacobs). Peterson observed, *"If you dream wolf, be good hunter like wolf. Can't come away without a deer or elk."* Peterson had heard of an old Siuslaw woman with a herring power. When the people were starving in the spring, at the time when herring usually returned, this woman would dance, rubbing her body in the brush with an empty basket on her back until the herring came. Another woman had crow power and could predict when the surf smelt would be spawning on the beaches. Not everyone had a spirit power. Peterson estimated that only about 100 of the 500 or so Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw Indians at the Yachats Reservation in the 1870's possessed a spirit helper. There is little question though that it was deemed a desirable asset. Certainly possession of spirit powers was essential to becoming a shaman. Perhaps the best description of this prowess was provided by Nellie Lane, a Lower Coquille woman whose father was headman of the village of Ka-mas-da-tun, across from present day Bandon.

"If a person is going to be a doctor, she begins to dream when she's still young. She dreams all the time. Her 'power' tells her when she should fast and not drink water. She has to train all the time. When she has 5 powers she tells

her relatives to sing for her and she dances 10 nights. I began to dream when I was 12-15. It was before I became pubescent. I first dreamed about Grizzly Bear. He looked just like a person but he was a bear. He told me, 'you're going to become a big doctor. I'm going to be your power; I shall stand behind you when you cure sick people. Tomorrow I don't want you to eat anything all day. I want you to walk around in the hills and practice this song all day.' Then he sang his song for me. The next one I dreamt of was Yellowhammer. He looked like a person too. He said to me, 'I'm going to be your power. When you sing my song you can cure people who are sick. When you think about me then you can cure.' These 2 kept coming back to me, telling me how to train myself all the time. Once Coyote came to me. I said, 'I don't want you for my "power".' Coyote is mean, always doing mean things. He is kind of foolish too sometimes. You know the stories about him. I didn't want him because I was afraid he might make me do things like he does. I was getting strong power all the time. Next I dreamed about the Otter. He came to me and said, 'I'm going to help you, you have to sing my song first when you want to cure someone who is sick. When you sing my song I shall be right there near you. Other people can't see me but you will see me there helping you.' I wanted to wait until I got 5 guardian spirits before I danced the doctor making dance." (Drucker)

Another important Lower Coquille shaman was Gwal'ya, called Mary by the early white settlers of Bandon. Her father was Chief John of the Na-so-mah village located where Bandon is today. Her doctoring power came from a large snipe song which said, *"My name is big snipe and I'm coming on the surf."* When she doctored she put her mouth on the afflicted part of the body to draw out the worm that was causing the problem. She would then go into convulsions and helpers would plunge her hands in a bucket of cold water. Afterward she would show the patient and audience the extracted worm.

Peterson said of Mary, *"They talk about 'people in the rock'. Old Lady Cissie, Ida's aunt, old Ned's sister said Big Mary had raven, seal, and round rock power, as well as snipe."*

It is interesting to note that two of the most prominent shaman in the Lower Coquille Tribe during the historic period were daughters of headmen. This suggests that possession of certain spirits with shamanistic powers may have been controlled by wealthy families. The outcome of the spirit quest may very well have been determined by the status-and tribal role of the questor's family.

Most SW Oregon ceremonies were centered on the presence of spirit powers in the culture. Ceremonies of note include the wealth display dance, dream dance, winter round dance, and dances at the time of the winter solstice and spring equinox.

An excellent description of the wealth display dance was given by Coquille Thompson, an Upper Coquille Indian who that *"the Tu-Tu-Tun spread out all of this finery. Another chief asked what for. The chief said that the village should put on a dance, dancing ten days. He invited the Eucre Creek people*

and the upriver people to attend, sending messengers. They mocked deer, elk, birds when they danced. They had yellowhammer red-feather headdresses and regalia fixed up with woodpecker scarlets. When they were done, all this wealth was gathered up and put away again." Daisy Wassen Coddling, a Coos woman, said that people would dream about different animals such as eagle, elk, and red-headed woodpecker, and wear their costumes in the wealth display dance. The right to wear certain costumes was sometimes inherited.

The dream dance was held during the dead of winter to *"bring the dead home."* Each person would dance in front of the audience, singing and acting out his spirit power song. This was perhaps the most important of all the Coos ceremonial activities.

After the dream dance the old people of the village would perform the winter (Sam et') dance, described by Frank Drew as: *"Two rows form but the real dancers get out in front, sexes alternate in the rows. One fellow leaps out into the center with a stuffed deer head with horns on and imitates a deer in the forest; the others all help and sing. The fellow in the center doesn't sing he just performs as a deer, maybe two dance in the center, the others all help. This is an old, old song."* Another Sa met' dance centered on men wearing red-headed woodpecker costumes and pretending to peck at alder poles moving back and forth.

When the *"sun went back"* in the winter (winter solstice), a dance to scare children was held. In this dance masks made of dried eel skins, deer heads, and wildcat heads were used. At the time of the vernal equinox, when "the moon goes back", a masquerade dance featuring ugly costumes was held. *"All mixed up, nobody knows who is who."* All the people painted their faces and wore masks of fish skins, leaves, etc.

Spirit powers were sometimes personified in stone and bone sculptures, as well as in ceremonial dances. Peterson's observation that *"they talk about people in the rock"* is a telling one in this regard. The exact role of these sculptures is unknown but it is quite likely that they are an attempt to gain control of the spirit power. The sculptures were probably not common village property, but were rather owned by shamans for use in specific rituals. This is supported by Peterson's observation that *"only persons who have 'come out to be real doctors' can wear things from their power animal, and act like that animal."* Others who had mere dream songs just sang them in stereotypical dream song manner.

The most common stone or clay sculptures in Southwest Oregon depict bears. This is not surprising in light of the fact that bears were considered the most powerful of all shamanistic allies. Many myths recount stories of the supernatural powers of grizzly and black bears.

Pecked stone sculptures of bears are found in amateur collections from the North Fork of the Siuslaw River, the Lower Coquille River, and Floras Creek. Ceramic clay bear heads or figurines have been discovered on the Umpqua

River, Upper Coquille River, and Pistol River. They are commonly found in interior Southwest Oregon as well.

Both Nellie Lane and her aunt considered grizzly power the *strongest for shamanistic healing*. Lane when describing her doctor training says, *"I first dreamed about grizzly bear. He looked just like a person but he was a bear. He told me, 'you're going to become a big doctor. I'm going to be your power; I shall stand behind you when you cure sick people'."* Lane also recounted the shamanistic training of her aunt. *"Grizzly bear and yellowhammer were the strongest of the powers, though."* When she was still training grizzly bear used to tell her to practice dancing out in the woods. Then she would go up to a big rock and suck blood out of it. He gave her power to do this. Once she met a grizzly back in the mountains. She just said to him, *"You don't want to hurt me; you're my guardian spirit."* Then she began to sing her song. The bear walked away. He didn't look like a person that time, he had fur on; but he was her spirit just the same. She would never eat any kind of bear meat. *"You can't eat the kind that you have for a guardian spirit, it would make you sick."*

Annie Minor Peterson told of a woman who obtained her bear power in another way. Two Coos women were paddling their canoe across Tenmile Lake to reach a favored berry gathering place. They saw a bear swimming in the lake. Cu-dj-els wanted to approach and club it to death while Ke'ye felt afraid. As they came near the bear pulled Cu-dj-els from the boat and she disappeared. When both came up, the woman was badly mauled. Her wounds became infected and she was delirious with fever for several days. One morning she awoke and said, *"I won't die. The bear that fought me is going to heal me."*

Other sculptures depicting seals have been found along the Lower Coquille River. An elephant seal tooth inscribed with scrimshawed designs was recovered from the village of Na-su-ce-tum by Oregon State University archaeologists in 1988.

Seals were often imbued with spiritual powers, perhaps because of the Coos belief that they looked like people. One popular Coos myth recounts the story of a young girl living near present-day South Slough who was always swimming. She disappeared for a month and then her relatives saw her hauled out on an island sunning herself in a colony of seals. Later she came home and said, *"You must not weep about me. Seals are people. They go into their houses."* She brought quantities of dentalium to pay the bride price and went back to live permanently as a seal.

Seals and sea lions were an important food source to coastal people who craved fat. Rituals were vitally important to ensure hunting success. For example, the Sixes River people performed the Sea Lion song for one to two nights before each hunt on the offshore rocks. They would lay down and kick one foot while singing this song. Such songs may also have served to instruct participants about proper hunting strategy in an endeavor that was extremely dangerous.

One carved bone owl effigy has been found on the southern Oregon coast at the Umpqua-Eden site at the mouth of the Umpqua River. This item closely resembles owl effigies found along the Lower Columbia River, suggesting the possible derivation of this cultural trait.

Owls were a prominent part of coastal Indian mythology. Most tribes believed that hearing owls hooting was a sign of upcoming death. Annie Minor Peterson said that a Lower Miluk woman named "Screech Owl" had the spirit power to know of bad signs and death coming; to know even better than crow about everything that was going to happen. She said when people heard the call of the owl they knew when someone was going to die. The ability to foretell death must have been of tremendous value to shamans who were themselves sacrificed if their patient died.

One of the most interesting stone sculptures is that of a water beetle from the South Fork of the Coquille River at Powers. The beetle design is pecked on a rounded river cobble of consolidated sandstone. On the other side of the stone is a shaft straightened for a spear rather than arrow shaft.

This can be interpreted as an effort to ensure good luck for the spear being made. The Miluk Coos believed that the beetle was a symbol of good luck for gambling and other pursuits. Stated Peterson, *"A dead one is picked up and hung up somewhere and kept by a gambler in his quiver or other pouch he may have."*

Water beetle petroglyphs are incised on boulders at Scottsburg on the Umpqua River. At one time the large falls just above Scottsburg, at the head of Tidewater, was a major aboriginal fishery. The beetle symbol may have helped to ensure good fishing each fall and spring.

Stone sculptures from North Fork of Smith River and Coos Bay closely resemble giant Pacific salamanders with gills and long tapered tail. According to Peterson water dog power was used by evil shamans to poison people. These items may have been used in ritualistic attempts to poison enemies. Blue Jay may be depicted in a sculpture recently discovered near Ross Slough. It has a bird's head with double topknot. Coos had many myths about the role of Blue Jay as a shaman and trickster. One told of a girl picking myrtle nuts who later became ill. People said Blue Jay should be hired to cure her since he was a good shaman. While doctoring he grabbed her, flew up the house smoke hole and stole her for his wife.

A sculpture from a village site on north side of mouth of the Coquille may be interpreted as a Woodpecker with a prominent high crest. Redheaded woodpeckers were important in coastal Indian culture as wealth/luck objects. Coos said shamans with woodpecker power could interpret tapping of birds seeking insects in trees and foretell the future. Scalps of redheaded woodpeckers were used in feather headdresses/headbands by the wealthy. Blue Jay, Meadowlark, Redheaded Woodpecker, Mallard, and Eagle feathers were

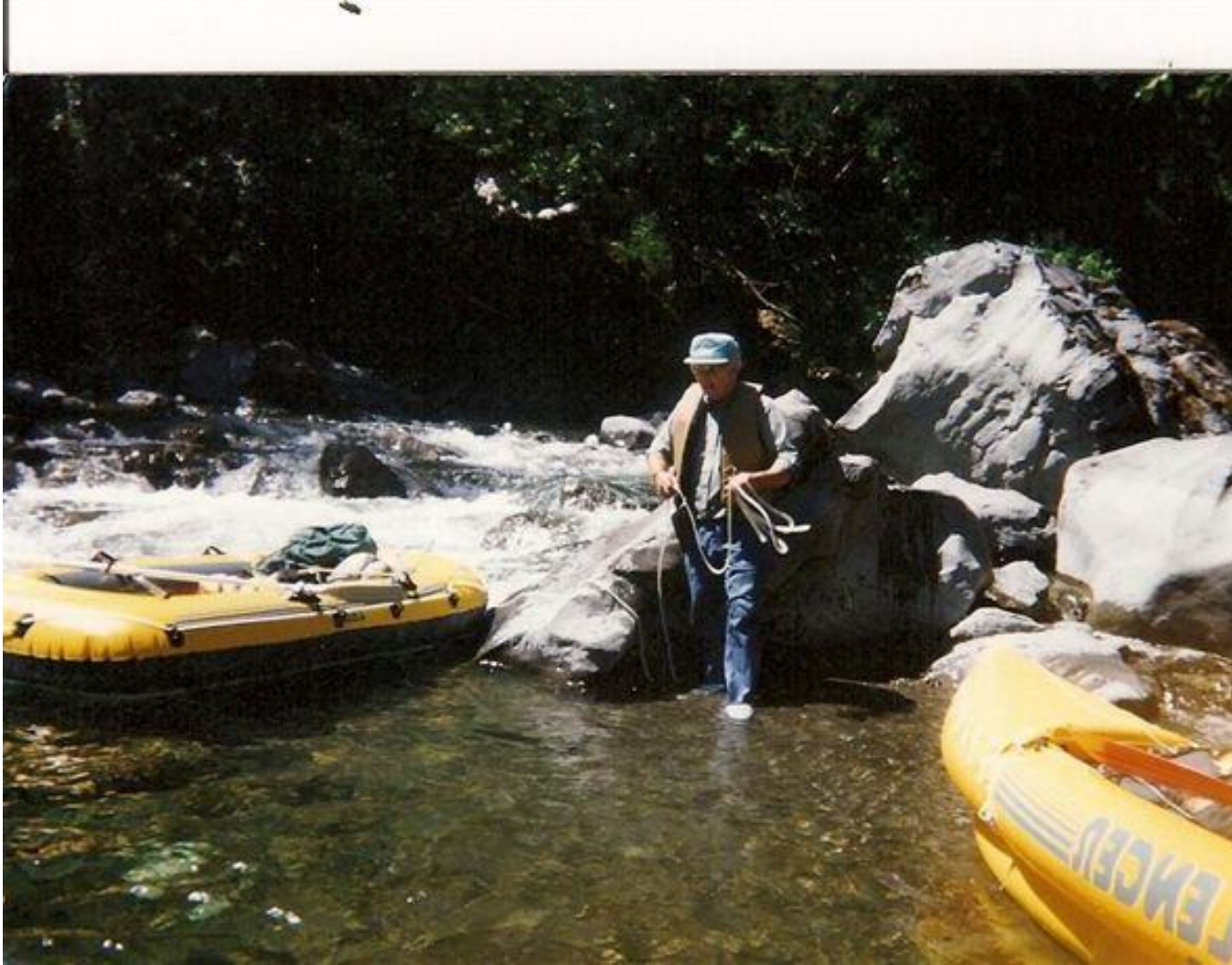
used to weave fancy dance dresses worn by wealthy women at ceremonial dances. Woodpecker feathers were tied to fishnets/tackle for good luck in salmon fishing. Woodpecker also was a trickster figure to Coos. One myth told of his hiding in a tree calling for help. A girl arrived and attempted to carve a hole in the tree so she could rescue him but he fondled her so she ran away. He had to cut himself up and throw the pieces out the hole, but crow stole his eyes and he became blind.

A sculpture from South Fork of Coquille River at Powers resembles a sea otter resting on its back with knobs for legs drawn up to its body. Otters were treasured as a mythological figure with human attributes and as a wealth object for its fur. Coos told of a beautiful girl from Takiyama village at Coos River who swam in a creek every day. One day she noticed she was pregnant. She gave birth to a boy who wouldn't stop crying and she had to keep him outside so he wouldn't disturb her sleeping brothers. A man said he was her husband and took her to an ocean bottom village. She came home once as an otter and gave 5 otter pelts to her brothers who recognized her. She never came back but each year sent 2 whales ashore as a gift to her worldly kinsmen.

Salmon effigies carved from blue schist were found at village sites on Lower Coquille and Rogue Rivers. They're worn around fishermen's necks for success in salmon fishing. A whale bone club found at Bullards on Lower Coquille River has a handle carved like a salmon tail and the head resembles the head. Coos said Coyote or other mythological figures gambled for 10 days with North God for salmon. Winner was whoever stayed awake the longest. Coyote propped open his eyes with shells and won. Salmon bones were thrown back in ocean so they could return home in the north and be regenerated the next year. Drucker described spiritual attitude towards salmon: *"A set of beliefs related to immortality of certain animal species was universal on the NW Coast. The original concept probably referred to salmon. Considering the phenomenon of the annual runs it seems reasonable. Each year the same 1 of 5 salmon varieties appeared in great numbers in a bay/cove at the mouth of a stream and then went upriver. A small number were harpooned, netted or trapped, but majority proceeded to spawning grounds, spawned and died. Bodies lined river banks & drifted back to sea. Doubtful the Indians understood life cycle of these fish. Next year the species appeared again. Belief was they were race of supernatural beings who dwelt in a great house under the sea and went about in human form. When time came for the 'run' they dressed in garments of salmon flesh to sacrifice themselves. Once dead the spirit of each fish returned to the house beneath the sea. If the bones returned to the water the being resumed his human form with no discomfort and could repeat the trip next season. Since their migration was to be voluntary, it behooved humans to take pains not to offend their benefactors. To return all salmon bones to the water was essential. If any were thrown on land, on resurrection, salmon person might lack arm, leg, or other part, and he and his tribe became angry and refused to run again in the stream which they were so badly treated. NW Coast groups had long lists of regulations/prohibitions referring to salmon people so to continue good relations*

with these important beings." Coos/Coquille/Tututni Tribes all observed first salmon ceremonies. The salmon shaman took the first salmon caught each season and divided it among all people of the village and recited various rituals before any more fish could be taken. A petroglyph of a stylized fish on a large boulder was discovered on the South Fork of Coquille River above Powers. Upper Coquilles said Coyote and wife Fish Duck tried to pole their canoe through a fish weir that blocked upper part of the river. To get through the weir they weighted the canoe at both ends with heavy boulders. Unfortunately the canoe capsized and the boulders landed in the river. This petroglyph site may be directly related to the Myth.

Miscellaneous



Don Whereat exploring the Chetco River, Sept., 1994. Photo courtesy of Reg Pullen.

CHETCO TRIP

Don Whereat (January, 1996)

In March of 1994, I wrote an article on the Chetco Indians. Those who read it may recall that Captain William Tichenor (founder of Port Orford) was employed by then Superintendent of Indian Affairs, William H. Hedges. In a letter to him on August 11, 1857, ordered him to go down to the southern coast of Oregon and round up stray Indians. Some of these "strays" had run away from the Coast Reservation; some had managed to evade capture. The month of September went well for Tichenor, and he was able to bag his quarry rather easily. But soon, his prisoners began slipping away to their old homes in the mountains.

Realizing that he needed help, Tichenor wrote to Fort Umpqua for assistance. Within a few days, a Lieutenant Loraine arrived with 16 soldiers. By this time, winter had set in and the upper Chetco country was covered with snow. Undaunted, Tichenor with his party set out for the place back in the mountains that he had overheard some of his prisoners talking about. Somewhere, up the ice-flecked river, they discovered a cabin containing seven of his former prisoners. Forcing one of the women to guide him and the Lieutenant back down the north bank of the river to what he termed "stone houses." The "stone houses" turned out to be caverns. From these they flushed out 42 more Indians, some of whom Tichenor recognized.

In describing the scene, Tichenor said, *"After I got them all out, they ascended a place that beat all I ever saw in my life for steepness. It must have been four hundred feet perpendicularly. Those women would have their baskets on their heads in which they carried the children, and they would climb up that place. That was the only place to get out unless they went way up to the head of the river where we came in. These high walls are frequently met up with up that way, but that is the highest I ever saw."*

That last trip of Tichenor's up the Chetco intrigued me. Not only me, but two friends of mine, Reg Pullen, former BLM Archaeologist, and Tex Martinek, U.S. Forest Service employee for the Chetco Ranger District.

Interested in locating the place Tichenor described, we three first made a preliminary trip in September 1994, along with Reg's eleven-year-old son, Jesse, to the area that seemed most feasible. That was the country in the neighborhood of a place called Tollman Ranch, which lies at the mouth of Mislatah Creek. The uppermost Chetco village, Misladan, formerly occupied the site of the Tollman ranch. Although no longer owned by that family, it still goes by that name. Tollman ranch is on the main stem of the Chetco River, about 22 miles east of Brookings. It lies on the north side of the river on a flat bench. It is approximately one mile long and one half mile in width at the widest point. Mislatah Creek empties into the river at the upper end of the flat, and a short distance up that creek, Blue

Slide Creek joins Mislatah.

A narrow winding road follows Long Ridge and drops down from the main road to the ranch, which is across the river on the north side. In ancient days a trail to Misladan followed this ridge, at that time a more open prairie. Anyone traveling to Misladan followed this trail, dropping down to the river, just like the road today. Although the road ends at the river, it can be crossed here with a high centered, four-wheel drive. The present owners of the place ford the river at this point. At least they did this summer of 1994.

Arriving there about noon on a hot sunny day, we set up camp, and decided to go up Blue Slide Creek, rather than the main river. The decision was easy because the river, up and down, was impossible to wade any distance, and both sides of the stream looked too formidable, particularly in the short two days we had allotted. Following a Forest Service trail a short distance to a narrow bridge over Blue Slide Creek, we crossed that and started up the creek bank. We went only a short distance before the dense underbrush forced us to take to the creek bed. We traveled this way for about a mile up the creek, alternately in and out of it. We failed to see any country such as Tichenor described, and besides, the creek was smaller than what he had indicated in his account.

Some of the Craggies of the Kalimopsis Wilderness were occasionally to be seen in the distance. Somewhere along the way we came upon two dead elk lying in the creek bed. One was a large cow, the other a young bull. The cow was lying in the creek, head on the bank, with her rib cage opened up and partially eaten. The bull was lying in the middle of the creek, head pointed downstream. On examination he did not appear to have a mark on him; possibly just died of fright. They appeared to have been dead an hour or less.

It was abundantly clear we were not even close to being in the right area, we then retraced our steps, and re-crossed the river to our camp. It might be well to mention that wading any place on the upper Chetco is not one for tender feet. The bottom is covered with slick, round boulders, making walking exceedingly difficult. Fact is, it is not so much 'walking,' as sliding one's feet along. Trying to keep my shoes dry, I tried it wading barefoot. Not good. Tennis shoes work better, but fabric covered soles are even better, except they would also wear out faster when one had to take to the bank.

That night we had the benefit of a full moon that only added to the natural beauty of the country. By the time we went to bed, it had been decided that the place we were looking for was further up river, and that the next summer, 1995, we would go further up and raft down. As it turned out, it was easier said than done.

September 1995

Long Ridge Road intersects Tin Cup trail in the vicinity of Quail Mt. Prairie. The trail winds down hill approximately three and half miles to the river. To get to the river, one has to walk and carry whatever is necessary. The number one necessity is some sort of craft to float down river. Reg and I discussed for some time whether an inflatable canoe or raft would be the better; me thinking canoe, Reg for rafts, because of our total lack of experience in what we intended. Reg won out and so I went shopping for a suitable raft. The first one I bought, after taking it home and looking it over, looked a bit more of a toy than something to trust on an unknown river. The next one was considerably more durable, but the downside was that it was heavier. Wondering what to do about a paddle, an aluminum shaft with detachable paddles at each end looked pretty good. Already having a tent, air mattress, and sleeping bag, the only remaining items needed were food, something to cook with, and spare clothes and a pair of hiking shoes. My wife, Margaret, threw in an old frying pan for good measure. Each item does not weigh much. Added up, they are heavy. Not able to get everything in, and on, my backpack posed a problem, but Margaret came to the rescue. She proposed that I make a travois, just like the old Indians used to do. Sounded like a good idea to me, so setting about with a chain saw, a power drill, and rope, I put something together that resembled a travois. Packing everything up the night before, it was soon apparent that with a backpack weighing in at least forty pounds, and the travois likewise, this was not going to be a walk in the park. Throw in the fact that the guy who was going to transport all this over a distance of about three and half miles, was seventy-one years old. But it was all downhill, so I figured it was doable.

We all met, Reg and Jesse, Tex, and myself, at Loeb State Park on a Saturday morning. The park is only a few miles above Brookings, and the same place we had met the previous summer. From there we drove up to the steel bridge, crossed over and back down to a small road that ends at a popular camping spot by the river. Here we left Tex's pickup, as this was the place where our trip would end, giving us transportation back to the trail head, where we would leave the other two vehicles. Arriving there about noon, we ate a small lunch, shouldered our packs and started down the trail. Because I was dragging my travois, and much slower, Reg, Jessie, and Tex were soon out of sight. The afternoon was warm, but not hot. I carried a gallon jug of water with me that soon started seeing some use. Drinking it up was not a worry, as Tex, being experienced at these types of trips, had a water-purifying device in his pack. Drinking untreated water, even out of streams that far up in the mountains, can be dangerous to one's health.

The pack and travois, although heavy and unwieldy, was not a bother at first. Rest stops weren't frequent in the beginning. The trail was wide, winding downward through a stand of oak trees. A large fallen tree proved to be the only obstacle, and with not too much effort, I was able to get over it by taking the pack off and pushing and pulling everything over. Further down the trail, with my

energy all but gone, another tree across the trail seemed almost insurmountable.

Distances between rest stops became shorter and shorter, Reg, Jessie, and Tex, were long out of sight. But that was no concern because the trail went directly to the river, one couldn't get lost if one tried. Having the whole afternoon to get there didn't seem to be a problem at this point.

It seemed like I had traveled a long distance; it was four o'clock by my watch, and the river must be just around the next bend. As mentioned before, rest stops were becoming more numerous, down to a hundred feet at a time, then fifty or less. I might mention that even though a stop meant a short rest, it also entailed struggling up with the pack still on my back, and grabbing the handles of the travois and getting that up and in motion. Rest stops were getting longer; it was more difficult getting back up because my blood pressure was getting low. That was evident because of light headedness I was experiencing.

Now it was a matter of just a few feet at a time. Finally, it was absolutely impossible to get back on my feet because of faintness. At that point, all I then could hope for was that Reg and Tex would eventually come back up the trail looking for me. I felt the river could not be far, but it was just impossible to get up one more time. Probably forty-five minutes later, the two of them came back up looking for me, and a welcome sight they were. It is times such as this when you find out what a friend is.

One took my pack, the other the travois, but it was still some time before I could get up and go. Even then, it was torture because my thigh muscles were so sore. Every step hurt, even though it was all downhill. Was the river close by? It was a shock to learn we still had about a mile to go.

After an eternity, we reached the river and camp. All I could do was collapse on the ground. Reg was good enough to put my tent up for me. At that point, I certainly could not. After resting awhile, I was back on my feet, ate a little supper, and pumped my raft up before dark. It was a beautiful moonlit night and we all slept soundly.

Next morning we breakfasted, broke camp, and loaded the rafts. Tex had brought an inflatable canoe. If we all had canoes instead of rafts, our two days on the river would not have not been dubbed:

The Trip to Hell

In planning the trip, we had figured two days on the river to cover approximately twelve miles, thus, sometime late Monday afternoon or evening would see us back where we had left Tex's pickup. If we were not back home Monday night, families would be worried, authorities probably notified, and which probably would initiate a search; a most embarrassing prospect.

The river where we were camped should have told us something, and it did. Camp overlooked an emerald pool less than a hundred fifty feet long, by perhaps fifty wide. At both ends were obstacles in the shape of huge boulders and shallow riffles. If the river was this way all the way down, we were in trouble, especially with the rafts. Reg and I were dressed in regular clothes. Learning from the year before, we wore tennis shoes for wading. Tex, being an old hand at this, wore only a swimsuit and thongs. First thing, Jessie and Tex dove in for an early swim. This was early morning, and certainly not my cup of tea. It might as well have. Only a few minutes later, we were all out of our rafts, working them through the first of the countless obstacles yet to come. It didn't take long to come to the conclusion that rafts were the wrong craft for this part of the river.

Tex led the way in his canoe, Reg and Jessie following, and me behind with my first clumsy attempts to raft down a river. I found right off that with my lack of experience, navigating this raft was going to be more than I bargained for. My paddle was nothing but an aluminum shaft, with the paddles fastened on the ends with compression rings. Because they were light and simple to carry, was the reason I bought it.

The method of getting by the first obstacle proved to be a pattern for all those to come. Tex, leading, would stop and look the situation over. Sometimes he could work his narrower, and lighter, canoe through; then come back and help get the rafts through. This often entailed getting up on a boulder, tipping the rafts, and sometimes the canoe, on their sides. By pulling and pushing, finally getting through to a pool on the downstream side. On the upper end where we were the first day, these pools we could float were usually of pretty short duration. Then the process would start all over again. It is safe to say that we were in the water more than out. Jessie, of course, was having the time of his life, out in the water most of the time, and helping me out seemed to be one of his priorities.

In planning this trip, we estimated twelve miles could be made in two days; that we would have ample time to explore and just enjoy a float down to the take out point. It was apparent right away that this was not to be the fun trip we planned, and if lucky, find the caverns Tichenor had described. It seemed certain they must be in this area. A routine was soon settled into; float a short distance, then into the water, which was not all that unpleasant as the day wore on and became hot in the canyon. But looking for those caverns, or any other archaeological evidence, for that matter, was not to be. We had to pass by many interesting places that we would like to have stopped and explore. To be on the safe side, we felt we should at least make half the distance, six miles, the first day. This was not to be. Sometime after noon we recognized the mouth of Mislatah creek and the Tollman ranch, only three miles from our starting point. Even though we had only come a short distance, there was a site in the area that had not been checked out the summer before, and the other three decided to take a break and go look at it. Opting to stay with the rafts to keep an eye on them, the warm sun soon made me sleepy and I took a short nap. In a while the three came back and we continued on our way. I might add we could have ended

the trip right here by hiking up to the main road and hitching a ride down to Tex's pickup. But we had come this far and optimistically believed things would improve, as we got further downstream.

I don't recall exactly, but it must have been two o'clock or so at that time. If there was any improvement, it was not noticeable. The sun goes down early in those canyons, and by four o'clock we were debating about going further, or to set up camp at a suitable spot. Setting up camp won out, so at the next wide gravel bar we pulled out and set our tents up. We emptied the water out of our rafts and pulled them up on the gravel bar. Some things had got wet and were hung out to dry. I neglected to mention that that was the compelling reason to stop earlier than we normally would have. In getting all the things needed, I had not been able to find a large waterproof bag. Now I regretted the lack of planning on my part. One bit of luck was that my good camera was misplaced, so I grabbed a cheap camera received from Time magazine one time for a subscription. Reg had purchased a disposable camera, so the pictures he took were the only record of the trip, because mine got thoroughly soaked.

When we beached for the night, the next obstacle was visible only a few feet downstream. The next morning we didn't even bother to get in the rafts, just started wading, pulling rafts and canoe through the shallows. Before we started, I had noticed that the bottom of Reg's raft was not inflated. One good thing about these rafts is that there are two compartments, sealed off from each other. One is the bottom, and then the side. Pumping air into the bottom compartment had no effect. On close examination, a small hole was discovered, too late to patch and let cure. However, he and Jessie had apparently no trouble staying afloat up to this point, so it was not that much of a concern. One thing that I forgot to mention earlier was that one of my paddles had come off soon after starting. Navigating a clumsy raft with just one paddle is difficult even when you know what your doing, much more so when you don't. But I was learning. Then the single paddle broke and just sort of flopped.

We settled back into the routine of the day before, Tex ahead and scouting out the bad places. He would go ashore, and then we would follow, and figure out a way through. Most often, Tex would be at the bad spot, we would hand him the rope and he would line it down to us after we had crawled over and around the large boulders along the banks. By this time the water was becoming deeper and the pools longer. The water being deeper, the riffles were also deeper and we were able to float these, albeit scraping bottom most of the way. I grew to hate the sound of fabric scraping, and it was for certain we watched with a sharp eye for snags.

It was on one of these riffles, and I think it was Jessie who lined me down. At any rate, when the line was cast off, it snagged on one of the boulders on the bottom. The result was that the raft came to a screeching halt, and began to swamp. Fortunately for me, Tex was above and managed to cut the line, and the raft went free. Reg and I had a lot of trouble with the three-eights nylon rope we

were using. It was constantly snarling, requiring a lot of untangling. Tex, on the other hand, used a smaller line; more like three sixteenths is what it looked like. So far as I know, the smaller rope never snarled. Another lesson learned.

As previously mentioned the water was getting deeper, the pools longer, and we were making better progress. I thought I was becoming better handling my flopper paddle too. Seeing a narrow chute ahead, the water pouring through a narrow gap between two boulders, I saw Tex had pulled out and was waiting for us to pull ashore. The water was swift, and with my floppy paddle I failed to beach, but instead headed straight for the gap. Confident with my increasing prowess I thought I could make it through by keeping the nose of the raft straight ahead. There was no choice anyway. As luck would have it, the raft went sideways, and unable to get it straightened out in time, the raft hit the narrow opening sideways. The next thing, it was up and over, dumping me out with all the gear on top of my head. Thoughts flashed in my mind of stories about the fate of persons in similar situations. But in a flash, the gear floated off in the swift water, freeing me to swim ashore. Tex swam and dove and retrieved most everything. Although hiking boots and frying pan had been tied to the raft, they disappeared, and are somewhere on the bottom of the Chetco River.

Righting the raft and getting everything back on board, we got on our way again. No time for lunch, because we had no idea how much further we had to go. No time to stop and admire the scenery, which is spectacular on the upper river.

Spending another night on the river was not a pleasing thought, because all my belongings were soaking wet. The good news was that we were making faster progress. Much longer pools and rapids we could rather easily float through. I might mention here that when Tichenor, on his first trip had made his way to Mislatah, he wrote that they had followed the river back down to the forks, which is a considerable distance. Much further than we were going, I think it can be said without argument that there was no way he "followed the river" back down. The canyon is too narrow, the sides too high and steep to go along the river. He would have had to follow a route higher up.

Eventually, we saw footprints along the riverbank where someone had been recently, no doubt fishing. It was at this point, and Tex beginning to recognize certain landmarks, that we knew we must be getting close. Another half hour and the steel bridge came in sight, the take out point not far below; and none too soon, because the time was nearing five o'clock. With a sigh of relief, we beached the rafts and canoe for the last time. Deflating them was a pleasure; Reg's was the easier because of air only in the sides. He had intended to give it to Jessie for use on the pond at their cranberry farm, but because of all the rips in the bottom, it was beyond repair.

For I don't know how long, I had been thinking with no little pleasure, what I was going to do with my raft if and when we got out of there. I had become to

hate it. Standing it up against my back yard fence and shooting it seemed the thing to do.

Loading everything in Tex's pickup, we headed back up the road to where we had left our vehicles three days before. We then all made the way to our individual homes, Tex getting home first as he lives in Gold Beach, then Reg and Jessie at Bandon, and me arriving home around nine o'clock. After a nights rest, I decided to give my raft a pardon and gave it to Jessie.

HELMS' TRIP TO SOUTH SLOUGH

Don Whereat (October, 1995)

To: Howard Kubli, Tribal Administrator
From: Donald Whereat, Cultural Resources Coordinator
Subject: Staff Report for October, 1995

I guess the most interesting thing that happened on the job this month was moving to the Tribal Hall and shoe horning all my gear in my new quarters. I miss the staff down town and having Bob Lowery as a neighbor. It was awhile before my printer was hooked up, and needless to say there was a lot of material needed to be printed out once it was up and running. And that was on top of what I put on a disk and took down town for Paulette to print out for me.

Wed., the 4th, Frank Simmons and Teresa Wright, Siletz Tribe, came in to share information. Through their efforts, the Siletz have just signed an MOU with the Siskiyou National Forest.

I have transcribed most, but not all, of the material on the Coquelle and Rogue River Indians during the period 1850-56. These were the years of all the trouble and culminated in the Rogue River War of 1856. I say I finished transcribing the material, but I had much help from Ellie and Rene, for which I am thankful.

Off the job, but really concerning the Tribe, particularly the Talbot family, was much more interesting. With the permission of Dave and Connie Barton, Eddie Helms and I re-located the family cemetery on the Barton property. What they own is a portion of the former allotment of Francis Elliott, and fortunately the cemetery is still in the hands of some of the family. With directions from Eddie's mother, Ida, we eventually found it. Although Eddie had been there many years ago, it wasn't until we were almost there that he started recognizing the area. After all, the environment changes after forty years. Anyway, we found the depressions of the graves, plus a shovel still lying there, albeit a bit rusty, and a small cross at the foot of a cedar tree.

The day before, while waiting for more directions, we went further up Seven Devils road, where Eddy recognized the road that used to go down to the Slough where his grandfather had a place years ago. Although, again, things had changed considerably, Eddy was able to locate where his grandfathers float house used to be, and probably the site of the old cabin. So many trees had grown up that it was hard to tell, but there was an old road leading from where he thought it was, down to a creek. The creek was no doubt where he obtained his water. Another interesting facet was we could have crossed a small ridge separating that creek from the next one. And that next creek was where, just a

little over a month ago I worked at an archaeological site, one that had never been noted before. This site has a lot of historic material on the upper surface, including nails, glass, etc. Under it all was a midden made up mostly of Bay Mussel shells. One pit went down four feet before striking sterile sand.

SOUTH SLOUGH - CONTINUED

Don Whereat (August, 1996)

From August 1 through August 9, 1994, Mark Tveskco, a young archaeology student from the University of Oregon, conducted a survey of South Slough. This project was funded by the Oregon State Historic Preservation Office, and was part of a larger effort to assess the condition of archaeological sites on state lands. Mark's primary object was to look for fish weirs, and in addition, to check the condition of previous recorded sites. Mark is young, ambitious, and working towards his Ph.D. in archaeology. Gung Ho more probably describes him.

In the course of his survey, Mark identified eight archaeological sites on South Slough. In addition he revisited three of the four sites previously recorded there, discovering that one heretofore unrecorded site appeared to be eroding. Although archaeologists had been unaware of this site, it had been well known to early South Slough residents.

In cooperation with Mike Graybill of the South Slough Estuary, the University of Oregon received a permit to conduct a test at this site. As a result, in the summer of 1995 I received a letter from Mark informing me that he would be doing some excavation work there in September. As this site is in Coos aboriginal territory, Mark asked if I would be interested in helping out. Usually these digs are open to tribal members, but because travel would have to be by canoe, space would necessarily be limited. The project was scheduled for eight days. As in all such projects logistics eat into the schedule, so reality dictated about five working days.

Mark, three students, and one volunteer, brought their equipment in on a Monday and started clearing out enough underbrush to get two pits started, each one a meter square. If either proved interesting, then it would be enlarged. The site is located in a small cove just west of the northern tip of Valino Island. This cove is one of two, separated by a narrow ridge. Both coves are narrow, and one does not go far from the shore without confronting steep ground. Both are bisected by a small creek. On the following morning, Tuesday, I was to meet Mark at the end of Crown Point road at nine a.m. Arriving before nine, I looked out on a slough with more mud flat visible than water. It was dead calm and the little bit of water was mirror smooth, with the sun shining through a light fog. Looking up the slough, I saw a small canoe zig-zagging down the far shore, apparently probing for water deep enough to keep afloat. A mud flat separating us extended below the point where I was waiting, forcing the canoe to go down stream, and then across and up to where I was. As it came closer, I saw Mark manning the stern paddle, and a young girl handling the front paddle. When they touched shore, I put my gear on board, and was about to offer to paddle, when

Mark told me to get in the middle. So, doing as I was told, off we went, more or less retracing the same route they had come down. Mark pulled ashore some distance below the site, setting me to wonder why we were coming ashore so soon. The significance did not register until stepping out into knee deep slimy goo. The reason Mark had pulled up short was because at this point there was a shorter distance to the shoreline and firmer ground. With considerable effort we dragged the canoe and ourselves ashore. It had to be done quickly, because to hesitate one would become stuck fast in the mud. Even stepping fast, it was impossible to get to solid ground without water seeping into my work shoes. After working all day with wet feet, it seemed a wise idea to bring hip boots the next day.

Work was already underway in two pits, and after looking around awhile, I went to work screening dirt. Mark and an assistant staked out a series of post holes. These holes would determine where, if any, another pit would be opened. That was another thing I got to do, dig post holes. These sorts of jobs are like the carpenters helper; he always gets the dumb end of the tape. Only a few holes turned out to be promising, and these were fairly close to the shoreline. Those up slope all proved to be negative.

By five o'clock the water was lapping against the bank and the two tethered canoes were well afloat. During the day fog had settled in and the wind was blowing a small gale, making for a rather nasty chop on the slough. Now that there was nothing but water between home and us we were able to set a course straight for Crown Point. This necessitated angling into the wind, as well as fighting the incoming tide. I was tempted to ask Mark if maybe I shouldn't take one of the paddles, however, he didn't seem concerned, and as a newcomer to the group, I said nothing. We were not twenty feet from shore and I was already regretting my decision not to speak up, and I could see the zigzag course of the morning for what it was; a lack of strength and understanding of how to paddle a canoe by our young novice. We went every which way but backwards. Getting caught crosswise to the wind was a thrill. Several times it seemed certain we would capsize and have to swim for it. Anyway, it was with much relief that we reached shore without further misadventure. To heck with protocol, next day I would ask to paddle. But, as it turned out, it was not necessary to say anything.

As soon as the canoe pulled up the next morning, Mark asked me if I would take the bow paddle. Again, we had to make our way around the mud flat and shallow places, pulling ashore about the same place as the day before. This time I was wearing hip boots, and except for the suction of the mud trying to pull them off, made it to shore with dry feet. This day the crew got through the top layer and into dense Bay Mussel shell. Broken glass and rusty nails were mixed in the top layer of shell, indicating historic occupation. During the day I decided to scout around a bit, but the brush and steep ground surrounding this site soon discouraged that. Quitting time came, and the same weather and tide conditions confronted us as the day before. The point below where we were offers some protection from the wind, so it was decided to take advantage of that by heading

directly for Valino Island. That way, there would only be a short distance in open water to the protection of the island; then, straight down and directly into the wind. Taking a position in the bow I paddled as fast and hard as I could, never once looking back to see how Mark was doing. It seemed forever, but finally we made Crown Point, both canoes touching shore about the same time.

The next two days proceeded as before. Another pit was opened and proved to be the most fruitful. By quitting time Thursday, my last day, Mark was reasonably certain that we had come upon a hearth. However, that would have to wait for another time as the project time was up. Mark had other deadlines to meet and only hoped that he could get back for another look.

Later, Patty, my daughter, and I were at the University of Oregon Anthropology Department to see Mark, and find out what the lab had come up with on the samples that had been so carefully bagged and hauled back in the canoes. While we were there, Patty overheard Mark refer to me as 'Canoe Man.' "Dad, why did he call you that," she asked. I told her then about the trips on the slough, how I had paddled more in desperation than anything else, and as in the Indian fashion, apparently acquired a nickname. It was certainly not any expertise with a paddle that Mark was referring to, just pure desperation on my part.

Several months later, on a Saturday, Eddie Helms and I were looking for the Talbot cemetery, which is located up Seven Devils road. Not having any luck (we did the next day), we decided to go on up Seven Devils road and look around a bit. Coming to a road, Eddie said, "*Let's drive down here, this where Aunt Martha (Martha Lee, mother of former councilman Edgar Lee) used to live.*" Showing me where that was, we continued on down the road until stopped by a gate, that is roughly on the boundary of the South Slough Estuary. Parking there, we walked down an old logging road, and seeing Indian tea growing along the way, we gathered some to take home. Eventually we came upon the entrance to an overgrown road that looked like it might lead down to the slough. From all appearance, it looked as if at one time this road was a place to get rid of unwanted vehicles. A lot of 1950's vintage cars were almost hidden by brush, and as an old car enthusiast, Eddie was enjoying himself identifying the different models. Although this road is overgrown, it is still a fairly open trail, and we had no trouble following it all the way down to the slough. Upon reaching there, it was evident that the last use of this road was to haul fill dirt for a dike; a dike that had been the means of blocking off a cove so that it could be turned into pasture land. This area is now part of the South Slough National Estuarine Research Reserve, and as such, the dike has been breached so that tidal waters now ebb and flow in this cove as before. A change that Eddie was glad to see, as he had seen it when his grandfather had a float-house there, and afterwards when it was dry land and fenced.

Looking around, Eddie recognized where his grandfather's cabin stood on a point below the cove. Because of brush that has reclaimed the land, it was with

some difficulty that we could get around. Finding what looked like an old road, I followed it down to a small gully with a creek flowing through it; evidently the source of water for his grandfather's cabin. I had already recognized that we seemed awfully close to the archaeological site of just a few months previous. Examining this gully more closely, it appeared certain that just over the small ridge on the other side of the creek was the site. Because of the lateness of the day and the dense brush, we decided to come back another time.

March 1996

Mark had heard from Jason Younker¹ that storms in December and January had continued to erode the site. This erosion seems to be an ongoing problem in South Slough, probably because of some change in the main bay.

Sometime the previous summer, a fire at Whiskey Run had caused enough concern by the owner (PP&L at the time) to send in a bulldozer to clean out some old fire trails. Unfortunately, there was a large shell midden adjacent to one trail. Although clearly visible, the bulldozer operator, instead of widening the opposite side, chose instead to level the midden. On being notified, PP&L put up a small sum of money for about a three day salvage operation. Taking advantage of Spring vacation at the U. of O. in March of this year, Mark came down with a small crew and volunteers to salvage what little was left. At the same time, he was able to get in a few more days on South Slough. This time the weather was not as pleasant, and one day it rained enough to make it impossible to screen anything, so we went home early, cold and wet. That and the preceding day were all that I could spend there this time. What was accomplished in the short time was significant though. Just before closing in 1995 it looked like a hearth might be showing, and this was substantiated by the work in March. Although the final report has not been finished, this much is known:

The bottom of the midden carbon dates 1300 years Before Present, and continues in series up until the early 1800's. From that point on, historical material appears up to 1890. [From oral reports, I would suspect later than that]. Some of the glass was from bottles similar to those found at Fort Hoskins (in Kings Valley, established during Reservation period). The functions of the site changed after removal (1856). The site appears to have been a pre-historic fishing camp. Artifacts found include iron fish hooks, many buttons, some made of metal, bone, and ceramic. A clay pipe of European manufacture was found, and quite a few projectile points. Types of fish bone included salmon, perch, sculpin, flounder, considerable herring, deer, and sea mammal; also, some kind of seal and other shell fish. As mentioned earlier, bay mussel seemed to predominate. Mark believes that what was thought to be a hearth was actually a roasting pit. After further analysis, there should be a clearer picture of this interesting place.

¹ Jason lives on Crown Point. This is where Mark stayed while working on South Slough.

Canoe Cove

Several years ago Eddie Helms' mother, Ida, had told me about a place she called Canoe Cove. She said that when she was a small girl that she had played in an old brush covered canoe at this place. At the time she first told me the story, I assumed it was somewhere in the area of Hayward Creek, which is further down the slough. Her family had lived there once, and I took it for granted it was somewhere in that area. She had also told us how to find the old family cemetery, which she said was on the hill behind where they lived at that time. It was not until we were telling her about finding her father's old cabin that it came out that Canoe Cove was just below his place. From this information, it seems likely that the archaeological site is probably located at Canoe Cove. In March I checked out the next cove up from where we were working (the one where her father got his water) for signs of prehistoric occupation, finding none. Ever since Ida had told me the story, I had wondered about that old canoe, where it came from, and whatever became of it. Another true story about a Canoe Cove is one told back in 1933 by the Wasson sisters, Nellie and Daisy.

"A big redwood log was washed ashore on Merchants Beach. The Indians would never touch it. It must have been brought by the big tidal wave they talk about. They thought it had been sent by some great being for a purpose and it lay there for centuries, never rotting. The Indians revered it. In later years, in our days, a Chetcoe Indian named Silas came here and he made a canoe from the log. The Indians were shocked. Mama said "Something is going to happen to Silas. He had no business to disturb the trees put there by greater hands. He made the canoe, and worse still he brought it to South Slough over the bar. The Indians wouldn't touch it. My mother made me so afraid I wouldn't go in it (Daisy). After Silas left, the Indians took the canoe and put it way up a creek. We called it Canoe Cove. After Silas died, I heard that lone had it taken over the bar and sunk. Silas died in 1887."

Daisy and Nellie Wassons' mother was a full blooded upper Coquille woman, called Gishgeyu, which means "old woman," because she looked like an old woman even as a girl. She was married to a Miluk Chief, Kitzenginim (*elkskin no meet in the middle*), probably in the early 1840's. Silas was Silas Tichenor, brother of Lone Baker,² who for many years lived just below Empire.

Unless the Wassons' are wrong on the date the canoe was taken and sunk, it probably was a different canoe that Ida used to play in, and that would have been sometime just prior to nineteen twenty. However, it seems unlikely there was two Canoe Coves on South Slough, so it must have been the same location at least.

But, I think this short story is interesting from another point. It gives us a

²lone was a Tu-tut-ni from Curry County. Information differs as to her village.

look into the spiritual beliefs of our, even recent, ancestors; their respect and reverence for things put here by the creator. Our people lived here for thousands of years, living in harmony their environment. They were brought down by a 'superior' civilization that has only been here a mere 150 years. What a difference civilization makes.

A RECENT SEARCH FOR "SPIRIT PLACE"

By Melody Caldera (June, 1996)

The following was written by Melody Caldera, a member of the South Slough Advisory Board, and Friends of South Slough. I am also a member of the Advisory Board. Because Native Americans had designated Sacred Places, Melody thought it might be appropriate to have one on the South Slough Estuary, because of the Coos' Indians long association with that area. Her story is of our recent search for one.

This account also illustrates one of things I do in my job. Another function is to participate in any archaeological digs in our aboriginal area. I recently participated in one on South Slough, which I will give an account of in the next newsletter.

Don Whereat

Don Whereat's white hair gleamed in the sun as we started toward the water. Sun or not, he tucked a coat under his arm as we began our walk. This was April in Southern Oregon after all, and it had been pouring for days. Don had a grandmother who was a Coos Indian. She had lived all her life on South Slough. Don is currently the historian for the Confederated tribes of the Coos, Lower Umpqua and Siuslaw. Before that he had been a carpenter. Don, along with Meagan Lynch, Dwayne Caldera, and I, were on our way to an especially awesome part of the South Slough National Estuarine Research Reserve. We were on a quest. We were looking for a place we could designate as a "Sacred Place'.

We were the second small group to make this quest. Mike Graybill, manager of the Reserve, along with Barbara Griffin, Charlotte Skinner, Bob Younker, and Dwayne and I, had earlier went along the trails to a place that had been suggested by Jerry Running-Fox. Ron Steffens, another board member of The Friends of South Slough, was also on the quest in his own way. Along with his young daughter, Anna, Ron was out on the water in a canoe, participating in the Earth Day regatta that was picking up trash from the shore.

There is enough history of the Coos Indians to know they had such honored places. Jerry Running-Fox's mother had written about a huge spruce which had been sacred to the Indians. That tree had been cut down by loggers who did not respect the sanctity of the tree. It had measured 14 feet on the stump. We weren't likely to find a tree like that.

"Yes, I knew your brother Marvin," Don Whereat was saying to Dwayne. "He did drywall for some of the houses I built." Our feet crunched the gravel that had been hauled in by wheelbarrow. We were entering a forested trail. Don

stopped to point out the leaves of a bush from which the Indians made tea. Don reminded me that Chuck Holbert, current president of The Friends of South Slough, teaches a class on wild edibles, and he can forage a meal from South Slough.

Meagan Lynch is fairly new to the area. She has an appreciative eye for even little details, the smallest mosses, and the patterns of neon-colored fungus on the bark of the trees. It's good to hike with someone like Meagan. She pinched off a leaf of the Indian tea and smelled it. So did I.

We went further. Past the place where the old logging railroad bed is visible, there exists a remnant from Stout's operations in 1923. We went through a forest where huckleberry and rhododendrons had taken on the size of little trees. But they were small compared to several cedars along the way. Big cedar trees are not something you see these days. They have been logged and logged. One tree can be worth thousands of dollars, so down they go. Disease is killing cedar too. But there they were. No wonder the trail had been named 'Big Cedar Trail'. Mike Graybill expressed unhappiness about the loss of the lower branches of one big cedar. A member of an outside crew that was doing trail work had climbed the tree and cut the branches, which now lay heaped along the trailside, rather than gracing the tree. It was an unrecoverable loss.

"Did you ever peel chittum?" I asked Don Whereat, as we came to a large cascara. The bark of this tree was once harvested to make laxative. Childhood memories of peeling cascara, or 'chittum' came back to me. My hands caressed the tree. I noticed its size and felt the special texture of the gray bark. I was glad it was alive and growing. What a delight it was to see the abundance of species all thriving together in the forest community along the trail. The best was yet to come.

As we had gone downhill, we approached a huge fir tree that was growing from a lower level. Both groups had reached this spot. Instead of a view of the trunk we were looking at a spread of giant branches, with filtered sun lighting the tree, as well as the backdrop of green foliage below. It was magnificent. We lamented an absence of cameras. Mike Graybill, manager of the Reserve, said he had considered this place as one we might choose as our 'Sacred Place'. It was worthy. But then we had all gone on to the water, to the place that would become first choice.

Barbara Griffin, a member of the Audubon Society, was a fun part of the quest. She opened my eyes and ears to the birds we encountered. But it was Mike Graybill's ability to make birdcalls that really surprised me. I have never heard anything like it. And the birds responded. One flew right up to us, landing in a close bush long enough to give us a good, if perhaps disappointed, look. What that bird thought Mike had said, I will never know. But it confirmed something many of us already believe about this exceptional man. Even though we frequently see Mike as a bureaucrat of sorts, attending the many meetings that being the manager of the Reserve necessitated, we have long realized that

his heart is in bigger places. Our quest for a Sacred Place made it even clearer that it is the outdoors, the preservation of plants and animals here, and the body of water known as South Slough, that hold Mike's heart.

Anyone who ever visits this place will benefit from Mike's love and long-term vision for South Slough. Mike also recognizes that many others have special ties to the land and life here, and that the Coos Indians have likely been here for about seven thousand years. That is why we, The Friends of South Slough, led by President Chuck Holbert, together with some tribal leaders, wanted to have a 'Sacred Place'. We will decorate it the way the Coos Indians might have. We will do it to honor both the Indians and the place, plants and animals and people, past, present and future included.

We found the right place. It overlooks the water and it is surrounded by a circle of old, wind-shaped trees. We stayed for some time. Bob Younker walked into the center of the trees. He pointed out a hole in the canopy with a view of sky. Bob's family roots are deep here. Then we heard the sound of many birds landing in a part of the slough near us. "Let's go have a look," Mike said. We walked down to an old dike. From there we could watch as a large group of cormorants herding fish up into the shallow end of a channel in the slough. Then they caught the fish. It was a cooperative effort by the birds. While they were feeding, a snow-white tern came to participate. It dove into the water several times among the black cormorants.

Seventy years ago, birds could not have been feeding there. Settlers had diked the slough and turned it into pasture. Charlotte Skinner went to the end of the dike, which is now breached, and we followed. Growing on the dike are several spruces draped with lichen. The view there was the perfect ending to our walks. Charlotte Skinner called the next day, saying she had enjoyed our hike, and the people on our quest. "*And I mowed my lawn after we got back,*" she said, "*So I am feeling a little tired today.*" So was I. And I hadn't mowed the lawn. But it was a happy tired.

While standing on the dike and gazing around, I had commented on how much the land had changed in the twenty years it had been a reserve. It had taken on a certain richness that I had not seen anywhere else near Coos Bay, or most other places. Don Whereat said he wished could see what it looked like two hundred years ago. "*Or what it will like in another hundred years.*" I said. I was thinking that the place would by then be returned back to its former splendor. But Dwayne brought me back to the reality of how long it will really take. "*You mean five hundred years,*" he said. And I could see he was right. Two hundred years ago, there were trees here that were many, many, hundreds of years old. How many generations, how many managers, will have to work to hold this place sacred before it will attain that goal of returning the land to what it was like before the first white settlers? This was a provocative thought.

As we returned, Meagan Lynch marveled at the size of Oregon slugs. We were encountering many of them crossing the trails. Don Whereat gave her some

tips to help rid them from the garden at her new house. And I had asked Don what he thought we should name the Sacred Place. I was thinking Sky-Circle Spirit Place. Barbara Griffin had called it Tree-Circle Place. Don answered, "Spirit Place." It was simple. It seems just right.

MAKAH MUSEUM TRIP

Don Whereat (May, 1991)

During the week of April 8 -12, I had the good fortune to stay at Neah Bay on the Makah Reservation for a seminar on museums, sponsored by the Smithsonian. Classes were held daily at the Makah Museum except for a field trip on Wednesday to Cape Flattery. If any of you get the chance, I would urge you not to miss visiting this museum.

One of the instructors was Greg Arnold, a Makah and the museums first director, a post he held for ten years. He told us of the trials and tribulations of launching such a large project. The current building is 23,000 square feet, with plans to add another 12,500 square feet. Even though the Makah had unlimited artifacts to draw from, the problem was what type of building design was best, and then how to finance it. After several false starts and the discarding of a \$23,000.00 design, things finally came together and the present museum resulted.

The Makah Reservation totals 44 square miles and is located on the Olympic Peninsula in northwestern Washington. This area annually receives about 180 inches of rainfall. The Makah population, people of the cape, now resides mostly at Neah Bay which is at the entrance of the Strait of Juan De Fuca.

Originally the Makah Nation was composed of five villages, several of these were on the Pacific Ocean side of the peninsula. One of these villages, "Ozette", is where the museum artifacts came from. The village was located on a hillside sloping back from the ocean until a huge mudslide came roaring down (estimated speed, 60 miles per hour) and buried five long houses. The site was entombed in mud and clay for five hundred years.

Although the story of the tragedy had been handed down through generations of Makahs, by Indian custom they had left the site undisturbed. Not until 1970 when wave action started to damage the site, did the outside world know of its existence. Ozette became known as the "Pompeii" of the northwest.

At this time it was decided by the tribe to recover whatever artifacts were in danger of being lost, and a ten-year project ensued. As access to Ozette is by a three mile long muddy trail, a helicopter was used to transport workers in and out. Artifacts were flown out daily and given immediate treatment to prevent oxidation from destroying them. Although the artifacts, when found, were in mint condition, exposure to air would cause them to start disintegrating. Foods uncovered literally melted before they could be picked up. Only a few skeletal remains were found, indicating most of the villagers were away at the time of the

mudslide. Excavation was not done in the ordinarily slow, painstaking method normally used. At Ozette, high-pressure hoses were employed instead of the shovelful by shovelful process. Although the work was cold and wet, all participants were excited and dedicated to the work. Elders were flown in daily to help identify some of the things being uncovered. Stories had been handed down for generations about the mudslide at Ozette, now elders were able to confirm the stories they had heard.

In the museum, a longhouse has been constructed from floor plans uncovered at the site. One of the more interesting discoveries was that the Ozettes used sections of whale skeleton to drain water away from the structure. Drains were even found under the floor. A most significant find was some iron implements. Remember it was only in the late 1700's that reports of Europeans with iron implements first appeared and this mudslide occurred five hundred years ago. So where did the iron come from? These were probably Chinese or Japanese junks drifting across the Pacific in the Japanese Current.

In our own tribe there is a story of a Milluk who went to Japan in the post Contact Period. When he came home, he reported that he had encountered someone in Japan who spoke Milluk. I have taken that story with a grain of salt, but a story I heard from an elderly Makah lady gave me something to think about. She said when she was just a girl, an old Makah whaler used to visit her mother and this is the story he would tell, an event that happened when he was just 14 years old and went on his first whaling trip.

He said a big storm came up while they were at sea, "*Mighty storm, big waves, much rain. We lost, not know where we were, very hungry.*" Eventually they made a landfall, and the people that befriended them and fed them "had funny eyes" (indicating slant eyes). "*Eat much rice.*" They rested, were given supplies, and returned to their home on the tip of the Olympic peninsula, managing to navigate successfully all the way across the Pacific. The Makahs did not give up whaling until the 1920's.

Another elderly lady told me about her father, who was one of the last to go whaling. She said his job was to go in the water after the whale was harpooned and sew its mouth shut so it wouldn't fill up with water. To be able to do this, he would train throughout the year. First, he would fast and pray for four days. His daughter well remembers this because she had to fast also. When he was mentally and spiritually prepared, he would go to the nearby river, pick up a big boulder and walk the bottom of the river. In this way he was able to hold his breath for long periods and endure the cold ocean water.

Getting acquainted with the people, hearing their stories was a great experience. I have to relate one final story because it was so funny and says something about the way our people use to look at life.

When the whites first came to Neah Bay in their sailing ships, the story

goes about a native who got mad at one of the crew, for whatever reason. Anyway, he paddled out to the ship and told the captain he was mad at one of his crewmembers and was going to kill the so and so, or words to that effect. The captain pointed to the yardarm and replied, *"If you do, I'll hang you."* To which the Indian replied, *"In that case, I'll have my slave do it."*

WHAT I DO

Don Whereat (November, 1996)

Sometime ago I received a letter from a tribal member in regard to the article "South Slough." This tribal member liked the article because it explained more as to what I was doing, as opposed to the research articles. So, I will try and in the future write up anything out of the daily humdrum.

Summer is usually the time for archaeology work, but sometimes they occur in the winter, such as the one at Florence in December of 1994. The Port of Siuslaw was planning on putting a parking lot on their water front property. Several trees had to be removed, and as one was shoved over by a backhoe (they dug all around it first) the roots of the tree popped up, exposing some trade beads, and something that looked like some sort of "comb." Bill Bradshaw, Port Commissioner first discovered that this might be an archaeological site, but, as there was some controversy over the parking lot, speculated they might have been planted, and so did nothing. Dave Beck, a Forest Service employee, also noticed the beads and came forward with the information. I met with the Port Commissioners a few days later; there were beads still laying about but no sign of the "comb." Port Commissioner Wilbur TERNYICK stated that he had seen it and pushed it back under the tree roots, out of sight. It was evident that pothunters had already been there. Although there was no hard evidence of a grave, circumstantially, it looked that way. My thinking and I'm sure some will disagree, is that the site would be better protected by being paved over, and the sooner the better. But, that is not the way of the law; because it was on Port property, and Forest Service funds were involved, a qualified archaeologist had to excavate, find, and decimate what was there.

Rick Minor of Heritage Associates was the archeologist selected, and work started in March of 1995. Bob Barrett and I started screening dirt, but were not there every day. It was miserable work being so close to the river with a cold wind constantly blowing, and rain sometimes. The college kids working there during spring vacation soon discovered that archeology is not all Indiana Jones. Digging in shell middens, by its nature, is dull work for the crew because very seldom are any artifacts found. Not until the shell and bone are examined later in the lab can much be revealed. In this case it was not a shell midden, but likely to be a burial because of the beads exposed on the surface. And, as it turned out that was exactly what it was; or, what was left of it because it was evident that someone had disturbed it long ago. Whoever it was, and for whatever reason, never finished looting the grave. What were left were part of a skull and about ten percent of the skeleton, enough for an expert to determine that it was the remains of a female, age between thirty five and forty five years of age at the time of death. Also recovered were three thousand, seven hundred and forty six seed beads, two dentalia, nine metal bracelets, two metal buckles, one brass

bell, four brass baubles, seventeen fabric and thread fragments. There may have been more at one time, but there was enough that it was evident that this person had been of some rank. After all of the above were analyzed, they were returned to me, and Richard Coberly and I reburied them in an appropriate place and manner.

In July of this year I was asked by the Gold Beach Ranger District to participate on a project on the Rogue River. It was to be conducted by a retired Marine Corps officer working towards a Masters degree in archeology at Oregon State University. The last battle of the Rogue River War took place on May 27-28, 1856, on a ridge overlooking the Big Bend of the Rogue River. This battle was between the forces of the United States Army Officer, Captain A.J. Smith, consisting of ninety-six men, and Old John¹, and his force of about one hundred fifty warriors. The object of this project was to determine the course of the battle by mapping the terrain, and by the use of metal detectors to locate bullets and shell casings. This site has been pot hunted for years, but this guy was not deterred by this fact, even if he was aware of it. I went down the second day, and he was explaining to Janet Joyer, Project Coordinator for the Forest Service, and I, about how the battle took place. It was his contention that by locating with detectors any large concentration of bullets², that would tell him where the major movement of the enemy (Indians) were. My dumb observation (and that was soon made clear) with all the confusion, those inexperienced soldiers were no doubt shooting all over the place. That resulted in a lecture on just how firefights were conducted; this group of soldiers fire only here, these fire here, etc. and in this way the fields of fire are all coordinated.³ *"Yes, but these soldiers were just boys off the farm, not experienced soldiers,"* I said. He said, *"Oh no, these were Captain Smith's men, experienced in fighting Indians."* Oh, right. Only six months earlier, Smith's Command, along with some volunteer companies had their tails soundly whipped by some Indians in the Grave Creek hills, at a place called Hungry Hill.⁴ It seemed clear that this man had his mind made up, and as there was nothing interesting going on, I left. The last day of the project I did go back down to see if anything of interest had turned up. It hadn't. The only thing I had missed was poison oak, which the majority of the crew had by the end of the

¹ Also known as 'Applegate John.'

² He must have meant Minnie Balls as they were in use at that time.

³ As to how the battle field was laid out and the movements of the Army and Indians, read Stephen Dow Beckam's [Requiem for a People](#).

⁴ "Hungry Hill," Oregon Historical Society, Vol. 4, p. 236. On Oct. 31, 1955, the battle of Hungry Hill was fought near the present railway station of Leland, and Capt. A. J. Smith was at that battle and a large number of citizen soldiers. The result was very indecisive. There were 31 whites killed and wounded, nine of them being killed outright. It is not know how many of the Indians were killed, but after the Treaty was made they confessed to 15. The Indians were in heavy timber and were scarcely seen during the 2-day battle.

week. There will be more about the Battle of the Big Bend in the Rogue River series, to come later.⁵

Several times people have brought in what they believed to be “Indian” beads, found somewhere in the vicinity of Sunset Bay. They do look like they could be beads, but it is questionable as to what they really are. Generally of a brown color, oblong, with a small hole lengthwise, they do somewhat resemble beads. I have asked Mark Greybill of the South Slough Sanctuary if they are natural or manmade. It is his opinion that they are not made by man, but other than that, he was not certain. I have yet to get an answer from the University of Oregon. Reg Pullen has seen them, and states definitely that they are not manmade. He will still keep on trying to have them identified.

Also, I am occasionally called upon to look at ‘some bones.’ So far, none of them have turned out to be human. Those that are have been brought in, or I have gone out to pick them up from someone, usually an Agency. These we rebury in an appropriate place. The last time I was notified about bones was last July. A representative of the Water Board called and said there were some exposed bones near the Old County Road. This was in an area where there had been Indian burials at one time, most of them under houses now in the area, as they were in sand used as fill back in the 1960’s. So I rushed over there, but it was soon evident that the bones were animal, not human. But, what kind? Calling on Mike Greybill again, we started uncovering the remains. A large foot first appeared. So large in fact that Mike thought it might be that of a small bear. Carefully brushing away sand, a head bearing some mean looking teeth stared at us. Further, there was a metal ring around the neck. Well, now what? What the heck was a collar doing around the neck of a bear, unless it had been a captive? But who had ever heard of anyone around Coos Bay ever having a bear as a pet? It certainly made a good story, until after the bones were further examined and turned out to be the bones of just a big dog. That’s the way most of these things turn out, and rarely does anything of significance turn up. But, you never know.

One of the fun things about this job, and I dreaded it at first, is giving talks to young kids, especially the third to fifth grades. I soon found out the way to get them interested is to get them interacting, and usually begin something like this. “In the movies you usually see Indians riding horses, and living in tipis. Do you suppose that is the way Indians lived here? Why not?” Then it just goes on from there, and they learn more that way than if I just stood up there and told them about it. Language seems to be an intention getter. They learn to count to five: Probably don’t remember more than the number one, but they have fun with it. Then several other words are given them, which they retain better, because it is something they can use, such as “hello” (die), “goodbye” (quee-as-ko), and “please help me” (tac-n-tie.) About a month after, I get the requisite thank you letters from the kids, often hilarious, but not meaning to be. One instance

⁵ If you think I was hard on the Officer it may be because I was a Corpsman with the Marines during World War II.

concerned the 'hello' (die) word. A little girl wrote that she went home and told her mother "die" and her mother said "same to you." Another, a boy, wrote that he liked the language, because it "*sounded like it was on fast forward.*"

Speaking to some Campfire girls one time, I was having a difficult time making the life of an Indian girl sound interesting. In early times the major event in a girl's life was her first menses followed marriage shortly thereafter. Not wanting to talk about all that stuff, (these girls were between the ages of ten and fourteen), I just copped out that girls got married at a young age. One of the things I like about talking to kids is that there is always at least one that is bright eyed and full of questions. And of course, there was one of those here, a little blond girl asking most of the questions, and of course had to pipe up and ask, "*How young?*" My lame answer was, "*Oooh, about the age of twelve or thirteen.*" With a look I can't even describe, but you probably know the one, she said, "*Oh Yuk!*" Since then I have taken great pains to avoid talking to young girls about Indians.

Another lesson I learned was not to give a talk to high school kids, unless they were studying about Indians and their culture. There was a high school boy who came into my office who was interested and asked me to talk to his class. Of course I thought his class was studying the subject, so a date and time was set up and I arrived just as the classes were changing. I went into the room expecting to be greeted by a teacher. No teacher, just some kids milling around. Finally a teacher came in and took a seat in the back of the room. I thought all this was strange but went ahead and gave my talk to whom I thought were interested kids. I soon got the funny feeling that I was in the wrong place, but plowed on anyway. The kids certainly were not interested and I was getting no help from the teacher because she was sound asleep. That was the longest forty-five minutes trying to give an interesting talk. It was not until later that I found out this was no class interested in anything; it was just a dump class for students who did not want to take the regular English course.

To me, one of the most interesting tasks was researching the "Dick Johnson" murders. Over the past several years I had run across reports that had to do with 'the problem of Dick Johnson,' and I had printed off a couple of microfilm frames and saved them in a folder. When I decided to look into it further, I went back into the microfilm and got every report of the affair. As it happened in Douglas County (then Umpqua County,) it seemed reasonable that the Douglas County Museum in Roseburg should have something. Fred Reenstjerna, Research Librarian, had knowledge of the story and suggested the Douglas County Courthouse would have some kind of record of it. Searching his files, he did happen to have some citations concerning the "Hayhurst Murders," and gave me a copy. The Oregon Historical Society in Portland held the actual manuscripts.

At the Courthouse they had heard of the Dick Johnson murders, some details of it anyway, but had no record of those involved in the crime. Archivist Sharon Burill was most interested and helpful. She was able to furnish me with

the marriage certificates of the two Canaday girls, and the subsequent divorce of one. One reason Mrs. Burill was so familiar with the case was because only two days before, a lady had been into her office discussing the affair, mentioning that someone had recently torn the gate off the Canaday cemetery plot in Oakland (Oregon). To get more information would involve a trip to the State Archives and to Oregon Historical Society in Portland.

The opportunity came when I had to attend a cultural meeting at the office of the Commission on Indian Services in Salem. After the meeting I rushed over to the Archives, having just over an hour to find anything before closing time. Searching through the Donation Land Claims records, I found where Henry Canaday (the instigator of the murders) had taken a Land Claim four years after the murders. At this time I don't know if it included the Dick Johnson farm or not. There are rumors that the family still owns the land. From the Archives I went on to Portland, staying overnight, planning a full day at the Oregon Historical Society. I arrived there early the next morning, only to discover that the hours for research were but 11:30 am until 4:45 pm. It was further a shock to find that no material dating before 1900 could be photocopied, thus having to write everything in pencil. The information on Dick Johnson is contained in the Applegate Papers, primarily those of Sallie Long Applegate in several letters to historian A.W. Ackerman in 1902. Supposedly, there was another manuscript there under the heading "Hayhurst Valley Indian Murders." But there was no time to look into them.

Hayhurst Road is a few miles south of Drain on the way to Elkton. Sallie Long's account placed the murders in Rice Valley, which is off I-5. There is a definite conflict of locations here, so the "Hayhurst" papers had to be looked into further. Going back to OHS, armed with the citation of "Hayhurst" given to me by the Douglas County Museum, it seemed these papers would solve the mystery; but not to be. The citation number was unfamiliar to the librarian there. In order to prevent others coming in with the same wrong information, they called Douglas County Museum. It turned out that some years ago, a staff person, no longer there, had written up the citation without checking its accuracy. The "Hayhurst" papers turned out to be merely a general collection of the affair, mostly the Applegate papers. This was disappointing news, and it took up more than an hour of valuable time to find this out. As it had not been possible time wise to copy all of the Applegate letters pertaining to Dick Johnson before, I decided to go ahead and finish that task.

For some curious reason, I was not the only one interested in Dick Johnson. As mentioned previously, someone had torn off the gate to the Canaday plot. Then, within a few days I received a call from Sharon Burill telling me a local (Roseburg) reporter was in her office asking questions about Dick Johnson, for a planned story in the local paper.

At the time I was working on Dick Johnson the Forest Service had a five day project at Fort Umpqua. The purpose was to get a better idea of the Fort layout, exactly where it was located on the river, and the placement of all the

buildings that comprised Fort Umpqua. Using notes of Harvey Gordon, surveying for the United States Land Office in 1857-58, Forest Service personnel were able to locate where the old Block House stood. Unfortunately over time sand has covered up where all the other buildings were. As I could only spend one day at the site, I called Project Manager Phyllis Steeves to find out if anything of interest had turned up. She informed me that they had found, with metal detectors, about one hundred and eighty Minnie Balls on the sand hill back of the Fort. Also, they had dug several pits and found that the Fort site had been subject to flooding throughout the years. I have seen no reports that the Fort was ever flooded during the years of occupation, not even the year of the big flood of November 1861. Unfortunately this flood caught the men and families of the Third Artillery above Scottsburg on their way to Fort Vancouver. One of the soldier's wives was drowned when the boat she was in turned over in the rapids

A report by Inspector General Col. J. K. Mansfield in 1869, mentioned that in his opinion, "The (site) will be covered by the prevailing winds, with a heavy sand bank within less than five years." There was no mention about the possibility of flooding.

Fort Umpqua was established in 1856 in order to prevent any of the south coast Indians from escaping the Reserve and returning to their old homes. It was mistakenly built on the Land Claim of Amos E. Rogers, (December, 1854), who was away at the time. Fort Umpqua, although being a dull and lonesome place to pull duty, nevertheless, served its purpose.

Umpqua Fort

Post at Umqua City, Oregon. Established July 28, 1856 by Co. H. 3rd. Artillery, pursuant to instructions from Headquarters, Department of the Pacific. It is situated on the abandoned site of what was once called "Umpqua City" on the north side of the Umpqua River, and near its mouth, distance from Scottsburg, Oregon 25 miles by the river, and about 85 miles from Port Orford, which is the most convenient point by way of which to communicate by mail.

Abandoned July, 1862, per S.O. 23, District of Oregon, June 27, 1862. No formally declared reservation. (Military).

AN HISTORICAL SUMMARY: MY LAST NEWSLETTER

Don Whereat (December, 1996)

This is my last News Letter. Some of the material you have seen in former News Letters, but there is a reason. I have started from the beginning of our history and brought it up to the end of our tribes as they originally were.

Ethnologists

Anyone doing research on the Indians of Western Oregon will find just enough in the cupboard to wet their appetite. The only near accurate information of lifestyles and language comes from a few linguists that sporadically visited a few of our Elders.

What we have to work with is but a few tantalizing family stories, bits and pieces at best, but not enough to get a good portrait. Fortunately, linguists seeking to record the 'dying' languages came through the area from time to time, so that there is some knowledge of the languages. In some cases, such as Hanis, there is a great deal recorded. There is less Miluk, and much less of some other local languages. Linguists in the late eighteen hundreds and the early part of this century were working under handicaps that can only be imagined. In 1884 J.O. Dorsey confined his efforts to the Siletz Reservation, because travel up and down the coast was precarious and time consuming. Therefore, Dorsey was not able to travel to the old homes of his informants, or able to search out the best ones. We can only marvel at the amount of information they were able to gather under the circumstances. Linguists of that period had one thing in common; a limited amount of time and funds. Correspondence of the period is concerned mainly with this subject. Later, and under less trying conditions in 1932-34, Melville Jacobs was able to spend three seasons with his principal Coos informant, Annie Miner Peterson. He also worked with James Buchanan and Frank Drew in 1932. Buchanan died in 1933. In 1942 John P. Harrington recorded a voluminous amount of information from his Coos informants.

Ethnographic material comes almost solely from the following; Henry Hull St. Clair, Leo. J. Frachtenberg, Melville Jacobs, and John P. Harrington. Their sources were mainly James Buchanan, Frank Drew, Lottie Evanoff, and Annie Miner Peterson for the Coos. Louisa Smith worked with Frachtenberg on Lower Umpqua, as did an un-named woman with Geo. C.Bissel. Spencer Scott furnished Siuslaw and Lower Umpqua information, and for the Coquilles, Coquelle Thompson. Only two of these, Buchanan and Thompson ever experienced life in a village, and that was very short, both were around six years of age when removed to a Reservation. Louisa Smith, a Lower Umpqua, needs to be included, but her information is more lacking than the other two, possibly because of her advanced age when she was interviewed. The others were born

during the Reservation period and never experienced the old way.

Hudson Bay Trappers

This leaves us with the only other sources; what was recorded in reports, journals, newspaper reports, and diaries of the first white people on the scene. Their observations are skewed by their own culture, which needs to be considered. Taking all this into account and adding all the sources together, we get part of a picture, a cloudy one at best.

In the fall of 1826, October 25th, Alexander McLeod¹ and his party of Hudson Bay trappers arrived on Coos Bay. They were probably the first white men the Coos Indians had ever seen. Because McLeod was on his way to visit a large river to the south that "*abounded with beaver*," he did not linger long at Coos Bay. His Upper Umpqua guide wanted to go no further, so McLeod endeavored to hire a local native 'linguist' to help in communicating with the people further south. He had no takers, they "*alleging that they were unacquainted with the inhabitants of the next river*." McLeod attributed their reluctance to "past aggressions" upon their Coquille neighbors.

Coos Bay was known for its many villages, but his only reference to them was that in his effort to find a 'linguist,' he "*visited several habitations*" before he had any success. Finally, he was able to enlist two men, the day being nearly spent, but they were able to "get out of reach of the majority of Indians," (wherever they were). From his journal it is likely McLeod was on the North Spit of Coos Bay. He made reference to "*The mainland is lofty and covered with impenetrable wood*," and in heading south after he obtained his new guides, "*The loose sand heaped by the violence of the wind, proved very fatiguing to the men who had burthens to carry*." They hired a large canoe to carry them forward, which was up South Slough. His only notice of any habitation on South Slough was that on their way up "*we found an Indian family lodge*." The party would have passed right in front of the large Miluk village at Charleston, but made no comment.

The evening of the next day, Oct. 26th, found them at the mouth of the Coquille where they surprised the "*dwelling of a few families*," causing much alarm at first. McLeod made it known to them that they were going to ascend the river the next day, and to inform their friends that they were after beaver. Soon, messengers were headed upstream with the news. During the evening, twenty-seven natives visited the newcomers, seemingly without any evil intentions. They were probably from the three villages that were on the lower Coquille, two on the north bank, and one on the south side.

Proceeding upriver twelve miles the next day they passed two small

¹Alexander McLeod commenced his winter service in the winter of 1825; he spent the season hunting with a Brigade led by Finan McDonald and Thomas McKay in the vicinity of the Umpqua River.

villages. This seemed to be the pattern all the way up, as McLeod recorded in his journal on the 28th, that his distance for the day was short because of *"the frequent stoppages at the different residences of the natives."* (Except for a village at Prosper, these villages have never been identified). They spent the night near an Indian dwelling containing two families. McLeod had no more luck with the natives on the Coquille as to the country to the south than he did with the Coos Bay natives. They professed ignorance, *"alleging they never venture in that direction beyond another small river about thirty miles from hence, where a few friends of theirs reside."* Because of heavy rain and high water,

McLeod turned back, leaving his guide at Coos Bay. Heading back north on the beach they reached Ten Mile Creek on the second of November. *"When we passed here (before) few Indians were to be seen, now the number is pretty great; and in fact, they are so much dispersed at this season of the year, that an idea of their number must be erroneous to a person passing amongst them: for my part I dare not hazard an opinion certain not to come near the thing."*

McLeod's observation seems to explain the contradictions in various reports where Indians were seen, or not seen at accustomed places.

McLeod reached his base camp at Scottsburg, and then retraced his steps back down the coast again. Lying over in the Coos Bay area several days, he engaged his men in trapping for beaver and obtained several in trade with the Indians. His only mention of Indians was on November 20th, when he noted in passing *"many Indians going back and forth."* From where or to, he did not say. His route this time took him up Isthmus Slough, with a portage over the divide, then down Beaver Slough to the Coquille, or the *"River Shequits"* as he referred to this stream. Here again he gives a scant bit of information about the movements of the Indians. November 27th. *"Fine weather, canoes are not easily got here, as the Indians have resorted to the upper part of the river where fish is more abundant."* On December 10th they reached the middle and north forks of the river, McLeod mistakenly referring to the middle fork as the north fork. Confusing the north, middle and south forks was a common error among early travelers on the Coquille. He saw only a small village *"containing half dozen of men and families."* By some accounts of Coquelle Thompson, this was his home village of Choc-re-le-a-tan,² that there were two villages there and that his father Washington was Chief of one and that his uncle was Chief of the other. But, Thompson is another one of those informants who told some conflicting stories. At one point he says his home village was a short distance up the middle fork, another, that it was several miles up the south fork. Another, that Choc-re-le-a-tan meant a "big creek." J.O. Dorsey translated it as "people away from the forks." Most probably, Thompson's people ranged all the way from the forks to the upper south fork.

McLeod continued up the south fork, passing five dwellings at either Dement Creek or Rowland Prairie. In the vicinity of Powers they came upon

²John Harrington, *Field Notes*, Reel 026, Frame 0184. Chocrealton Denne means "People of the big village of the Coquille Forks."

"another village greater and more populous than the last." Persuading their guides to show them the way to the Rogue River, they continued the same trail they had followed so far. Four miles from the "populous" village, they encountered another village. In this short space they had to cross the river three times. The route proving more difficult as they proceeded, McLeod deemed it wise to turn back. At the "populous" village they hired two canoes, *"in which we embarked and proceeded before the current with uncommon velocity to its junction with the main river."* You can bet they did. In the winter the South fork of the Coquille runs pretty fast.

On December 26th, McLeod returned by a different route to his old camp on the upper Coquille, finding, *"Few Indians are now seen, to what we formally saw, occasioned by the failure of fish which makes the natives resort to other parts."*

Because of the danger of traveling the Umpqua during the rainy season, McLeod went over the mountains to his base camp at present day Scottsburg. However, he had let three of his men go back by the way of Coos Bay to recover property they had left along the way. A Coos Bay Indian was accidentally killed and Ignace who had started behind the other two, fell victim to the vengeance of the Indians. The Umpqua Indians at Scottsburg (Tsalila) offered to help punish their Coos Bay neighbors.

Jedediah Smith

July 8th, 1827, found Jedediah Smith's Brigade coming up the coast from the south, camped near Big Creek at Sunset Bay. One hundred Indians came to his camp to trade. July 8th, they reached the mouth of Coos Bay and the people calling themselves the "Ka Koosh," and eager to trade. Proceeding up the east bank of Coos Bay they found in the course of two miles many Indians living in plank houses resembling sheds. Smith got through the Coos' domain unscathed except for the loss of three mules and one horse, riddled with arrows. It being mid-summer most of the population was now on the bay.

John Work

There were Hudson Bay trappers in the Siuslaw, Umpqua, and Coos Bay area for the next ten years at least, but no records of their trips that I am aware of, except for John Work.

John Work was a trader and chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. On May 22nd, 1834, he left for the southward with twelve men on a Trading & Trapping Trip. By June 4th they were on the headwaters of the Yangawa (Siuslaw) River and camped at the foot of Elk Mountain. On the 8th they were on the Umpqua and in the country where a few months previous, Michelle Laframboise' party had been in a scrap with the Umpqua Indians over some pilfering. The Umpqua's lost eleven killed and several wounded. None of Laframboise' party was hurt.

After reaching the Vernon (or Vervor-Verveaux) present day Wells Creek, Work picked up some furs left previously with "Joe" by Laframboise, and then headed back. His descriptions of Indians met or seen are meager. At the Vernon, 'Joe' was most likely an Indian or half-breed trapper in the employ of Hudson Bay Company, or had at least a working relationship with them. Work described him as "*a noted character among the natives by whom he is much feared, as the life of a fellow creature is held in little estimation by him. He has seven wives now in the house with him which is said to be but half of the number he possesses.*" He also found some of the Indians difficult to deal with. They prized small green beads, *Heyquallies*, which he had none of. (Hi'q!a means 'money' in Lower Umpqua-Siuslaw).

Reverend Hines Party to the Umpqua

August 18th, 1840. A party consisting of the Reverend Jason Lee, Reverend Gustuvus Hines, Dr. Elijah White, and an Indian guide started for the Umpqua for the purpose of establishing a Methodist Mission among the Indians. By the 22nd of August they had reached the bank of the river opposite Fort Umpqua near Elkton. An "old Frenchman" greeted them at the Fort by the name of Jean Baptiste Garnier and his Lower Umpqua wife. Not long before their arrival, Indians had attacked the little Fort. No one was killed on either side, the Indians retreated with several wounded. They were probably Lower Umpqua's because the Upper Umpqua was considered friendly to the whites. The only Indians at the Fort at that particular time were a band of twenty-five Callapooyas visiting from the Willamette valley. In earlier times they might not have dared to venture into the area, but times had changed since the coming of the white people. At any rate, the Reverend Lee gave them a sermon. It was evidently successful, for the moment at least, because the Chief promised that his people would be good, that they had hereto been guilty of adultery, and that he had made them give it up a year ago. The Chief had 'allowed' himself to keep two wives, but would give one of them up when he returned to his home.

On learning that his guest's intended visiting the Lower Umpqua Indians at the mouth of the river, Garnier cautioned them about going among them alone. Fortunately, when they were about to leave, a party of Lower Umpqua's canoed up the river to the Fort. With them was a brother of Garnier's wife, herself a relative of the principal Chief of the tribe. With these two going with Lee and Hines, (Dr. White and the guide had returned home), Garnier felt they would be safe. Just above Scottsburg, at the rapids, they stopped at a village of "*four small lodges*" of one hundred Indians. Garnier's wife explained to them who the two white men were and their reason for coming, for which they seemed highly pleased. Five men and four women jumped in a large canoe and accompanied them on down. Arriving at the coast they found the entire population living in three small villages, the larger one on the south, and the other two on the north side of the river. The larger one on the south would have been Kuitich (or Ku'-i-litc [Dorsey]). One of them on the north side has also been identified by Dorsey as Mi-ku-litc. Hines estimated the total population to be about two hundred, with a

third of those away in the mountains berry gathering. They set up their camp a half-mile distant from the village, where the Chiefs' said they would meet them for a 'talk.' When the invitation was extended, three Chiefs and fifty-five persons, mostly men, assembled to hear what the white men had to say. The two missionaries preached and sang for some time, and then all took leave for supper. Afterwards *"they all returned for the purpose, as they told us, of "hearing us talk to God."* After a long evening of again preaching and singing hymns, the two missionaries retired for the night, guarded by Garnier's wife and her brother, and an Umpqua who had lived among the whites before returning to his people.

The next morning, they prepared to leave after receiving the assurances of the Chiefs that they would receive someone the following summer to come and instruct them. But before leaving they visited the lodges of their hosts where they were given a beaver skin, and from the wife of the principal Chief, a cedar bark dress. *"The bark was strung out fine about eighteen inches long, and woven together at one end, so as to admit of being tied around the person, thus constituting a kind of fringe. Two of these fringes made a complete dress; one was fastened around the body above the hips, and hung down to the knees; the other was tied around the neck, and formed a covering for breast and shoulders; the arms and lower extremities being left perfectly unencumbered. All the women were dressed in this manner with the exception of our friend, and one who had been the slave of a Frenchman, but had run away from her master and returned to her people. These were dressed somewhat in the style of a Swiss peasant."*

Returning back up the river to the salmon fishery (Tsalila), Hines *"ascertained"* those people as not of the same tribe as those at the mouth, although they spoke a similar language.

Levi Scott

In the spring of 1850, Levi Scott (founder of Scottsburg) came down the Umpqua River to the mouth. Finding it deep enough for vessels to cross the bar at high tide, he went back up river with his two Indian guides to his claim at the head of tide. Here he visited with the Umpqua Chief for several hours, noting that their village was just across the river from his claim. He remarked that, *"These Indians are peaceful and live easy, indolent lives on the bountiful supply of fish, berries and roots which are easily harvested in the area."* This was no doubt the village of Tsalila.

The Klamath Exploring Expedition³

Shortly before Scott's visit to the mouth of the Umpqua, six 'citizens' of San Francisco formed a joint stock company. One hundred shares at one hundred dollars each were soon sold, and the company chartered the schooner, Samuel Roberts under the command of Captain Albert Lyman. The purpose of this company was to explore the streams of the southern Oregon Territory for

³Klamath Exploring Expedition, Oregon Historical Society, Vol 17.

gold, which they expected to find because of recent gold discoveries in California. Their goal was the Klamath River, but because it was wrongly placed on their map, they entered the Rogue River instead. Examining this river upstream a good distance, they discarded any idea of settlement in this narrow valley. Besides, they, had encountered an unfriendly welcoming committee and it was evident the Rogue Indians had plans of their own for these unwelcome guests. Safely out to sea, they turned the little vessel north and the next river they entered was the Umpqua, arriving there on the first of August 1850.

While standing off waiting for a favorable wind, seven Indians came out in a canoe. This indicates the Lower Umpqua's had canoes large enough to hold at least seven persons, and that they were capable of ocean travel. Two of the Indians were hired as pilots to take the whaleboat in for soundings. Socrates Scholfield, one of the groups of explorers, described the Lower Umpqua's as "*a much better looking race than those living on the river and the coast we just passed.*" (Rogue River Indians). "*They were all dressed and appeared to have a more respectable bearing, and as they did not display a propensity to steal they were suffered to come on board the vessel freely, and did not at any time betray the confidence reposed in them.*" The party of eight that came in to sound and examine the harbor met three Americans who had just canoed down river to look over the channel entrance. One of the three was Captain Scott, who had come down expecting another ship that for one thousand dollars had agreed to sound the Umpqua to the extent of high tide. On the fourth day, the little ship was finally able to enter the bay to a safe anchorage. A day was spent in surveying the harbor and laying out Umpqua City on the east side and West Umpqua on the other side.

Proceeding upriver as far as tidewater, site of Scottsburg, they procured salmon from the Indians there. These would have been the Tsalila people that lived along the river near the rapids. Captain Lyman made a sketch of them. The party continued on foot from there to Fort Umpqua, where John Gagnier and his wife greeted them. Near the mouth of Elk creek they surveyed the site of present Elkton. Unfortunately, the Klamath exploring party has left us very little information as to Indians, villages, numbers etc. on this trip up the Umpqua.

Captain Lyman sailed the Samuel Roberts back to San Francisco, then came back up to the Umpqua as a passenger on the 'Minerva,' and thence to Elkton to stake out a claim. In those days, pack animals were scarce and "*meant considerable business for any Indian willing to help the whites.*" Captain Lyman had to hire his goods brought up in this manner. "*The Umpqua's, whose log canoes were sleek and trim, poled the crafts upstream at a remarkably fast pace.*"⁴ These canoes were no doubt built especially for this part of the river, unlike those used near the coast.

A battle between the Umpqua's and Klickitat's (there are several spellings of this name) at the mouth of Elk Creek was told by John Hancock, whose father

⁴Jerry Winterbottom, Umpqua: The Lost County of Oregon.

settled on a 640-acre claim just east of Elkton. John was only ten or eleven at the time of the battle, said to have occurred in late 1850 or early 1851. Thus the numbers cited in his account are probably incorrect.

"Indians, yes, I've seen lots of 'em. For days at a time I never see anything but Indians-not a white person. They were called the 'Umpqua's.' My goodness, them was the days! They were peaceful Indians, but I remember once, round '50 or '51 there was a big fight right across from town on the south of the Umpqua. The Klickitat Indians from Klickitat Valley, Washington, came down in this valley to hunt but the Umpqua's didn't want the Klickitat's on their hunting grounds so there was a war. Of course, 1000 Klickitat's could defeat 200 Umpqua's so the war didn't last very long. Hundred's were buried up here near Levins' orchard. John Levin's dug up a good many of those graves and got bushels of heads and such truck.

I remember a Klickitat tribe of 500 came into sight at sunset that evening. They traveled that slow.

By goodness! Them was the good old days!"⁵

Kate Heath

The next ship to enter the Umpqua with eager speculators was the Kate Heath. (The Bostonian foundered trying to cross the bar) But not before a two week interlude in Coos Bay. Mistaking this entrance for the Umpqua, the Kate Heath sailed in, and instead of friendly Umpqua Indians, met a hostile bunch of Indians from the North Bend village of Donis. Seeing the ship entering the bay, they made plans to ambush her as she passed between shore and a mud island. By an account of Lottie Evanoff, it was her uncle, Chief 'Jim,' who rushed up to the Donis village from Hanisitc and told them that they better rethink it. *"Where is your cannon, where is your gun? It ain't only here, lots of this kind of people all over the country, we can't kill them all!"⁶*

News of their predicament eventually reached the Umpqua, and Patrick Flanagan of the earlier Klamath Expedition, walked down the beach to Kowes Bay, with one Pilot Smith. Here they found the Kate Heath anchored in the stream where the highway bridge is now, surrounded by Indians in canoes. The nervous whites were facing them off with their guns when Flanagan came in sight, and the captain, thinking they were more Indians, kept waving him off. Finally, Flanagan stood up and was recognized as a white man, no doubt with a big sigh of relief from all those on board. Flanagan sailed the Kate Heath down the bay, safely over the bar, and up to the Umpqua. Some of the Indians in the canoes had recognized Flanagan as "Hairy Face." Evidently they were Umpqua Indians down for the fun.

⁵Ibid.

⁶Harrington, Reel 22, Frame 1126.

T'Vault Expedition

In the middle of August 1851, an exploring party of twenty-three men left Port Orford for the interior for the purpose of viewing out a road to intersect with the California trail.⁷ Somewhere on the Rogue River, fifteen of the men turned back, thoroughly disillusioned with T'Vault's leadership, or lack thereof. It turned out that the self-proclaimed mountain man and Indian fighter was lost almost from the beginning. The remaining nine men elected to stay with T'Vault. They thrashed around in the mountains, finally reaching what proved to be the south fork of the Coquille River. Here they found an "*abundance of fresh Indian 'signs,' and the hard beaten trails and newly deserted fishery, indicated that this was quite a favorite fishing resort for their hunting and fishing purposes.*" This was probably somewhere in the Powers area, but with no mention of the villages that Alexander McLeod described when he was in that same area in 1826. Continuing on downstream without encountering any Indians, until the second day when they came upon a solitary Indian paddling a canoe. They forced him to act as guide; the poor man probably thought they were daft because they kept making signs that they wanted to go north. By following the river down, they would soon have reached the ocean, but T'Vault thought they were within thirty miles of Fort Umpqua (at Elkton) and this was where they were determined to go. With that in mind, their guide led them over the divide into the middle fork of the Coquille. Here again they found many Indian signs. For some reason, they turned downstream, west, instead of north towards the Umpqua. They came upon several small camps, scaring the devil out of the inhabitants, until they reached a larger one, arriving un-noticed because everyone was intent on the boiling of a salmon. As soon as they saw these strange creatures (they had probably never seen a white man before,) "*The naked Indian squaws and papooses fled in every direction, and one or two little ones, too small walk, were left to our mercy. Of course, we did not propose to harm anyone, and particularly the helpless babies, whose cries made daylight hideous, but probably conveyed the welcome intelligence to their frightened mother, that they were still in the land of the living.*"

As mentioned, the Indians were in the act of boiling a salmon when they were so rudely interrupted and had to flee to the bush. The process of boiling a salmon in a wooden basket is about as follows: "*The basket is made water tight, it is then filled with water and the salmon placed therein and hot rocks are then dropped into the water with the salmon and as soon as they become cooked, are replaced by others and by this process salmon or anything else can be nicely boiled as can be done in an iron kettle over a fire.*" Needless to say, the starving men didn't wait for the salmon to finish cooking, but ate it anyway, washing it down with the broth. As compensation, they left a handkerchief.

Their Indian guide deserted them about this time, taking fair compensation with him. The party made a decision at this point to abandon their horses (there had been much debate in the preceding days about killing them for food), and

⁷The story of the T'Vault affair is found in L.L. Williams's journal, Bancroft Library. A local man, Stickroth has 'authored' it almost verbatim into a book, available at most book stores.

using a pocket compass, struck off in a due north direction. In about four miles they came upon another stream (the north fork of the Coquille), finding signs along the bank of tidal influence. Here they rested and decided their next course of action. As fate would have it, while they were debating, the sounds of canoe paddles were heard, and soon three or four canoes were seen coming upstream. The Indians were hailed and came ashore, but unfortunately for the starving men, had no meat. But what was interesting, one had a gun that had been used by the whites at the battle of 'Battle Rock' only last June. Cyrus W. Hedden, one of the men with T'Vault and a survivor of 'Battle Rock' recognized it. This would indicate that either some of these Indians had been a participant in the fight, or it had been obtained in trade. Either way, it is an indication of how Indians and trade items got around in those days.

Because T'Vault could go no further and most of the men were in such weakened condition, it was decided to hire the reluctant Indians to take them down to the mouth of the river. About noon on the 13th of September 1851, they started down river, passing by *"large Rancherias at short intervals along the river,"* but were unable to obtain any food except *"a small salmon and a quantity of boiled porpoise skin."* Also noted were the numerous Indians along the route. *"Although the Indians were seen by hundreds, yet no hostile demonstration had been made and had it not been for entire absence of squaws and papooses, they might have been easily mistaken for Indians who were disposed to be friendly, but as it appeared, it was certain that they were hostile, and that we were liable at any moment to be attacked; hence the necessity of the greatest caution."*

Completing the next day's journey with no problems, they camped that night within sound of the ocean surf, both Indians and whites keeping a weather eye on each other all night long. With the prospect of a good meal of shellfish as soon as the beach was reached, they set off at an early hour. As they neared the mouth of the river, many rancherias were in evidence and *"many large fish weirs were in course of construction, several of them reaching across the river were nearly completed, indicating that the salmon season was at hand."* (There are still visible signs of fish weirs just above the bridge at Bullards.) As many as four or five hundred Indians had been seen along the river and *"appeared much more numerous as we approached the mouth."* It was at this village, *"the largest camp we had yet seen yet on the river,"* (where Bullards State Park is today,) that they were enticed to land by a *"liberal display of salmon by the Indians on shore."* It turned out to be a fatal mistake, because they were quickly surrounded and attacked from all sides, the Indians using bow and arrow, long knives, and war clubs. Only five of the ten escaped death, T'Vault, Gilbert Brush, T.J. Davenport, Cyrus Hedden, and L.L Williams who wrote an account of the whole journey. Williams and Hedden were able to fight their way clear, although Williams was badly wounded. T'Vault and Gilbert Brush made it to the south bank, only because an Indian boy paddled out and brought them to shore there. They were then able to make their way to Port Orford, sans their clothes, of which some Sixes Indians relieved them. Hedden and Williams reached the Umpqua on September 21st. Davenport reached the Umpqua four days later.

Hedden and Williams had had not only a horrendous fight at the river, but the days following were a nightmare. Although Hedden was only slightly wounded, Williams had many cuts and bruises, but the worst was an arrow imbedded between his left hip and lower rib, passing about two thirds through his body.

Reaching Coos Bay on the 19th, Hedden scouted ahead to find a way to cross over to the north spit, and also to see if the Indians were friendly. At the mouth of South Slough, Hedden found an Indian camp *"on a low brushy flat upon the point of land between the slough and the main river, with two or three old squaws visible, while near to him on the beach, an Indian had just landed, hauled his canoe upon the sand and gone up the slough."* Deciding to take the canoe and avoid the camp altogether, Williams laid down in the bottom of the canoe, Hedden manning the paddle and off they went for the north shore. But not for long, because the tide was ebbing fast and Hedden's lack of expertise with a canoe paddle was evident, they were forced to turn back to the Indian camp and hope for the best. Here they were in luck for a change, as they were warmed and fed with fresh salmon. The women took the canoe over and brought the old Indian back, whereupon he agreed to take them across. However, the old Indian was more knowledgeable of how to cross Coos Bay with a fast flowing ebb tide than the white men. He paddled several miles upstream along the eastern shore, then across to the north spit. Even then, the canoe took on water. From there, Hedden and Williams went on to the Umpqua without further difficulty. But where were all the Indians on Coos Bay? They were possibly at their summer homes on Coos River or at the fisheries, leaving the elderly at home to look after things until they returned for the winter.

Retribution in the form of a military expedition was soon to descend on the Coquilles. The following month, Oct. 17th, 1851, Brevet Major General E.A. Hitchcock, commander of the Department of the Pacific, wrote to Anson Dart, Supt. of Indian Affairs for Oregon. He informed him that a military expedition was being sent to Port Orford *"to operate against, punish, and subdue the authors of the late massacre on the Coquille River."*

Wreck of the Captain Lincoln

On January 3rd, 1852, an old three-masted schooner came ashore just before daylight on the north spit of Coos Bay. The ship carried reinforcements for the new post at Fort Orford. Unfortunately for the stranded men, they did not reach Fort Orford until the following May. Or maybe not unfortunately, for they were relieved from the daily drill, spit and polish of the common soldier. Food and shelter was not a problem because they were able to salvage sails from the ship for tents, and the ship's galley was hoisted ashore and set up.

After grounding, all the men aboard were below deck, except for two men manning the wheel and securing the hatches. When daylight finally came, the first thing they saw was sand hills teeming with Indians. A few of the men who knew jargon were able to converse with them and convince them they meant no

harm. *"The old Chief, Hanness, with a few others who were brought to camp, informed us they were Cowan Indians, and resided at where Empire now stands."* With the exception of a little thievery, all was harmonious. No doubt, the poor Indian who got caught stealing a revolver *"was caught and sentenced to twenty five lashes with a raw hide. Accordingly the command was paraded, and thief firmly lashed to the flag-staff when two buglers stepped to the front with their instruments of torture; the lash was applied heavy and cutting, the culprit bearing it with Spartan indifference; the Indians were spectators also.....That was the first religious teaching in Coos County, for we taught them the eighth Commandment."*⁸ Besides, the soldiers had two large guard dogs that terrified the Indians.

Another account by one of the men, Philip Brack, states *"The next day the Indians made their appearance in camp. At first they were cross and savage, but they soon learned that we were equal to any emergency, and while we acted justly by paying them liberally for their fish and help, we kept them at arm's length, and soon found it an easy manner to control them."* Brack's opinion of the natives (Coos) was not high, *"that they were almost nude and were a dirty, greasy looking class of people."* At least the Indians, by tradition, took a daily bath in the nearest creek. (I was going to add something else, but have thought better of it). Of added interest Brack also said, *"It was (Coos Bay) called by the natives, Cowes River..."* When the stranded men finally struck camp and headed for Port Orford, in crossing the Coquille River they *"found seven or eight hundred Indians, who appeared to be peaceable."*

Marple Expedition

In May of 1853, Perry B. Marple⁹ lectured in Jacksonville, stating he had explored the seacoast for the purpose of finding a harbor that would afford a seaport for the Yreka mines and Jackson County, and that he had found a fine sheet of water called Coos Bay. Marple proposed to organize a joint stock company for the purpose of exploring the coast and locating lands and town site's. The editor of the Coast Mail, writing in 1879 of early pioneers, painted a rather unflattering picture of Marple. *"(Marple) gave a glorious description of the country; setting forth in exaggerated terms its resources and advantages. Having excited much enthusiasm, he offered to become their Moses, and lead them to the Promised Land, with the considerate provision that each person should pay him two hundred and fifty dollars."* Marple was able to sell about forty shares, reserving ten for himself.¹⁰

At any rate, forty, some of this company or their representatives, started with thirty animals overland for Coos Bay. One of the parties was Captain W.H. Harris who later took a donation land claim that encompassed what is now the town of Empire. They came down the middle fork of the Coquille and camped for

⁸H.H. Baldwin, Dodge: Pioneer History of Coos County.

⁹Bancroft Collection, Coos Bay Notes.

¹⁰Coast Mail, August 30th, 1879.

two days just below the forks. Harris wrote an account of their adventures, estimated eight or nine hundred Indians lived on the Coquille River, "*many camped at the mouth of the middle fork.*" He observed that many of the males were entirely nude, and that many of the Indians had never seen a white man. On seeing the white men, they scattered for the brush, but were called back by an upper Umpqua woman traveling with the group who was able to communicate with another Umpqua woman living with the Coquilles.¹¹ Captain Harris and others of the party made a private treaty with the Coquille Indians (which was not legal). In typical white man fashion they gave three prominent Chiefs white men's names; Washington, General Jackson, and David. By explaining that these three were great white men, they induced the Chiefs to take nineteen of them down the river in canoes. The faint hearted decided to return to the valley.

Six canoes were employed, one Indian to each canoe. Harris reported that there were camps of Indians all along the banks on both sides of the river. They spent the first night in the vicinity of Myrtle Point. Ignorant of tides, they chose to bed down in a low spot on bedrock along the river. The natives placed their camp on higher ground. Consequently, during the night the tide rose and engulfed Harris' party, resulting in a mad rush to higher ground, "*some declaring that they believed the Pacific Ocean was coming in upon them.*"

On the third day they reached the mouth of the river, where some of them saw the ocean for the first time. Harris counted "*four or five hundred Indians camped at a place since named 'Lazy Point,'*" estimated to be about 1/2 mile from the ocean.

One of the canoes attempted to land here and was met with the same reception T'Vault's party had received two years earlier. Harris and Lockhart jumped out of the canoe, and then just as quickly jumped back in and paddled for dear life. They chose another place to land and prepared for a defense. "*The daring pioneers were now surrounded by a large number of warriors with no means of communication with them as the Indians were divided in bands and all did not use the exact language-besides the upper river Indians were not very friendly with those who live nearer the beach.*" Harris failed to mention how they got out of their predicament, but apparently they did, and went on to "*make a treaty with these savages.*" The Umpqua woman was sent for to communicate, and after four or five days an agreement was reached whereby the white men were allowed to examine the entrance to the bar of the river, and to take claims if they wished. Sounding the bar with Indians canoes, they were told by "*the expert sailors*" of the exploring party that there was only enough water for small vessels. After looking over the country, they headed down the beach for Coos Bay, stopping at the mouth of Whiskey Run Creek for lunch. This was the site of what was to become the mining town of Randolph.¹² The explorers saw gold in the

¹¹Melville Jacobs, Notebook #104. Coquille Thompson stated that his folks were 1/2 Umpqua (upper). "My grandfather had 4 brothers. They came from Umpqua."

¹²Randolph was so named by Capt. Harris and Dr. J.H. Foster after John Randolph of Roanoke, Va. Bancroft Library, Reminisces of Capt. Harris.

black sand, but considered it too fine to recover. The company moved on three miles north for the night, placing guards on the trail for fear the Indians would follow. During the night, the guards detected five Indians. The "concerned" five *"had come to pilot them through to Coos Bay."* Examining their back trail the next day, it was evident that there were many more than five "concerned" Coquilles.

The next day they arrived on South Slough and spotted an Indian on the beach with his canoe. He in turn tried to escape to the water as soon as he saw the white men. But by making signs that they wanted peace and were friendly they were able to persuade him to return. He and a few others soon transported the company across to the east side. *"They went on up the bay about one mile and camped by the first creek." The next day they explored the immediate country. The site of the present city of Empire was examined, but soon a conclusion was made to hire some Indians to take them up to the present site of North Bend.*" One of the Company, F. G. Lockhart, took a claim here.¹³ Harris' party again concluded a treaty with the Indians, "The Indians agreeing that the Company should each take a claim and locate town sites."¹⁴

In October 1853, Sub Indian Agent William L. Martin arrived on Coos Bay. He wrote to his superior, Joel Palmer, that *"the Co-ose Indians are all enjoying fine health. They are stout, robust men."*

Daniel Giles

In the same month, Daniel Giles arrived at Empire to seek his fortune. Daniel was only sixteen years of age, but had spent a lifetime in that short span. He went to Randolph to mine gold on the beach. Lumber for the sluices being in short supply because of the demand, Daniel found himself with time on his hands, so he went to work as a whip sawyer; at least it was a paycheck. In January of 1854 a young Indian boy came to the house (shack) where he and his partners were living. Daniel noticed that one of the boy's eyes was missing, and inquired, in jargon, as to the reason. The boy, around seventeen, told Daniel that he was an Umpqua, and had been taken as a prisoner in war with the Coquille's, had tried to escape, and as a consequence had his eye blinded. Furthermore, if he tried it again, they would kill him. The boy was anxious to get back to his people, and asked Daniel to take him back to the Umpqua valley when he went that way.

It was during this period while the Umpqua boy was living with them that two white men by the name of Venable and Burton were killed on the Coquille River. The Umpqua boy had learned the details from Coquille Indians that frequently came to try and entice him back. Venable and Burton were paddling a small canoe when three large Indian men came alongside their canoe and tipped it over, then clubbed and drowned them. Although the bodies were weighted, the fastenings came loose and the bodies surfaced, leading Daniel to remark, *"The*

¹³Bancroft Collection, Coos Bay Notes.

¹⁴Reminisces of Capt. Harris, Bancroft Library.

old saying 'Murder will Out,' so this hiding failed." The Umpqua boy identified two of the Indians as Coos Bay Indians. The two Coos Bay Indians were soon arrested by the miners and hung. Before the trap was sprung, one of them confessed, "That he did kill the men and he would kill all the white men if he could, that they had killed some of his people without cause, and he wanted revenge. The white men had no right to come in their country and kill their people and he wanted the Indians to kill all of them they could."

Giles and his partners sold their little operation at Randolph and he and one partner built a small schooner¹⁵ to take advantage of the coastal trade from Port Orford to Coos Bay. While waiting for the rough seas to subside at the mouth of the Coquille, Daniel amused himself by shooting seals. *"It was lots of fun for me to see the Indians dive down under the water and bring up the wounded or dead seal and role it into their canoe. The seal was a great luxury for the Indians and they always had a great feast when they got one."*

During this time, Daniel became acquainted with two young men, *"both large strong Indians."* Daniel's partner wanted him to make these two Indians take him, Daniel, upstream about five miles to see if their goods had been left there. Because of the rough seas, his partner thought perhaps it had been impossible to freight them up the beach, and instead brought through the hills to this cabin. Daniel, believing them friendly, got aboard their canoe, carrying as his only weapon the small bore muzzle loader he had been shooting seals with. It was only after they had gone upriver about a mile and a half when he realized his danger. A canoe with Indian women shoved off from a camp that Daniel estimated contained two or three hundred Indians. As the women approached, the two men motioned them to *"huy, and the squaws paddled as fast as they could, and the Indians in the canoe with me got their canoe so that the other canoe struck the bow of our canoe with such force that had I not threw my weight on the other side just at the right time, our canoe would have been filled with water, and of course they would have drowned me."*

As they passed by the camp, the Chief and the two Indians with Daniel had an earnest conversation, none of which Daniel could understand, but he was certain it pertained to him. The remainder of the trip he kept his gun at the ready, the only thing that his two hosts respected. It had been only three months since the miners had attacked the three villages near the mouth of the river, killing fifteen men, two women, and wounding one woman.¹⁶ So they knew what a rifle could do. After they reached their goal, Daniel examined the empty cabin to see if their goods had been left there. All the while keeping away from the two, threatening to shoot when one came close. Seeing his chance, he ran to a small

¹⁵32 feet in length and 8 or 9 on the beam. Giles, and 2 other white crossed the Coquille bar. They also had the Umpqua boy with them. This occurred about the 15th of May 1854. Giles believed they were the first white men to cross the bar.

¹⁶The villages were attacked at daybreak on the January 28th, 1854. F.M Smith, the Indian Agent at Port Orford reported that on the day of the attack, sixteen were killed. From Indian information he said six had subsequently been found dead in the woods.

canoe that he had observed earlier pulled up on the bank. Jumping in he took off, thinking he could outrun the two in the larger canoe. They soon caught up, forcing him to stop and aim his gun, and they would back off. This went on for a while, when they finally gave up.

When he got safely back to his quarters, an armed party of seven and the Umpqua Indian went back upriver to punish the Indians at the camp Daniel had passed by. On nearing the camp, the Chief came towards them with his hands up as a sign of peace. Through their interpreter they learned the two who had tried to kill Daniel were 'Sixes' Indians and that they had been told in the conversation that Daniel overheard, that they would kill them if they killed the white man.

After a harrowing trip to Port Orford and back, Daniel decided sea faring was not for him. About this time, gold was discovered on one of the upper forks of the south fork of the Coquille River. Leaving the schooner with his partner and the Umpqua boy (pet Indian as he called him), Daniel, with two others started up the Coquille River by canoe for the mines. Venable and Burton had been on the same mission when they were killed. Giles painted a picture of scenes that few white men had yet seen. "*The scenery that we be held on our way up the river was the finest that I had ever seen, the entire country was fresh from the hand of nature, not a stick had been disturbed by the white man as there had not been any improvements made, no settlers above the mouth of the river. The river was very deep, the banks was covered on both sides nearly all the way with a dense growth of salmon berry brush and they was loaded with ripe fruit at this time of the year and the river bottoms was covered with maple, myrtle, ash, and many other kinds of timber and those woods was alive with game such as bear, elk, deer, squirrels and beaver, otter, mink and many other kinds of small game of the feathered tribe.*"

The second day, just after passing the mouth of Beaver Slough, five Indians paddled out and came towards them. Bill Woods, one of the two men with Daniel recognized their danger because no women were with the Indian men. Keeping well towards the bank to allow the Indian canoe to pass by, it soon did. But another canoe with five men came up behind them, but they were able to keep them at bay with a raised shotgun. They played canoe tag for several miles when they were eventually left behind. They saw no more of them until that evening when they passed a village about a mile below the junction of the middle and south fork. This was just before sunset, and they decided to go on as far as possible before dark, and then hide in the woods until morning. Fortune was with them. Camping at the forks was 'John Paul,' a Klickitat Chief with fifty of his men. They were there to hunt elk, deer, and bear. Daniel had gotten acquainted with the Chief in the winter of 1852 when he was at Corvallis. John Paul invited them to stay that night within his camp for protection. That evening, two Indians came into camp to talk to John Paul. They told him that they were unaware that he was camping there, because they had just arrived there themselves; that they were looking for the white men to kill them. John Paul told the Indians they "*had better*

go back to Coos Bay and behave themselves, for if they killed any white men while he was in the country, that he would hunt and kill them like he did the elk until he got them all."

Daniel Giles had a few more adventures before the Rogue River war broke out in 1856. He was a participant in many battles in that war, but left no account of that part of his life.

Samuel Dement

Also arriving on Coos Bay in the month of October 1853 was Samuel Dement with his wife Caroline and six year old son Russell. The only building on Coos Bay stood on the donation claim of Capt. W.H. Harris. It was a log house put up by Curtis Noble, one of the original parties who came in with Harris. And it did not have a roof yet. At that time, the east side of Coos Bay was all timber and brush. Fortunately, there was marshy land on the north spit where grass was abundant for horses and cattle. Trees had to be felled with an axe; saws were only used for cutting the trees to length. Because the saws had no rakers, wedges had to be driven into the cut to keep the saw from binding. Indian canoes at that time were the only means of transportation, and according to Russell, were made by burning and scraping with clamshells. The Indians had no edge tools until the white man, and had no comprehension of how to use them.

In the summer of 1854, Russell's' father, Samuel, and another man, John Yoakum started for the mines at Johnson Creek above Powers. Russell said that when his father and Yoakum were hunting in the vicinity of what is now Dement Creek, they came upon a band of Indians. *"The Tye (chief) of this band, Father asked how many squaws he had? 'Two,' he said. Father named him David after King David."* In the middle of 1855, the Dement family started for Dement creek, where Samuel had staked out his claim the previous year. They packed all their goods in two Indian canoes. *"Among other things, Father had gotten hold of a sow and 6 or 8 piglets. Well, he crated them up some way and took them along, with a few blacksmith tools and our household goods. We had our canoes well loaded. A young man by the name of Henry Lawford paddled one of the canoes, Father, Mother and I paddled the other. We made the head of Isthmus Slough the first day. There were some Indians there that helped us move across the Isthmus, one and 1/4 miles to the head of the Beaver Slough, the Indians dragged our canoes by hand with some of the light plunder in them. When it came to the blacksmith tools, the squaw carried the anvil (125 lbs.) on her back with strap around her forehead."*

As they neared their claim they saw *"two squaws digging camas root; when they saw us they took their baskets on their back and struck out for their camp, which was up Dement Creek 1/4 mile above where Father had located his claim the year before. We followed the Indian trail through the prairie and down on to a little creek bottom heavy timbered. About the time we got unpacked and a fire started, all of old David's tribe came to visit us. Many of them had never seen a white man before, or a tenas Boston Man (white woman). They brought us*

some nice trout they had caught in traps they had in the creek." The Dement's never had any trouble with Indians, although they did move back to Empire during the Rogue River War. They left all their stock and goods on the ranch, but nothing was ever disturbed. Russell Dement said he had "often heard my father say he had no fear of the Coquille Indians and would not have left his home had it not been for fear that the Rogue River or Umpqua (meaning Upper) Indians might make a raid through our part of the country."

What Happened To the Indians

The Rogue River War broke out In February 1856. The Coos and Lower Umpqua Indians were removed from their homes on Coos Bay and Umpqua River. Because it was thought the Siuslaw region was of no use to the white people, the Siuslaw's were left in place. However, their country was soon occupied. After spending almost twenty years in captivity the Coos and Unpqua's were turned loose to fend for themselves. Their former homeland now owned and occupied by another culture, how were they to survive? In despair many, if not most, turned to alcohol to help bare their shame. Mine did.